

# THE LEATHERNECK



June 1926  
Single copy 25 cents

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

## The Highest Rank in the Marine Corps

IF RAZORS rated a rank in the Corps, the Gillette would be a Major General. A distinction that is only won through sheer merit and quality of performance.

This distinction in the Gillette and the Genuine Gillette Blade is well known to millions of men, in and out of the Service. Some of them are your Mess-mates. Ask them how they like their Gillette shaves.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.,  
Boston, U.S.A.



Gillette<sup>★</sup>  
SAFETY  RAZOR

SPECIALLY PRICED AT POST EXCHANGES

# There Never Is A Second Round



"Guest Ivory" is the champion. No question about that. In his daily battle with dirt, "Guest Ivory" always manages to get that knock-out punch over in the first round.

You'll like this scrapper "Guest Ivory." A man's toilet soap. 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% pure—costs but a nickel, fits the soap box and does its work without the least injury to the skin. Its use makes the morning wash more pleasant. Ask for it at the Post Exchange.



## PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

BeVier & Co., New York, N. Y.  
Exclusive Marine Corps Distributors

## Keeping Your Capital in the Nation's Capital

—Is made easy by our system of banking by mail. Liberal interest on checking accounts and savings deposits have made this bank a favorite depository for all branches of the service. Pay checks from Navy Pay Office and allotments earn interest from first of month.

Write for Our Booklet "Banking-By-Mail"

### Washington Loan and Trust Company

Fiscal Agents of Army and Navy Club

MAIN OFFICE:  
900 - 902 F Street, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Resources Over Seventeen Million Dollars*

WEST END BRANCH:  
616-620 17th Street N. W.

## A Way to Reduce Production Cost

OUR extensive operations at Alexandria, Virginia, are making tremendous savings possible. If you are anticipating additional equipment or replacements the partial list below will impress you with the magnitude of this opportunity to greatly reduce the cost of production.

### Your Inspection Is Invited

PUMPS - HOISTS - CHAIN-HOISTS - BLOCKS

Anvils, Wheel-barrows, Shovels, Valves (Brass and Iron) and many other items at correspondingly low prices.

### WESTERN MARINE AND SALVAGE COMPANY

J. H. HUMPHREY, President

ALEXANDRIA, VA.



Is made from Pure Pasteurized milk and cream, with the best of fruits and flavors  
It's a Healthful Food Product. Made by

**FARMERS CREAMERY COMPANY, Incorporated**

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA





### "Every Marine Should Have the Stazon Kit"

The Stazon Gun Kit finds favor with all shooting experts because of its handiness and compactness. The Kit contains the famous Chloroil Solvent, Stazon Gun Oil, Stazon Gun Grease and Stazon-Rust Off. Everything necessary for the complete care and preservation of your small arms in one package.

#### CHLOROIL SOLVENT

Chloroil Solvent is nationally known as the only solvent which will prevent ruinous after-corrosion. Developed during a research conducted for the U.S. Government, it has rapidly become the choice of experts everywhere.

If not obtainable at your Post Exchange, send \$1.00 for the Kit, \$35 for Chloroil direct to

Gun Cleaning Headquarters,  
Conversion Products Corp.

612 S. Delaware Avenue  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.



## Brush Your Teeth With ZI-O-DINE



*They'll pass Inspection*

A guaranteed dental cream, containing iodine, that cleans the teeth thoroughly, and is absolutely smooth and free from grit. Checks pyorrhea, and improves condition of the mouth. Pleasant tasting. Get the ZI-O-DINE habit.

Ask for it at your Post Exchange.

The Iodine Products Co.  
Laurel, Miss.



#### IN PITTSBURGH, PA.

Insurance Exchange Building, in the heart of the business and financial district, immediately adjoining the Pittsburgh Stock Exchange. A modern 21-story office building with banking rooms on the ground floor.

These Three Properties Secure Recent Issues of **7%** Smith Bonds



#### IN PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Huntington Hall, at 20th and Walnut Streets, in the celebrated Rittenhouse Square section, a few blocks from the business and financial center. A 16-story apartment building with shops on the ground floor.



#### IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

Boulevard Apartments, adjoining Potomac Park and overlooking Potomac River and the Lincoln Memorial. Close to the White House, U.S. Treasury and other Government buildings. An 8-story structure containing 224 apartments.

## Strong First Mortgage Security

A CHOICE site in one of America's great cities, improved by a modern residential or business structure, secures each issue of SMITH BONDS.

Every SMITH BOND is a First Mortgage Bond, secured by a direct first lien on the land and building, and also in effect on the earnings, of a modern, income-producing, city property.

In every instance there is a wide margin of security for investors between the amount of the First Mortgage Bond issue and the value of the property.

In every instance we require monthly sinking fund payments toward the annual reduction of the mortgage, so that the margin of security for investors is constantly increased.

In every instance we require monthly sinking fund payments

toward the semi-annual interest, so that prompt payment of interest is assured.

In every instance we require that the earning capacity of the building be considerably more than the amount required to make these sinking fund payments.

Our booklet, "Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety," contains a further explanation of the safeguards that protect every investment in Smith Bonds, and that have resulted in our record of *no loss to any investor in 53 years.*

Our booklet, "How to Build an Independent Income," tells how you may buy a \$1,000, \$500 or \$100 SMITH BOND by payments over 10 months, and get the full rate of bond interest on every payment. Our current offerings pay 7%.

For copies of these two booklets, and for circulars describing our current 7% offerings, send your name and address today on the form below.

## THE F. H. SMITH CO.

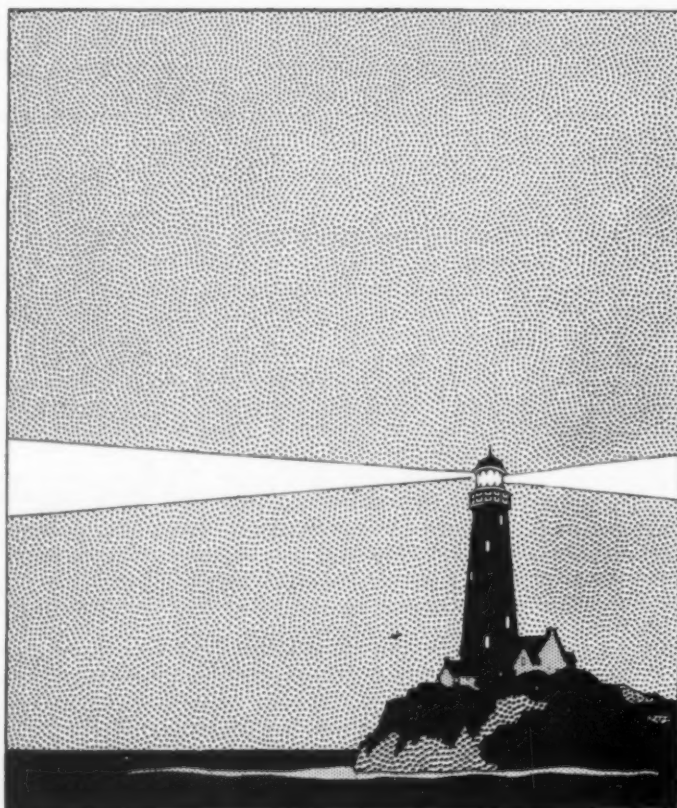
Founded 1873

Smith Bldg., Washington, D.C. 582 Fifth Ave., New York  
BOSTON PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH ALBANY MINNEAPOLIS

**NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 53 YEARS**

Name ..... Address .....

LN M



## UNFAILING

Men have learned that they can depend on Chesterfield for the same fine tobaccos, the same untiring good taste, always

# Chesterfield

*Such popularity must be deserved*



CHESTERFIELDS ARE MADE BY THE

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY

## PUBLISHED

Once a month  
by  
The Marine Corps  
Institute

## Address:

Marine Barracks  
8th and Eye Sts.  
Southeast  
Washington, D. C.



Honorary Editor  
The Major General  
Commandant

Editor-in-Chief  
The Director,  
The Marine Corps  
Institute

Publisher and Editor  
Lieut. Gordon Hall  
U. S. M. C.

Volume 9

WASHINGTON, D. C., June, 1926

Number 9

# THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Captain Thomas E. Bourke, U. S. M. C., Registrar Marine Corps Institute

(Written especially for the Leatherneck)

AFTER the World War, all branches of the service found it necessary to offer some form of education to its enlisted personnel in order to increase the morale of the services, and to encourage enlistments. Men were not satisfied with merely soldiering as they had been before the war, as their experience had taught them that it was necessary to improve their minds continuously by the study of academic and vocational subjects in order to keep pace with the times.

In order to meet with this situation, the Major General Commandant authorized the Marine Corps Institute to be founded on the 2nd of February, 1920, at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. In order to cope with the situation of furnishing books and instruction to students at once, the Marine Corps Institute connected itself with one of the largest correspondence schools in the world, and sent representatives to that school to study their methods and systems. By using the textbooks of this school and adopting their organization, as far as it would apply to the Marine Corps, a system was soon evolved that proved successful, as that school had had years of experience along this line. Also by the use of the correspondence method we were able to reach our men no matter in what part of the world they might be stationed, and found this system not to be an excessive drain on the public treasury.

Among the officers connected with the actual work of the founding of the Marine Corps Institute, special credit should be given Colonel William C. Harlee, U. S. M. C., whose efforts were untiring in writing many instructions necessary to the organization of a new and expanding institution of learning.

The Marine Corps Institute was transferred to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., on November 10, 1920, in order to enable it to render more efficient and expeditious service to its rapidly increasing student body.

Just a glance at the statistics of the Institute will show the necessity for

maintaining such an educational system. To date 31,497 Marines have voluntarily taken advantage of the courses; 275,303 lesson papers have been received, corrected, and returned to the students;



—Photo by Harris & Ewing

CAPT. THOMAS E. BOURKE

2,931 have graduated and received diplomas. These graduates include not only enlisted men, but many officers up to the grade of Major General, who have voluntarily taken the courses and graduated.

This application to study has not only benefited each individual concerned by making him a better soldier and citizen, but has raised the educational standard and morale of the entire Marine Corps. Company commanders stationed in isolated parts of the world, where there

were no amusements for their men, have informed us that their worries were over as soon as they were able to interest a large percent of their command in taking courses with the Marine Corps Institute. The men when interested in their courses stayed in at night to study and therefore were kept away from many natural dangers.

Not only has this opportunity to study shown its benefit in the Marine Corps, but it has shown the civilian population that the Marine Corps is an organization that not only teaches its men to soldier but takes an interest in their educational welfare and advancement as well. We have hundreds of letters of appreciation from the parents and next of kin of students who are taking our courses.

Many former students who have graduated in our courses and have since been discharged are now holding positions of influence and trust in civilian life. We have many letters in our files from these men who stated that they attribute their success to their military training and knowledge obtained through the Institute while in the Marine Corps. This type of man in civilian life is a valuable asset not only to his community but to the Marine Corps.

The Marine Corps Institute, as it stands today, has on its rolls 7,286 students, has a staff of 127 enlisted men of the Marine Corps, and 11 officers. This staff is capable of instructing in 247 academic and vocational courses. For the purpose of administration, the Institute is divided into the following groups: The Director, the Registrar's Office, the Academic Schools, the Business Schools, the Construction Schools, and the Industrial Schools.

The Director, who is the commanding officer of the Institute, also commands the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

## Registrar's Office

THE Registrar's Office is charged with the duty of keeping the general records of the Marine Corps Institute, the enrolling of students, the compilation, verification and rendition of all reports,



registration of incoming lessons and correspondence, final recording and inspection of lessons before mailing; the printing and issuance of forms and form letters. All incoming and outgoing Marine Corps Institute matter is required to pass through the office of the Registrar for purpose of record, inspection and mailing, and in cases not otherwise provided for, such action as may be determined upon in the particular case. Perhaps the most important duty of the Registrar's Office is to serve as a medium of check on the four school groups, and prepare correspondence for the signature of the Director.

The Registrar is also charged with immediate supervision and control of the book storeroom and the purchase and issue of textbooks and the procurement of stationery and office supplies, thus in effect serving in the capacity of Marine Corps Institute supply officer as well as his other duties.

#### Academic Schools

THE Academic Schools are subdivided into the Preparatory School, the Language School, and the School of Salesmanship. If a person were asked to mention the predominating characteristics, or the distinctive features of this school, he would undoubtedly reply that it is the school of general education—the Liberal Arts School of the Marine Corps Institute. For all courses in this school with the exception of a few, contain subjects that are considered classical and literary rather than technical.

In the Preparatory School, one may enroll for courses in common branches, good English, high school branches, complete latin, naval academy preparatory, warrant officer's preparatory, second lieutenant's preparatory, and the study of literature. In addition to these a special combination course may be made from any of the subjects listed. Since the list of subjects found in these courses is as extensive as it is varied, students may select a curriculum that will prepare them to become clerks, teachers, stenographers, bookkeepers, and business or professional men. It may be interesting to note here that many men graduating from these courses have been entered in West Point Military Academy, the U. S. Naval Academy, and have received commissions in the U. S. Marine Corps.

In the Language School, courses are given in French, Spanish and Italian. For English speaking students, these courses are written in English, but for students of a foreign tongue, the books are written in their native language. The fact that all officers of the Marine Corps having less than 20 years' service are now required to complete a course in either French or Spanish, makes these courses of considerable importance. The Spanish course has recently been revised by the principal of the Language School and is now considered of the highest value as a means of practical education, as well as a medium of classical culture. The French course is being revised at the present time and the revision will be sent out to our students in the near future. In both of these courses the numerous lessons in reading and writing, together with the conversational lessons make an ideal combination which should not only bene-

fit a student in an educational way, but should also be of much value from a practical standpoint. The Diplomatic Service, the U. S. Consular Service, and the foreign offices of our big export houses are extensive fields of opportunities for those who have a good knowledge of Spanish or French.

The School of Salesmanship offers various courses in advertising, salesmanship, foreign trade, and window display. With the science of advertising still in its infancy, with ever growing fields for those versed in the art of window display, with all countries of the world looking to America for the necessities and luxuries of life, and with five figured salaries of salesmen and sales-managers looking for men of ability to earn them,



it is impossible for us in this review even to mention the opportunities for the young man who is adapted for studying these valuable courses.

#### Business Schools

THE Business Schools are divided into sub-groups consisting of the school of commerce, the school of civil service, and the Accounting and Auditing School. You can see by the above that the range of the subjects taught in the Business Schools is limited to those of a purely clerical nature. The practical nature of these subjects is demonstrated by their ready adaptability to daily affairs. Recognizing the principle that daily practice coupled with a close study of theory, produces the surest results, the business group perhaps occupies a position slightly in advance of the other groups in this respect. The need for men trained for clerical work is ever present in the Marine Corps. Formerly, the task of training such men was a slow and laborious process, each organization being charged with the task of training its own staff. However, at present the Institute has on its rolls many men who are undertaking the study of this work of their own volition. As a result, the occurrence of vacancies in the various staffs does not work any particular hardships, as a supply of material is ever ready from which proper substitutes can be drawn.

Thus, by putting this knowledge of stenography, bookkeeping, and account-

ing to practical Marine Corps purposes, both the Corps and the men are benefited. The same kind of men who, formerly, when their contracts of enlistment were completed and not caring to renew them, went back to civil life, often to join the vast army of misfits and parasites, are now going out equipped to become useful citizens. If this aim is accomplished in the case of one out of five individuals, the Corps should feel amply repaid for its efforts. For, in so doing it would be making a worthy contribution to the nation and society as a peace-time agent to supplement its glorious achievements as a war-time factor.

#### Construction Schools

THE Construction Schools has under its jurisdiction the schools of agriculture and poultry husbandry, civil, mechanical and structural engineering, architecture, navigation, textiles and art. All these belong to the general group of special training courses, that is, their purpose is to increase the efficiency of our men who are engaged in these specialties while in the Marine Corps and to enable Marines taking up civilian occupations upon discharge to render efficient services and earn good salaries. The longer courses such as the complete Civil Engineering course, would take the average enlisted man at least four years to complete, unless, he happened to be, fortunately situated for study. Such courses are, therefore, divided into shorter courses covering special phases of the subject. This enables men having only a short time to do on their enlistments to add materially to their efficiency in the particular line of work to which they wish to devote themselves upon discharge. Largely due to the shortness of some of these courses, this department, although the smallest in the Institute in the number of its students, has had more graduates than any of the other School Groups.

The chief difficulty encountered in instruction in these courses is lack of opportunity for practical experience enabling the student to apply the information that he gains while he is acquiring it. This defect is combated by advising students to study vocations in which they have been engaged before entering the service, by urging them to ask questions about the practical application of the information their courses contain, by insisting on so thorough an understanding of the facts studied that their practical application should be comparatively simple, and by the textbooks themselves which constantly point out the practical application of their subject matter and furnish the student with realistic illustrations, both verbal and pictorial. Owing partly to these methods, we have a high percentage of successful graduates.

While it is not our purpose to give a monotonous enumeration, we feel that some of the schools in this department are deserving of special mention. The courses in the School of Navigation have been frequently and highly praised. Captain Charles Peterson, master of the S. S. *Matsonia*, said of the Complete Navigation Course, "This course is far superior to any taught in the nautical schools ashore, and the matter is placed

*Continued on page forty*

# Drum Echoes In The Hills

*A Story of Love, Adventure and Tragedy - In the early days of the Marines' Occupation of Haiti*

REPOSING in its fragrant

nest of garden, Captain Hatten's bungalow stood in the silvery light of the tropical moon. The front rooms were dark, but through the open doors and from around the bamboo screens came a glow of light from the rear. The balcony door opened suddenly and Lieutenant Andrew Daudet stepped hurriedly out into the stream of light. He hesitated a moment on the balcony; then, striding to the rail, he vaulted over. Once on the ground, he ran hastily across the court, and opened a narrow wooden gate in the high stone wall, emerging upon a lane which ran in the rear of the house. Below him, stretching in a half moon around the shores of the bay, lay the city of Port-au-Prince, the quaint cupolas of its villas rising above the sombre verdancy of palm and mango.

Without hesitation Daudet turned down the lane until he reached the angle of the wall, where the shadowy forms of two horses could dimly be seen. On the ground in front of them, still clutching a bridle rein in each hand, squatted a sleeping negro in the uniform of the Haitian Gendarmerie. As Daudet's step sounded on the gravel, the man started to his feet and held the officer's stirrup while he mounted. Without speaking, Daudet spurred his horse rapidly through the deserted streets, followed by the orderly. He did not stop until he entered an iron gateway opening into the courtyard of a large stone house over the door of which was suspended a sign announcing to the passers by that the establishment was "Une Pensin Particuliere." Here, under the portico, Daudet dismounted.

"Pierre," he said, tossing his reins to the Gendarme, and speaking in native Haitian Creole. "Remember you are to be ready with the pack mule and horses at six o'clock sharp. We must get an early start for Mirebelais."

"Yes my Lieutenant, I'll be ready on the hour. Shall I prepare coffee before we start?"

"No, we can get that at Crois-des-Bouquets. Good night Pierre, don't forget to rub your nose for good luck before sleeping."

"Good night Lieutenant, I'll remember!" Pierre grinned.

Daudet mounted the rickety stairs and entered the tiny apartment he called his home. Not feeling the least inclined to sleep, he lighted his pipe and sat by the open window. The soft cool wind of Saint Jean (west wind from the mountains) rustled in the tree tops and soothed him, cooling his excited brain.

How fortunate for him, he reflected,

By Lieut. Col. Walter N. Hill

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TEX GOODMAN

[This is the first story from the pen of Lieutenant Colonel Hill, who is now Commanding Officer of the Marine Post in the Virgin Islands. We are very fortunate in securing this remarkable tale, combining as it does the best qualities of fact and fiction. Marines who have served in Haiti will recall the scenes in which the action takes place; the fictitious part of the story will hold your interest to the end. This same author has another to tell us in the July issue of *The Leatherneck*.—EDITOR.]

that Captain Hatten had not seen him in the rear room with Evelyn! It would have been a difficult moment to explain. Guilt was not there; but every appearance of it was there. An unbelievable situation to explain to a husband!

Evelyn Hatten was the sort of woman who led men over dangerous trails. She was that type of feminine siren, who, craving continual admiration and homage, always surrounds herself with a retinue of devotees. Unaccustomed to the wiles of such a clever enchantress, Andrew Daudet had been a facile victim, naturally impulsive and susceptible, his pliable nature had been easily moulded by her skillful manipulations.

He leaned forward, his elbows on the sill, pushing some refractory locks of his curly dark hair back from his high forehead with his strong brown fingers, and sat gazing thoughtfully out into the grey night trying to analyze his thoughts. Had love for this woman really entered his heart, or did he only yield to the fascination of her presence? The vision of her features did not haunt his dreams, nor did sweet whisperings of her name hover on his lips. Yet there had been something which had drawn him on.

They had flitted dangerously near the brink, possibly retarded from the actual slipping over, by Daudet's inborn regard for a brother officer's wife. He faced the facts now with boyish frankness, and had fortitude enough to be glad that the Colonel had ordered him to the hills. It had seemed to him that the Colonel had been unnecessarily curt when he had given him his orders in the morning and he wondered if they had perhaps been prompted by suspicions on the part of his superior officer. At this point in his soliloquies Daudet shuddered slightly. What a fool he had been to lend Evelyn money. He wondered why she needed so much. He rose, shrugging his shoulders

and knocked the ashes from his pipe. Well, if she needed the money, she was welcome to it. He wouldn't want any in the hills, and he smiled, as he undressed, remembering how easily he had won it.

At 20, Andrew Daudet had been a somewhat wild and reckless youth. Responsibilities of life meant little to him. His father, a well to do grocer of Canadian descent, had made a substantial success in the commercial world of a Minnesota town. The descendant of a stolid conservative Quebec family, he looked upon his son's frivolities with feelings akin to horror. A weak indulgent mother had provided money in plenty, and the youth had amused himself at will. His adventures and wanderings had produced nothing more vicious than a few debts, and a weeping lady of the chorus who threatened to sue for alleged breach of promise. But these things had proved too great a burden for the elder Daudet. There had been a quarrel, and Andrew Daudet had left the parental roof. A week later, his finances at the irreducible minimum, he presented himself at the Chicago Recruiting Office of the United States Marines. Hence, when the State Department decided on intervention in Haiti, Daudet had landed with the Expeditionary Forces.

Later with the organization of the Haitian Gendarmerie, under the officers and noncommissioned officers of the Marines, Daudet, spurred by a desire for adventure, and a love for the romance of tropics, had volunteered; and now after four years he was a first lieutenant. Some of his wildness had been curbed by the strictness of his military life, but there were times when the old spirit ran amuck, and he had drifted along the frivolous paths of the gay life at Port-au-Prince without much thought of the consequences. He had been weak and foolish, but even strong men are that sometimes. Furthermore Daudet had moments of reflection, when he shuddered at acts of the past. Isolated events where temptation had beckoned and he had followed.

## CHAPTER II

DAY WAS breaking through the mists at the eastern end of the Cul-de-Sac, when Daudet rode out on the northern trail. He and Pierre skirted the rolling plain of the Cul-de-Sac towards the massive barrier of Morne Au Diable, which they must cross by the Terre Rouge Pass. On either side cactus hedges enclosed the primitive gardens of the inhabitants. Market women were striding to town urging on their burros and donkeys with shrill cries. Pigs scurrying from beneath their horses' feet, squealed



with fright, and hobbled goats limped bleating into the bushes. The sky was clear, and the air was heavy with the scent of the open country. As Daudet passed, the women laughed, showing their teeth, and called "Bon jour blanc!" (Good day white man) in their sing song voices.

They splashed into a stream and climbed the further bank. As they topped the rise, Daudet, to his amazement, beheld sitting beneath a spreading mango tree, a young and exceedingly pretty white woman. A wiry Haitian pony was cropping grass near by. As the officer drew rein the girl looked up and he caught the sparkle of her brown eyes beneath their long lashes and noted the wild rose color of her cheeks flushed with the fresh morning breeze.

He lifted his helmet. "Good morning," he said politely, his handsome boyish features lighted by a smile which indisputably disclosed a dimple on his left cheek. "Can I help you?"

The young woman rose smiling also, a graceful figure in her smart khaki riding habit. "You are a bit informal, are you not?" she fenced.

"For Broadway, perhaps, yes, but not for the byways of Haiti," retorted Daudet, checking firmly the efforts of his fiery little stallion to end this interesting conversation.

Daudet was young and good to look upon in his neat khaki; and very romantic, too, with his leather cartridge belt and pearl handled revolver. His Mexican saddle was silver mounted and from a leather boot protruded the stock of a Winchester. She laughed, "It is different in Haiti, isn't it? Why there are not even traffic policemen here!"

Daudet slipped from his saddle. "Are you lost?" he asked.

"Oh, no, not lost, but my poor pony has gone lame, and I can't bear to ride, he limps so."

"Let's see." And Daudet approached the pony adding a business like, "which foot?"

"The right front one."

Daudet lifted the hoof and instantly discovered a stone lodged in the frog, which he extracted with his knife without difficulty. "There," he said, "he'll be all right now."

"It's all in knowing how, isn't it?" she declared demurely. "You see I've always ridden with a groom before."

Daudet pretended to arrange her saddle, seeking an excuse to linger longer. "You've not been in Port-au-Prince long have you?" he ventured.

"No—Father and I came on the last Panama; you see the doctors made father leave his business, and we are taking to the mountains of Haiti for a rest," she smiled sweetly with just the slightest hint of coquetry in her glance.

"Is it too bold to ask your name?"

"Since we know each other so well, I suppose not," she laughed, "and anyway, as you said, we are in Haiti. I am Constance Selton, and my father has bought a coffee plantation near Savanette. We are going there in a few days with Monsieur Gabriel, who will help us settle for a month or so."

"And I," said Daudet with a mock flourish, "am Lieutenant Andrew Daudet, Gendarmerie d'Haiti, on my way to Mirebelais, with all my servants and household goods." Waving his hand towards Pierre and the pack mule. Then seri-

ously, he added: "In order to go to Savanette, Miss Selton, you will have to pass through Mirebelais, so I shall hope to see you soon."

"That will indeed be a pleasure, Mr. Lieutenant," she smiled mockingly.

"At least it will to me \* \* \* and I hope to you."

"I'll answer that in Mirebelais. Now, please help me to mount."

She sprang lightly into the saddle, and her pony, restive from long standing, and free of the painful stone, leaped down the path. Daudet stared after her; she turned slightly and waved her riding whip as she disappeared around a cactus hedge.

During the hot hours of the tropical day, Daudet wearily journeyed over the rough mountain trail. He climbed the pass of Terre Rouge, descended the northern slopes, and in the late afternoon, rode into the Place d'Arms of Mirebelais. It was market day, and from every lane there had poured into town a steady throng of country people. Pack trains from the north, laden with tinware, cloth and needles. Produce from the fertile river valley. Dominicans from over the border, driving unwilling cattle. All came through the hot dust and blinding sun over the brown trails to Mirebelais, the metropolis of the great valley of the Artibonite. A perfect babble of tongues arose as the women haggled and quarreled under their little canvass shelters. The reek of their dirty bodies, mingled with the stench of the market, floated on the stifling air.

Daudet passed down the straggling unkempt street with its hap-hazard one-story houses, little peaked roofs, and curious dormer windows—crude Haitian attempts at architecture. He gazed without interest at the animated scene. It was no novelty to him; for four years such surroundings had been part of his daily life. Directly across the narrow road, facing the Place d'Arms, was the low rambling Casernes (Barracks) of the Gendarmerie. The compound in front was green with close-cropped grass. Under the shaded porch and around the outbuildings appeared groups of the gendarmes themselves, all in spotless khaki with broad brimmed hats, red cords, and canvass leggings.

Daudet hailed a tall sergeant, "Sergeant Jean Jacques is that you?"

The sergeant wheeled and saluted his officer with a grin, "Yes, Lieutenant, I am senior sergeant here."

"Good, I'm glad to see you promoted. Send for my horse, and get some one to help Pierre with my baggage."

Daudet dismounted and walked slowly through the sun towards the little shack used as officers' quarters. As he stepped across the street, a thick set Haitian intercepted him thrusting out his hand in greeting.

"Monsieur le Lieutenant!" he cried. "How are you? I did not expect to see you again in Mirebelais."

"And you, Dieudonne, how are you mon ami?" asked Daudet pleasantly.

The coarse negroid features of the Haitian relaxed for a second from their habitual expression of sternness, his eyes shone through his shaggy eyebrows, and his thick sensuous lips parted for a moment in a smile. "My health of body is good, but my mind is troubled," he said briefly in a deep hoarse voice. He glance-

ed around and leaned closer to the white man. "Later we shall talk, Lieutenant, wait for word from me."

Daudet nodded to signify that he understood, and said aloud, "And how is Helene and her mother?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Speak to them of me with salutations."

"Oh, yes, a thousand thanks. And do you stay in Mirebelais, Monsieur?"

"For the present, yes."

"Well, then, goodbye until later." And taking Daudet's hand again, the Haitian turned and walked rapidly away.

Daudet was puzzled. He slowly mounted the steps of the quarters and sank into the canvass hammock. Ever since the day he had rescued Helene, the old Haitian's only daughter, from drowning in the flooded Artibonite, Dieudonne had been his firm friend. Dieudonne Jean Baptist, a former general and Caco Chief (Rebel Leader), was well known as an enemy of the American Occupation. He had resisted the Marines from the first. But at last defeated and discouraged, he had definitely retired to the wild mountains of Bois Tombe where he was Patriarch and Chief. For four years peace had reigned in Haiti. If Dieudonne and his Caco associates plotted they did so with so much secrecy that no alarming rumors reached the ears of the ever vigilant Gendarmerie.

Andrew Daudet dozed in the hammock, day dreams drifting through his drowsy mind; and it was nearly dusk when Pierre stole from the house bearing a steaming dish of chicken and rice.

"The Lieutenant did not eat at noon," he said timidly, as he saw Daudet's eyes watching him. Then advancing he placed the dish on a small table near the hammock. "See, here is chicken I have made myself, with a sauce of lemon leaves."

The officer sat up. "Thank you, Pierre, I will eat it." He took the fork in his hand. "Pierre," he quizzed, "do you know what 'damn fool' means in English."

"Yes, Lieutenant, when Marine soldiers say that, they mean—'no good'."

"Well, Pierre, that's what I am—a damn fool! But no more Pierre! From now on—Finish!"

Pierre regarded his master attentively. Perhaps he understood. He had waited many nights holding his officer's horse outside of a certain house in Port-au-Prince. "Yes, my Lieutenant," he answered dutifully, grinning broadly.

After dark that evening an old countryman came with a note from Dieudonne. Dieudonne wished to see Daudet; in fact, almost demanded that he meet him at a little habitation deep in the wilderness of Petite Montagne. . . . And Daudet, believing that true friendship was something above race difference, slipped out of town in the cool darkness, and took the river road. Pierre rode behind, slouching in his saddle, and fervently wishing himself comfortably sleep on his straw mat.

### CHAPTER III

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS HATTEN had returned unexpectedly to Port-au-Prince from his station as District Commander at Mirebelais. He crossed the wide veranda of his bungalow and heard the sound of voices from his wife's room, as he entered the long high studded living room; and he distinctly saw the

figure of a man pass through the rear door onto the little side balcony. His eyes, blurred by the long hot ride under the burning sun, failed him, and he was unable to recognize the features, but he caught the shine of a pearl handled revolver which the intruder carried in an open holster at his belt.

The next instant Evelyn, his wife, faced him from the doorway. Her beautiful face showed no trace of anger or surprise. With a little shrug of her shapely shoulders, she advanced towards him, full apparently of solicitous interest in him alone.

"Why Douglas," she exclaimed, "I did not know you were coming!"

He sprang away from her, his heavy features red with passion. "None of that!" he snarled. "Who was in that room just now?"

She stopped, virtuous astonishment written in every line of her face. "What do you mean, Douglas? Are you drunk or crazy?"

He glared at her, astonished at her cool audacity. "Do you dare to say there was no one there?" he gasped.

"Do I dare?" she cried, her voice vibrating, and her eyes and mouth cruelly scornful. "Do I dare, Douglas? It is you who are daring to even dream of such a thing! Come, did you ride all the way from Mirebelais just to quarrel? How silly and jealous you are, my dear. Sit down, let me get you some supper. This afternoon Monsieur D'Aubrey brought us some French wine which he has just received from Bordeaux." She put her arm about her husband's neck and gently forced him into a chair.

Hatten sighed and sat down heavily. In her hands, he, Hatten, the strictest martinet in the Service, was a mere child, a toy. His rugged nature and strong personality withered under her charm. Officers, gendarmes, and Haitians, trembled before him; but when she bade him, he begged at her knees like a dog. She poured the wine, and he drank in silence; while she moved quietly to and fro bringing cold meats and salad.

She laughed a little silvery laugh, and touched his hair as she placed them before him. "Cold chicken Douglas, and tomato salad which I made myself; something told me you might come tonight, dear."

"Why did you think I was coming?" he demanded bluntly.

"I don't know. Sometimes I feel that I am with you, and know what you are doing; and this afternoon I felt you riding towards me. It's wonderful to be like that, isn't it Douglas?"

"Can that stuff Evelyn!" he blurted. "You can't get away with it any more." He stopped eating and faced her, trying with the brutality of his gaze to overcome the quaking of his heart.

"How did you get so much in debt?" he growled sullenly.

"In debt Douglas? Who has told you I was in debt?"

"I have letters from several firms asking for payments," and he fumbled in his pockets.

"No need to search Douglas. I admit I was a little behind last month, but now they are all paid. On my honor, Douglas, they are paid; I saved the money and paid them." Her arms were around his neck and her sweet breath on his cheek.

He tried to turn, but she held him, and kissed him on the mouth. He finally rose. "I'm tired; let's go to bed—eight hours on that hell of a trail!" And deep down in his gloomy heart Hatten knew that his wife had been lying.

Early the next morning at the Colonel's bidding, Captain Hatten presented himself at Headquarters. The adjutant motioned him to enter, and the next instant he stood at attention before the grey-haired veteran. Briefly the Department Commander informed him of certain facts, and charged him with an unpleasant mission. Four hundred dollars had been stolen from the Quartermaster's safe. The money had disappeared during the night that Lieutenant Daudet had been duty officer at Headquarters. For the honor of the Service, the Colonel did not wish to accuse the young man until he was sure of his guilt; but substantial facts already pointed in that direction, as Daudet was known to have been living at a fast rate the last few weeks, and spending rather more than his custom. But before an open accusation, the Colonel had ordered Daudet to Mirebelais, where he wished Hatten to glean the truth from him without undue publicity. Hatten was to enact stern measures with Daudet, and in this the Colonel knew Hatten would not fail.

When the Colonel had finished, Hatten saluted and withdrew. No discussion was necessary, and well the Colonel knew it. With Hatten, an order given was an order executed, for he was a former sergeant of Marines who had spent all his life toeing the chalk mark of military discipline. He was intolerant to the last degree of frailties in others, for his standards were fixed by his own habits, and he had become an imperturbable disciplinarian to his subordinates.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Hatten arrived in Mirebelais the next day, he found Daudet missing. No one, from Sergeant Jean Jacques to the poorest beggar in the streets, had any idea where the young officer was. Daudet, his orderly Pierre, and their horses had completely disappeared; and there was no sign of them until late that afternoon when they urged their tired mounts into the Cascarnes. Daudet dismounted and made his way painfully to the quarters, aching in every limb from his long hours in the saddle. Entering, he found himself suddenly face to face with his tall angular featured Captain.

"Why Captain Hatten!" he exclaimed, with a little gesture of surprise. "I didn't know you were here!"

"I've been searching for you since early this morning, Lieutenant Daudet," said Hatten evenly, weighing each word with a drill-master's precision. "Will you have the kindness to explain where you have been?" Hatten's eyes drilled into the young man, searching him from head to foot, and rested in a piercing glare on his pearl handled revolver.

Daudet hesitated. He knew the Captain well enough to be fully aware that the secret meeting with Dieudonne would be little appreciated. There was nothing in that iron nature which could conceive the motives for such an episode. Hatten would have arrested Dieudonne on the spot, and small praise would a subordinate receive for having failed to do so. He decided to lie.

"I heard of cattle thieves in Petite Montagne, and went after them Captain," he said.

"Did you catch 'em?"

"No Captain, we only found their deserted camp."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

Daudet's eyes flashed; he felt the situation was desperate. "Captain Hatten!" he cried, "I have received the most important information! I am sure, positive in fact, that it is true, but I cannot tell you the source; do you wish to hear it?"

"What is it?" demanded Hatten the sneer of his thoughts plainly indicated in his voice.

"There are ugly rumors about. The mountain people are restless, the whole countryside is on the verge of revolt! The Caco leaders are meeting, and arms are being gathered in secret places. . . ."

"Oh rot!" interrupted Hatten. "There are always rumors of an uprising. These dirty dogs haven't nerve enough to start anything. Treat 'em rough and they'll eat out of your hand! When you're kind to 'em they think you're afraid of 'em. That's the whole trouble with the Occupation; it's too pussy-footed. So enough of that, Daudet!" He strode closer to the other and shook his forefinger in his face. "Now listen, you're here under me, and I'll stand no nonsense. I've heard enough dirty tales about you in Port-au-Prince, and we'll have no . . ."

"Hatten!" broke in the younger officer, his face working convulsively, and his hands twitching in anger. "Hatten, if you've got reports against me, let me have them officially; otherwise, I'll refuse to listen."

They glared at each other; the old soldier red with anger, his grey eyes burning, his lips pressed together. Daudet deathly pale and trembling as in a fever. Hatten recovered himself slowly.

"You are right; I'll make it official," he said grimly, and strode to the door.

Daudet watched him in silence, his thoughts in a turmoil, a thousand perplexities afflicting him. What had Hatten hinted at? What were the ugly rumors he had heard in Port-au-Prince?

In the early afternoon of the following day, Daudet lay sprawled in the hammock, and Hatten was inside on his cot. The smelly, disorderly village lay prostrate under the scorching sun; each breath of air was like a blast of a fiery furnace,—everywhere a suffocating stillness.

Slowly down the street came a little cavalcade. At its head rode a swarthy Frenchman in white helmet and linen, followed closely by Miss Constance Selton with an erect elderly gentleman at her side; and a dozen pack mules and drivers trailed behind them. Hatten rose and came to the door. Daudet stepped forward with alacrity.

"Is Captain Hatten there?" wearily asked the elderly gentleman leaning forward on the cantle of his saddle and stretching his legs in the stirrups.

"Yes, sir, I'm Captain Hatten; can I be of any assistance to you?"

The little party dismounted, and Miss Selton and her father approached, while the Frenchman busied himself with the confused crowd of pack mules, horses, and native drivers.

"I have a letter from the Department

Commander for you, Captain," explained Mr. Selton as he mounted the steps.

"Please sit down, it's shady here. How are you, Miss Selton?" asked Daudet pushing forward chairs, and called "Pierre, bring the water monkey, glasses, and the bottle of rum."

Hot and tired from their unusual journey, the Seltons sank thankfully down on the shaded porch with sighs of relief.

"Never have I been so hot, and never have I ridden on such a road!" declared Miss Selton.

Daudet laughed and even Hatten smiled.

"That is one of our best, une route nationale," cried Daudet.

"Is the road to Savanette worse?" demanded Mr. Selton.

"Very much," said Hatten, "but we will give you mules. Mr. Selton, the Colonel has asked me to be of any assistance I can. We are in way of being frontiersmen here, but please feel that all we have is at your disposal."

"Thank you, Captain, all we desire now, are the primitive needs—a bath, food, and a place to sleep."

"Those we can furnish, but not much else I'm afraid," announced Hatten; then to Daudet, "Have Jean Jacques attend to the horses, Lieutenant."

#### CHAPTER V.

SHORTLY before dusk Constance Selton and Daudet walked together towards an old stone bridge and sat in the cool of the shady trees.

"And how do you like Haiti?" asked Daudet, as he idly flicked at the loose pebbles with his crop.

"The country is wonderful, but today was—oh, so hot!" she answered.

"Up in the Savanette Mountains you will find it fresh and cool, and . . ."

"So lonely," she interrupted. "Just think I shall be the only white woman for miles and miles."

"You will be in the solitude of the wilderness, but that shouldn't make you lonely. The vastness and the grandeur of it will sooth you; you will look upon life as never before. The impotence of man, and the majesty of nature, will bring emotions you've never felt before."

She watched him, surprised at the earnestness with which he spoke, and noted the gentle contours of his mouth and chin. "Are you joking or serious? Your moods change so, I can hardly follow."

"I'm quite serious. Follow me into the past, and I shall give you the true spirit of Haiti. Do you see this stone bridge? Can you imagine its history? Do you realize that this is the country of tradition, and unwritten history? Think of the brave old Frenchmen who thrust this ancient road up over these impassable mountains." He paused, a

little astonished to find himself speaking so intimately to a comparative stranger and perhaps somewhat embarrassed at his own intensity.

"Do you often think of these things?" she asked.

"Yes, for that is Haiti—a country where the very rocks and trees speak of love, adventure, and tragedy!"

Constance's eyes shone with soft light, and her parted lips breathed a sigh. "It sounds very wonderful; tell me more."

Daudet rose and stood facing her, his handsome countenance illuminated with its earnestness. "I can show you a great rock, where, over a century ago, a Frenchman carved on one side the word 'France,' and a Spaniard hacked on the other 'Espana,' and then they fought for the rock."

"That was tragedy; how about the love and adventure?" she questioned, her eyes fixed earnestly upon his.

"It is here also; deep in the Saint



"It sounds very wonderful; tell me more."

Pierre valley are the ruins of a house, a castle if you will, where a Frenchman carried the lady of his dreams, after he had rescued her from a tyrant, carried her there to live. . . . Daudet hesitated.

"And then?" she breathed.

"She died there of small-pox," he said slowly.

"That was tragedy again," she murmured.

"Yes, the tragedy of Haiti; tradition came and named the spot 'Fond Verrettes, Small-Pox Hole.'" He sat down abruptly, and continued. "You may laugh at my notions, Miss Selton, but I love to dream of those old chaps who lived and died in this strange land."

"I am not laughing, I am interested. It thrills me. You seem to think me incapable of romance; on the contrary, I do understand."

The stillness of the glen was broken only by the humming of insects and the faint lowing of distant cattle. Suddenly he leaned forward and said soberly:

"Do you think I can persuade your father not to go to Savanette just now, Miss Selton?"

"Why? Is there a reason for not going?"

"A grave reason, which I alone know, and nobody else will believe."

"Will you tell me?"

"Yes . . . the country people are being aroused by their chiefs, and I am afraid of an uprising."

"Does Captain Hatten know of this?"

"I have told him but he laughs at me."

"Then we must not go of course . . . I shall speak to father myself."

"I wish you would. I asked you to come here, partly to have a chance to tell you this."

"And how about the tragedy, love, and adventure? Were they a part of the scheme, or . . . real?" She stood facing him, her hands clasped behind her, looking up at him from under the shade of her sun hat.

"They are all real if you wish to make them so, I feel them but . . . you are the only person I have ever told about them."

"Thank you . . . I . . . think I can feel them too, already. But we must go, I want to tell father what you have just spoken of . . . these, what did you call them?"

"Cacos, Rebels," he replied.

Daudet had known of course that as soon as Mr. Selton consulted Hatten about the danger of going to Savanette, the Captain would scoff at it. But he felt that Hatten need not have been so brutal in his sarcasm; and, keenly resenting his sneering words, Daudet spent the evening in his own room. The Seltons left early the next morning, and they were crossing the grand Savann when he overtook their caravan. His spirited stallion carrying him in a mad semicircle about them before he could get a chance to speak.

"Good morning," he laughed, when, hat in hand, he was finally able to approach. "I want to say good by, and bon voyage." He rode close to Constance and held out his hand.

"Good by, Mr. Daudet," she smiled, placing her gloved hand in his for a moment. "Come to Savanette when you are able, and we shall seek adventure and romance together."

"Good by, young man," said Mr. Selton a little austere, "I hope your prophecy is not as good as your horsemanship. You should not have alarmed my family with idle rumors."

Daudet flushed. "I trust they are groundless, Mr. Selton, but I felt my duty was to warn you." And touching his hat, he whirled away in a cloud of dust.



# INKADIER LETTERS

By John (Skipper) Culnan, U. S. M. C., '16-'24  
Drawings by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

## No. 16. JAKE STAHL'S HISTORY OF JOAN OF ARC

Breuannes,  
15 November, 1917.

THE Y. M. C. A. had arranged a highly instructive liberty party to the neighboring town of Domremy, birthplace of Joan of Arc, but the highly educated local secretary of the famed organization of bandits fell ill of indigestion. The expedition was about to be called off, but a bulletin was posted on the bulkhead of Jake Stahl's galley, and hopes were revived instantly. It read:

"All members of the 49th who hail from Montana, and all others interested in sheep-herding are invited to join Professor Stahl's personally conducted tour to Domremy on Sunday. Sheep-herders of the 66th Co. may join the party at their own risk.

Firearms up to .45 caliber may be carried. Professor Stahl will deliver his monologue in English.

(s) WILLIE REILLY,  
By Direction."

When the party shoved off early Sunday morning there was standing room only in the transportation that Pat Grealy had arranged as a favor to his old shipmate. Jake and Pat were brother professors at good old Siwash years before, it was stated confidentially.

After a long spin in a north-westerly direction, Domremy was sighted dead ahead. It was certainly dead, but Jake launched forth on his lecture.

"As you probably know," said Jake, "France was in a bad way in 1429. The English had control of the northern part of the empire, and were doing their damndest to make limejuice the national drink. The grapes were rotting on the vines and something had to be done."

Davey Bates' eyes were brimming with tears, but Jake went on.

"The French Marine Corps," he declared, "was losing its morale. The publicity bureau sent out a flock of recruiting sergeants to fill the ranks or be thrown in the hoosegow."

"Ho hum," remarked Pop Coombs, filling his pipe.

"Pipe down," roared Jake.

Pop obligingly put his pipe down, and the professor continued.

"Joan of Arc was herding sheep right over there in that field. Up here in this tree were two recruiting sergeants picking apples. Suddenly Joan heard voices, which said, 'Join the French Marines and see the world'; 'Let's Lick the Lime-juicers'; 'First to Fight'; and so on."

"Those damned recruiters," sighed Sugarfoot Wilson.

"Joan thought they were angel voices. You can readily see that she knew little or nothing about Marines. At any rate, she figured that if she could drive sheep around, she ought to be able to manage a few army corps without trouble. We will now have a 10 minute recess for the purpose of parching our thirst."

"Yes, yes," said Joe Cannon, eagerly downing another pint.

"A very rude interruption," said Jake, "but I'll continue."

"The commandant was for turning her down, because up to that time there had been no Marinettes in the French Marine Corps. But when she said that she had commanded thousands (she didn't explain that they were sheep), he weakened. Then the sergeant major noticed the 'Arc' after her name, and, hoping to get a deep drag with her, assured Charles Seventh that she had had boku sea service under Admiral Noah, and the old man was so tickled that he gave her command of the whole shebang."

"That must have been some marine corps!" opined Heinie Hoffman, stowing away another demijohn. The audience was getting pretty noisy, and Jake consulted his hall clock.

"Time's about up," he declared. "Is there any more refreshment money in the crowd?"

There wasn't a sou, and Jake looked pretty disgusted.

"I can readily see that the lecture is about over," he growled. "My throat is too parched to go on, and I suggest that we head back to Breuannes, where jawbone refreshments are available. Are there any questions?" he inquired, putting on a pair of horn-rim glasses.

"Did she see any service in the French Marine Corps?" queried Frank Hart.

"I hope to expectorate in your condiment can she did," replied Professor Stahl. "She licked the Lime-juicers at Orleans and Patay. As you know, the English are very bashful in the presence of a woman, and they couldn't fight back on those two occasions."

"Imagine a long-haired bunkie!" mused Little Chuck O'Connor.

"Finally the Tommies decided on a night attack," concluded Jake, and they walloped the French Leathernecks and took Joan back to camp with 'em."

"Did they toast her?" inquired Drummer Snair.

"They sure did," replied the professor.

"In limejuice?" asked Tommy Dale.

"No, on a bonfire, I regret to say," sighed Jake.

The expedition staggered into camp long after taps.

Professor Stahl was so broken up by his review of the saint that Mess Sergeant Stahl served a rotten breakfast the next morning.



"Joan was commissioned in the French Marine Corps"

The party accordingly adjourned to a convenient estaminet, where Joe Rouge and Jean Blanc were knocked out in five rounds.

"To go on with the story," said Jake, "Joan traveled straight to the Major General Commandant's office at Chinon, and applied for enlistment. The old man's name was Charles Seventh. That is, his name was Charles and the number was his dog-tag number."



# TEN YEARS AGO

By Sergeant  
Major Clarence B. Proctor



A REVIEW of the highlights in the happenings of our Corps ten years ago should be of interest to all readers of *THE LEATHERNECK*, as the year before the entry of the United States in the World War was indeed an eventful one for the Marine Corps.

Those who served in the Corps during 1916, especially, should find enjoyment in perusing reminders of Marine activities in that year. Then, too, the unearthing of these bits of Marine Corps history should, no doubt, rekindle comradeship fires and furnish inspiration for many a bunkhouse and scuttlebutt session. Those who have joined our ranks since that time might also be interested in the news of the Corps during those exciting days just before the war. These monthly columns will afford opportunity for comparison of the activities of today with the deeds of the "Old Corps," and should foster a better understanding of the heritage which is ours.

The happenings in June, 1916, here cited, bring to notice the fact that it does not take a war to give Marines action. Our Corps has been called upon to participate in many little "wars" fought to bring peace and tranquility to small southern nations which were in the throes of revolution. And Marines have handled these situations with efficiency and credit—in peace time they have fought and died for humanity without the general public knowing much about it—their heroic deeds were "unheralded and unsung."

The operations in Santo Domingo occupied the center of the stage practically to the exclusion of other matters during the month of June, 1916. Outside of the World War this expedition was probably the biggest undertaking of its kind in which the Marine Corps ever participated. The President of Santo Domingo had resigned, and the uprising under General Arias had assumed serious proportions. The First,

Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Ninth, Thirteenth and Nineteenth Companies of the First Brigade, Haiti, under command of Colonel Theodore P. Kane, had been rushed to Santo Domingo City. This force included the Artillery Battalion. The Tennessee (later the Memphis), with her own Marine detachment and that of the Louisiana, with Captain Walter E. Noa, A. Q. M., arrived in Santo Domingo from Norfolk around the first of June, after a stop outside the Port Royal (now Parris Island) bar where she received one hundred and ten men from the recruit depot. The Nebraska relieved the Kentucky on the east coast of Mexico, and the Fourteenth Company then proceeded to Santo Domingo. Forty-nine men had been sent to Santo Domingo

outfit of expeditionary stores, and leaving behind only the sick and such short-timers as did not care to extend their enlistments. The orders were issued on Sunday, June 4, at 11 a. m., and Colonel Pendleton reported at 10 p. m., on Monday, June 5, that the regiment was ready to leave. Owing to the inability of the railroad to assemble rolling stock, however, the troops did not get under way until 10 p. m., the following day, arriving at New Orleans around midnight on Saturday. All day Sunday was spent transferring equipment and stores from the cars to the Hancock, and on Monday, June 12, the regiment, and the Eighth Company from the Marine Barracks, New Orleans, were on their way to Santo Domingo. This movement of Marines involved the transportation of the largest number of men for the greatest distance of any since the transfer of the regiment to China in 1900.

The arrival in Santo Domingo of the Marines under Colonel Pendleton, on June 18, added nearly seven hundred men to the force already on the northern half of the island. The towns on the north coast were occupied without resistance, with the exception of Puerto Plata. General Arias, the leader of the insurrection, had withdrawn his force inland to Santiago, and threatened resistance to the further advance of the Marines.

The column under Colonel Pendleton advanced toward Santiago from Monte Cristi, repulsing snipers as they advanced, and another force of Marines under Major Bearss opened the railroad from Puerto Plata to Santiago. The stories of the wanderings of these forces from the north coast of Santo Domingo, in the heart of the country, would shame a circus manager's report of one night stands. On June 29, First Sergeant Fernando L. ("Ikey") Birrer, a member of Major Bearss' column, was seriously wounded in the right leg, which later had to be amputated.

The march from Monte Cristi to San-



Fourth Regiment Wagon Train, Santo Domingo, 1916

from the Twenty-fourth Company at Quantanamo Bay, Cuba.

The Salem had brought the Marine detachments of the Rhode Island and New Jersey from the Boston navy yard, under command of Major Charles B. Hatch. During the landing of the Rhode Island guard at Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, the commanding officer of that detachment, Captain Herbert J. Hirshinger, was shot through the head by opposing Dominican rebels, and died June 1, 1916.

The developments of the first few days in June in Santo Domingo caused orders to be issued to the Fourth Regiment at San Diego, California, directing that organization to proceed by rail to New Orleans, Louisiana, taking their complete



tiago, during which an eighty-mile line of communication was maintained under difficulties, was one of the longest hikes under fire in the tropics that has ever been recorded—one hundred and eleven kilometers, or seventy-six miles. It was the longest up to that time, ever made by Marines thrown on their own resources—their muster rolls had all the earmarks of a traveling salesman's report of territory covered. Private John J. Awkerman, 27th Company, was killed in action near Monte Cristi on June 27th. On June 30th, Colonel Pendleton's force engaged in a skirmish at Old Camino Real, during which Private Klene Milles, 31st Company, was killed. The day following there was an engagement at Guayacanes where Corporal George Frazee, 28th Company, was killed, Private J. E. Daley seriously wounded, and seven other Marines slightly wounded.

The end of June, 1916, found the forces on the northern side of the island still advancing inland toward Santiago.

Negotiations had been going on all this time at Santo Domingo City between the Archbishop of Santo Domingo and Rear Admiral Caperton in an attempt to avoid the possibility of serious difficulties. There was apparently no reason for trouble between the people as to the intentions of the United States. Admiral Caperton made the position of the United States thoroughly clear, and after a conference between the peace commission from Santo Domingo City and the Admiral, the Marines entered that city without any resistance.

During the month of June, 1916, there were five hundred and twenty-nine enlistments in the Marine Corps, which was the greatest number for any one month since December, 1909, when five hundred and eighty-four enlistments were procured. The Central States led with two hundred and forty-nine enlistments. One hundred and fifty-six enlistments were obtained in the Eastern States, and ninety-nine in the Western. Twenty-five men enlisted at Marine Corps posts.

The anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1916, was marked by the launching of the U. S. S. *Henderson* at the Philadelphia navy yard. This

**Henderson Launched** was the first vessel to take the water at the League Island yard. The launching was made a gala day and the Major General Commandant, General George Barnett, and Mrs. Barnett, with numerous guests, witnessed ceremonies particularly fitting to the occasion.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels named

this ship after the fourth commandant of the Marine Corps, Brigadier General Archibald Henderson. General Henderson was one of the Constitution's heroes, a noted Indian fighter, and was commandant of the Marine Corps from October 17, 1820, to the day of his death, January 6, 1859.

The Transport *Henderson* was christened by Miss Taylor, of Alexandria, Va., a great-granddaughter of General Henderson. At the time of the launching the *Henderson* was sixty-seven per cent completed. The keel was laid June 19, 1915.

\* \* \*

The enlisted strength of the Marine Corps on June 6, 1916, was nine thousand eight hundred and sixty. Of these, one thousand nine hundred and fifty-three were serving in, or en route to Santo Domingo; **Distribution** one thousand six hundred and twenty-two were aboard ships; one thousand two hundred and forty-three served on foreign shore stations, and one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six were stationed at posts,



Artillery in Action, Santo Domingo, 1916

navy yards, and stations in the United States.

At this time there were one thousand and seventy-eight men stationed at recruit depots, either instructing or undergoing training at these Marine incubators. Mare Island had two hundred and fifty-two of these, and Parris Island (then Port Royal), eight hundred and twenty-six.

Nine hundred and forty men were serving in Haiti ten years ago; two hundred and eighty-eight were attached to naval magazine guards; sixty-five belonged to hospital detachments; and fifty-six men (14th Company on the U. S. S. *Kentucky*) were on expeditionary duty afloat.

The remaining seven hundred and nineteen were divided among staff offices in the United States, recruiting stations, prison guards, and aviation. A few were tuberculosis patients.

The foregoing figures do not include one hundred and twenty-five general court-martial prisoners sentenced to, dishonorable discharge.

In June, 1916, the ships of the Atlantic Fleet had one thousand two hundred and eighty Marines; the Pacific Fleet, one hundred and thirty-one; and the Asiatic Fleet, two hundred and eleven. Three hundred and fifty-seven Marines formed the American Legation Guard at Peking, China; three hundred and eighty-three were stationed in Guam; two hundred and thirty-nine in the Philippines; one hundred and twelve in Hawaii; one hundred and four in Nicaragua, and forty eight in Cuba.

The non-commissioned officer strength of the Marine Corps at this time follows: Sergeants Major, twelve; Quartermaster Sergeants, eighty-four; First Sergeants, one hundred and nineteen; Gunny Sergeants, one hundred and eleven; Sergeants, five hundred and eleven, and Corporals, nine hundred and sixty-seven.

\* \* \*

Those who have served in Santo Domingo will recognize the two small cuts at the top of the opposite page as those of the Carcel at Fort Ozama, and the statue of Columbus beside the Cathedral.

During the time of the American occupation, the Carcel was used as a

prison. It is said to be one of the oldest stone buildings in America. The upper story served as a signal and radio tower. The lower floors were used as jails for the numerous native prisoners. Here every prisoner was taught a trade. Most of them wanted to be cobblers; this, in spite of the fact that most natives wore no shoes, and would not wear these implements of torture even though they could afford to. The flag-staff of the Carcel and also the flag can be seen for

many miles around, and it used to be a pleasant sight for Marines about to land to see from the ship the stripes of the Flag waving gently in the tropical breezes which find their way up the Ozama River. When Marines left, Old Glory was pulled down and the Dominican flag was raised with much pomp and ceremony.

The statue of Columbus is situated in the heart of the city beside the Cathedral which, Dominicans claim, still contains the remains of the great discoverer. With compass in one hand and map, beside him, the statue is pointing westward symbolical of Columbus' desire to reach India via a western sea voyage around the world, which he considered much smaller than it really was.

\* \* \*

They laughed at this one in 1916: Recruit Instructor: "Fix Bayonets!" No. 3, Rear Rank: "There's nothing wrong with mine, sir."

# THE YARNS OF "HELL'S BELLS" O'NEIL

HELL'S BELLS lit another cigarette and leaned back in his chair. "Take one top-soldier from the 7th Cavalry," he said, "and mix him with a ship's doctor on the Ward Line, add one twenty-year service sergeant from the Marines and shake well with a Foreign Legionnaire from Morocco. Give them all a touch of Malaisian fever, wake them at two a. m. for a false alarm, lead 'em in their bare feet down a dark hall strewn with tacks and bang their sunburned noses into the edge of a freshly painted door—and you'll hear some pretty fair cursing and swearings and goings on.

"But give Foul-Mouth Peterson no excuse whatsoever, leave him alone for five minutes and then ask him the time of day or make some remark about the weather and he'd burst out in a vitriolic repertory of luridity that'd turn your hair white and leave you 20 years older than you were when he started.

"He was just naturally a mean cuss. No one seemed to know how it started—this meanness—but there were various theories on the subject. Some of the crowd had an idea that his mother had weaned him on ground glass and kerosene and some others thought that perhaps he'd been brought up in a family of Dakota Mountain lions. Joe Kennedy himself said that it looked like a case of mismatched parents—perhaps his mother had been a retired Quartermaster General with gout and his father a one-armed fly-papper separator with St. Vitus' Dance.

"Anyway he was mean. After he'd got himself pretty well shot up at Mons and limped into the Faubourgs of Paris in his stocking feet and after he'd got himself pretty well shot up on the Marne and limped out again in somebody else's breeches, he came into the Flying Corps, in the days when the observers used to throw bricks at the Hun and fight from the front cockpit with swords. That all helped his natural meanness. Then to add to it, when anybody was due for a V. C., Peterson was invariably the man who did the work and somebody else always got the medal and whenever Peterson got wounded he always arrived at a hospital ten seconds after the last bed had been taken. And whenever he got leave, the train he was in would be wrecked. And whenever he got ready for a bath, the water would run out just before he had cut the last of his clothes off. Add all that misfortune to a man who has been born in Jersey City and you're going to have some mean baby. And take a baby as mean as all that misfortune made Peterson, and add a natural penchant for constructive cursing—and you get a Marvel of the Ages.

"He'd been called Foul-Mouth long before he reached Netherhaven, but it was

By James Warner Bellah

Why 'Foul-Mouth' Peterson  
Stopped Swearing

there that his art really reached crescendo. People who knew his earlier periods and heard him again during his Netherhaven development acknowledged that his former work had been child's play. People who thought they were pretty fair cussers themselves reformed and became Methodist Ministers, after one dose of Foul-Mouth's vocabulary.

"At Netherhaven he instructed in the art of joy stick manipulation. That was long before the Gosport System came in.



... Ask Foul-Mouth Peterson the time of day or make some remark about the weather and he'd burst out in a vitriolic repertory of luridity that'd turn your hair white. . . "

In those days you looked a man over and if he looked like a decent fellow who could play poker or bridge, you gave him maybe six or eight landings and a couple of circuits of the 'drome and then you packed him off solo in some old ramshackle B. E. If he didn't look like a good bet, you didn't waste your time. Perhaps he got three landings and one circuit and then you climbed out of the 'bus and looked at him sort of coldly and if he didn't reach his hand to the gun and take-off, you asked him mildly what the hell was the matter and did he have the wind up if so why not beat it home to his three maiden aunts. It was brutal perhaps, but all the boys who lived, made crackerjack pilots. Maybe they didn't know engine-timing and air speeds and angles of elevation and

who was the Viceroy of a certain province, but they could fly.

"The man who figured out the system, figured that all the boys who came into the Corps came in because they wanted to fly more than they wanted to read Cicero's Orations or Horace in the original—so what the hell? That's why the bluebook has it, 'Remember your students are all volunteers—therefore they can be driven to the limit!'

"I say it was brutal—but it was an old lady's sewing circle compared to Peterson's own private system. He carried a club—a ten-inch black-jack lanyarded to his wrist. If you spoke out of turn in the air, you got it on your konk. And what was worse than the club—he had his tongue. He'd come down to the hangars in the morning looking like a man who has been crossed in love and

lost ten Grand on a sure winner in the Third at Havre de Gras. He'd scowl at the row of second-looseys-under-instruction and then when he'd picked out his victim, he'd walk up in front of the bloke and yell 'Stand up on your purple feet, you four-cornered offspring of a square footed horror and let's see me a little bright red haste while you duck your quintessential distortions into your thrice blasted flying coat and climb into that perdition bound air chariot and no back talk!'—or words to that effect.

"Then he'd give a few landings, crack a few heads if the hand was a little slow in leaving the joystick, damn the whole crew to everlasting white heat and go back to the Mess to drink warm blue-stone gin and wormwood, out of a rusted tin-cup. I think a lot of his lads cracked up on purpose to get away from him and I believe at one time there was a plot afoot to file his flying wires—but it wouldn't have done any good, for his Satanic Majesty certainly wouldn't allow his one rival to come into hell and jeopardize his throne.

"Well, things went from bad to worse. You couldn't talk to Foul-Mouth. None of our crowd attempted to speak to him and his cadets and subs-under-instruction were on the point of shooting him down in broad daylight. The O. C. wouldn't do anything because Foul-Mouth turned out more pilots in a given time than any of the rest. But one morning it happened.

"I saw the bird wobble into the Mess about nine o'clock the night before. He walked like a man who has been riding a saw-back bronch all day—sort of stiff-legged and awkward—and he had a dirty old trenchcoat muffling him up to the ears and no shoulder pips on it. I nodded to him and he smiled back and said he thought he was too late for supper, so

Continued on page 60

# The Ship That Retrieved Herself

By Lou Wylie

ASK anyone who knows ships, who has lived on them, navigated them, loaded them, and cared for their great thundering machinery and they will tell you without the slightest suggestion of doubt that a ship has personality. Some will go even further than that and say soul.

That the City of Elba has a soul I am most heartily convinced. When she first slid gracefully into the water with the amber champagne still trickling from her nose, she was indeed a thing of beauty—a passenger ship of slender, graceful and haughty lines; no huge Leviathan, but a slender greyhound of the seas. Her passenger decks and the railing around them were as white as the driven snow. Her high, keen bow streamed narrowly away on either side, a hard, shining black. Lithe and artistically she narrowed her lines as they swept toward the stern, and her masts and funnels tilted ever so slightly in that direction, too.

For three lovely and highly successful trips the City of Elba slid from New York to Hamburg and back again. She was built to carry a small amount of cargo, her hatches swinging open from hinges on her port and starboard sides; but mainly she was a passenger vessel, and each and every trip she had carried capacity. Like a high mettled horse with head up, she would take the roughest seas or slip lightly into the trough of the waves as a blooded animal will slide down an embankment, gently, on hind legs. She was the flag ship of her owners fleet, though not the largest, and her engineers and the black gang bragged constantly of the speed they could get out of her should they ever try.

All in all, she was everything that a ship ought to be, and she seemed inordinately proud of it. Every tug in the river seemed anxiously scurrying out of her path as she slipped along with the muddy water churned to wreath of foam where her sharp nose cut swiftly through. Even the bigger ships, cargo and passenger, seemed to give her greater leeway when she passed them, and swept along upstream with the air of a personage to whom much deference is due. It was never necessary to tell her sailors to shine brass work, or to scrub decks, or to break out the paint. She was a spoiled beauty who demanded attention, and she got it. Someone was always polishing and painting her, so that she presented a continual appearance of well being; and her crew, it is said, when they went aboard her, involuntarily cleaned their shoes against the gang-plank; and when they went ashore, elevated their noses some several degrees higher than the seamen of other vessels in port carried theirs.

But there came a day when the City of Elba got hers. Even the most straight-

laced of mortals occasionally stubs a toe, and the more straight-laced the mortal the more far reaching the news and the effects of the stubbing will go. So it is with ships, and so it proved with the City of Elba. It was a fine, cool night in late September. The City of Elba, having gotten away from Hamburg a whole day late, and having been delayed a half day by some extremely bad weather, was nearing New York, and she was making up for that half day she had lost in the hurricane. The day lost at Hamburg had already been picked up, and she was just eating into her time card, like a racer coming up from fifth to first place will do in the home stretch, belly to ground, nose between flying front feet and tail straight out behind.

It was late, near on to one o'clock, and by all rights and reasons there should have been no small shipping anywhere in the City of Elba's vicinity at that time. With a thin wisp of smoke thrown out behind her stack like floating mane, and the music of the water parting and falling against her flying bow, she could well have posed as the goddess of speed.

Suddenly there came up to the officer on watch the agonized scream of a man. There was a crash, a rending sound, and—silence. The second mate, who was on watch at the time, tells me that he quickly signalled the engine room for a dead stop, that they played their searchlight over the water and did not see a ripple, and that they surmised they had struck some poor fisherman, or some ambitious oarsman whose boat had gotten from under control during the gale of the few days before, and had drifted around until struck by the City of Elba. Such was the report made the captain, which was duly wirelessed ahead, and with redoubled effort the City of Elba swept on her way. She eased up to her berth some few hours later than her chief had figured on bringing her there, and was immediately boarded by a swarm of newspaper men, Naval Officers, and her owners; for it seems that the boat she had struck was a new submarine, on a trial trip, and that three exhausted and half dead survivors had been picked up from bits of wreckage by the Lad of Newcastle, a British cargo ship, some several hours later, and that their wireless report had given plenty of details.

Investigations were started, and while the City of Elba lay up, a long game of cross questions and silly answers was played by her owners and the investigation committee. Finally, she was brought out and put to work again, but—something had gone wrong with her. She couldn't get anything like her full

quota of passengers, so they had loaded her to the water line with a consignment of electrical railway parts, and before she had been out two days she lost a tail pin and had to heave to port for repairs. At Hamburg she went nose into the wharf when they tried to berth her; and, coming back with a consignment of wooden toys and ten passengers, she caught fire in hatch No. 1. Her second trip was as disastrous as the first, so she was consigned to a fruit company in New Orleans and began bringing up bananas from Honduras. Barefoot sailors walked around her muggy decks, squashing over-ripe bananas upon her, and the fruit company repainted her stack with their lurid and colorful design. Great spots of rust began to show on her, her paint grew dingy, and a dirty awning covered her poop deck, where the half-naked, sweating negro hands laid and shot dice, or tried to catch a breath of cool air as they lay taking on cargo.

Trip after trip she made, each time coming into New Orleans more dingy and more disreputable. Then her former Chief Engineer, a red faced German, having gotten drunk and fallen overboard, they shipped a new one—a young chap by the name of Fletcher, whose uncle was a stockholder in the fruit company, and whose best girl could not understand why he insisted on going to sea. Fletcher was highly delighted with what he found in the engine room, after he had put the black gang through a third degree of oiling, wiping, and cleaning such as never before had been inflicted upon them. Whilst the ant-like lines of dark little men wound themselves on and off the boat with their stalks of bananas, Fletcher had the boilers scraped; for he was an engineer for the love of the game. Her engines were overhauled, and her burners were cleaned, and all in all she had more attention than had ever been her lot before, possibly because she had gotten into such a hopeless condition that she required it.

On a hot afternoon in April, with a sodden gray sky, and not a breath of air stirring, the City of Elba pointed her nose toward New Orleans. By night the winds had descended upon her, the rains lashed her with silver fury, and the waves picked her up and tossed her about as though she were a cork. Then, with the storm at its height, her wireless picked up an S. O. S. from a ship sinking some fifty miles ahead of her. The Claribel was the name given, with some thirty passengers aboard. When the message was given to Fletcher he thought of the gruelling, sweating work that he and his gang had done, and a smile of satisfaction softened the determination that had hardened his mouth. Pounding and roll-

Continued on page 57





# SELECTED for Our HALL of FAME

*The First of a Series of Five Articles on Highly Decorated Men of the Marine Corps*

**THE MILITARY** career of General W. C. Neville is a long and interesting one.

After graduating from the Naval Academy in 1890, to which he was appointed from the State of Virginia, his birthplace, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps, and reported for duty at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. In 1894, he was detached from Washington and ordered to the U. S. S. Cincinnati; later to the U. S. S. Texas; then to the U. S. S. Raleigh; then to the U. S. S. Texas.

While on duty with the Marine Battalion of the North Atlantic Squadron in 1898, he took part in the battle at Guantanamo Bay. So "conspicuous was his conduct in battle" that he was appointed brevet captain, with rank from June 13, 1898.

After the clash with Spain, he served at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and in 1899 he was transferred to recruiting duty in New York City. Shore duty was not for long, however, and on June 22, 1900, he was ordered with the Fourth Battalion to the Far East, participating in the China Relief Expedition (Boxer Campaign) August to October, 1900. He was attached to the First Brigade of Marines in the Philippines. In June, 1901, he was appointed Military Governor and District Commander of the Province of Basilan, and remained in that capacity until September, 1902, returning to Cavite. On February 5, 1903, after three long years in the Asiatic, he left with Company F, First Regiment, on the

old Sheridan for the United States. Arriving at San Francisco, he was transferred to Washington for special duty in connection with the examination of candidates for commission.

consisted of the opening of recruiting stations in many of the New England cities, and, later, of the acting as assistant quartermaster of the Marine Corps. Still later in that year, he was detached

from the Second Naval District to the U. S. S. Maine for duty as Fleet Marine Officer of the North Atlantic Fleet.

September 25, 1906, he transferred the fleet marines from the Maine to the Kentucky and Iowa for duty with an expeditionary force which was organized for service in Cuba; and on October 1, 1906, landed and occupied Havana, the beginning of the second occupation of Cuba. After the arrival of the Army he left with the fleet marines for Norfolk, from where this force was returned to the Fleet, and he resumed his duties on the Maine, later transferring to the U. S. S. Connecticut.

After this tour of duty, he reported on November 1, 1907, at Marine Headquarters, and was detached to command the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington. On December 2, 1909, until April 15, 1910, he served with the First Regiment, Expeditionary Force, which was organized at Philadelphia, in Nicaragua and the vicinity of the Canal Zone. Upon his return, he went back to duty at the Washington Navy Yard; and, with the

exception of a short time, during which he acted as an observer at Camp Instruction, Gettysburg, Pa., his stay was uninterrupted until his transfer on October 25, 1910, to the Marine Barracks, Honolulu. After two and one-half years



GENERAL WENDELL CUSHING NEVILLE

In 1904, he left to take command of the Marine Detachment at Narragansett Bay, R. I., and while serving there, was promoted to the rank of major on June 4, 1904. During that year his tour of duty was most varied and interesting. It

in Hawaii, he was ordered to the Charleston Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C., on May 6, 1913.

It was about this time that dark clouds began to gather over Mexico; and, sailing in command of the First Battalion of the Second Advance Base Regiment from Philadelphia aboard the *Prairie* on November 27, 1913, he arrived at Pensacola, Fla., thence to the maneuvers at Culebra, returning to Pensacola, where he remained until early in the next year, at which time he embarked with his troops for Vera Cruz, Mexico. Here he was promoted to lieutenant colonel February 25, 1914, and ordered to command the 2nd Regiment that participated in that famous engagement which resulted in the occupation of Vera Cruz on April 21. For his conspicuous courage, coolness, and skill with the landing force, he was the recipient of a commendatory letter from the Secretary of the Navy. On December 20, 1914, he returned to Philadelphia.

In keeping with the old tale of "no rest for the weary," he immediately received orders to proceed via the first transport to the Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peking, China. He arrived there on December 24, 1915, and while on the high seas was awarded the Navy Medal of Honor, December 4, 1915. It follows:

"For distinguished conduct in battle, engagements of Vera Cruz, April 21 and 22, 1914; commanded Second Regiment, Marines. Was in both days' fighting, and almost continually under fire, from soon after landing, about noon on the twenty-first, until we were in possession of the city, about noon of the twenty-second. His duties required him to be at points of great danger in directing his officers and men, and he exhibited conspicuous courage, coolness, and skill in his conduct of fighting. Upon his courage and skill depended in great measure, success or failure. His responsibilities were great and he met them in a manner worthy of commendation."

In 1916 he was promoted to colonel, with rank from August 29 of that year.

Upon his return to the United States late in 1917, he was immediately ordered to duty with the Fifth Regiment in France. He sailed on the famous U. S. S. *De Kalb*, which later burned to the water's edge in New York harbor, arriving at St. Nazaire, France, December 28, 1917.

While in command of the glorious Fifth, he participated in the Aisne-Marne defensive (Chateau-Thierry) from June 1 to July 5, 1918, and in the battle at Belleau Woods June 5 to July 5, 1918. Illness later confined him to the American Red Cross Hospital at Paris for

The following is a list of General Neville's decorations:

Medal of Honor (Navy).

Distinguished Service Medal

(Navy)

Distinguished Service Medal

(Army)

Brevet Medal

West Indies Medal (Sampson)

China Campaign Medal

Spanish Campaign Medal

Philippine Campaign Medal

Cuban Pacification Medal

Expeditionary Ribbon (Nicaragua, 1910)

Mexican Campaign Medal

Victory Medal

5 Clasps—Aisne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, Defensive Sector

5 Silver Star Citations

Legion of Honor (French)

4 Croix de Guerre (Palms)

1 Croix de Guerre (Silver Star)

1 Croix de Guerre (Bronze Star)

6 Croix de Guerre (Diplomas)

Fourragere

about eight days. Upon his return to duty he assumed command of the Fourth Brigade of Marines, and went into action with them in the Aisne-Marne offensive at Soissons, which lasted from July 17 until July 21. From August 7 to August 16 he participated in the action at the Mardache Sector; and, in going into training with the troops at Colombey le Bel, was notified of his being commissioned a brigadier general, with rank from July 1, 1918.

As commander of the Fourth Brigade of Marines, General Neville participated in the following famous battles: Soissons, the St. Mihiel offensive; the Meuse-Argonne offensive at Champagne; and the Meuse-Argonne offensive in the Argonne Forest. On November 17, 1918, five days after the signing of the Armistice, he started with the Fourth Brigade on that well-known march to the Rhine, reaching there on the thirteenth of December, and taking up quarters at Nieder Bieber, Germany.

During the remainder of his stay in Europe, he was awarded many honors, at the same time having the intense pleasure of witnessing his own famous Fourth Brigade of Marines being decorated with the General Order of the French Army. The text of General Neville's awards follow:

Sir: The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL to WENDELL C. NEVILLE, Brigadier General, U. S. M. C., for service during the World War as set forth in the following citation:

"For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. While in command of the 5th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, and later of the 4th Infantry Brigade, he participated in the battles of Chateau-Thierry, the advance near Soissons and the operations of St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont Ridge and the Argonne-Meuse. In all these he proved himself a leader of great skill and ability."

#### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

(Navy)

"For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. While in command of the 5th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, and later of the 4th Infantry Brigade, he participated in the battles of Chateau-Thierry, the advance near Soissons, and the operations of St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont Ridge, and the Argonne-Meuse. In all of these he proved himself to be a leader of great skill and ability."

#### SECOND DIVISION CITATIONS

Victory Medal—5 Silver Stars

NEVILLE, Wendell C.

"The services of this officer have been distinguished, exceptionally meritorious, and in duty of great responsibility. He has contributed greatly to the brilliant success of the SECOND DIVISION in all engagements in which it participated."

THIS AT ALL FRONTS, March 17, 1918, to November 11, 1918.

Awarded December 31, 1918.

JOHN A. LEJEUNE,  
Major General, U. S. M. C.,  
Commanding.

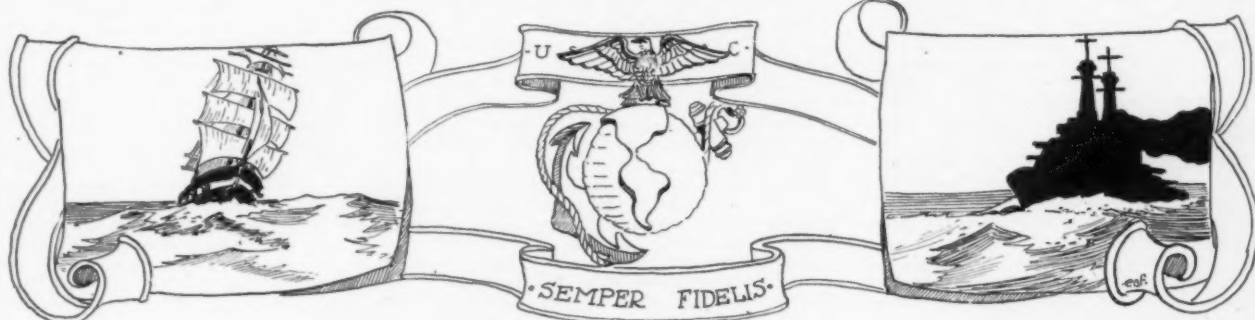
#### LEGION OF HONOR

Decree of November 11, 1918

Translation: by Colonel John W. Barker, U. S. A.

"During the severe fighting from June 2 to 12, 1918, he commanded his regiment with remarkable energy and perfect judgment in the disposition and conduct of his troops. Greatly contributed by his influence to the success obtained by his regiment in these days of fighting."

Continued on page 59





# THE GUARDIAN of the MALECON

By Lieut. Arthur J. Burks, U.S.M.C.

THE little snaky street which leads westward to the Malecon is as dark as Erebus. Narrow, evil smelling—thoroughfare of the poor who spend their days in gazing out to sea, their evenings on the stone sidewalks that were built in the time of Columbus and his brutal governors, and their nights behind the locked doors of huts. The huts themselves are very old, and the paint has scaled off in so many places that most of them have the scarred look of aged lepers who have given up all hope. There are cracks between the twisted boards which let in the rain during the rainy season, and through which, after nightfall, the reddish glow of subdued native lanterns comes out to the traveler who stumbles along the cobblestones. If one pauses to listen one may hear the pitiful wailing of babies who have gone to bed supperless, and the soft crooning of native mothers who try to soothe them. The little street is stifling, seems to weight down upon one, dampening one's spirits weirdly.

Especially the night of the first moanings of the last hurricane.

The wreck of the U. S. S. Memphis stands solidly at the western extremity of the Malecon, taking its rest upon the point of the stone Golgotha which slew her. Beyond her cage mast, against the lowering, black-clouded heavens, a red moon looks down upon as wild a scene as any ever conceived by painter. Fine mist, separated from the whitecaps which break against the rampart of cliffs below the Malecon, slips over the roofs of the huts and sinks clammily into the crazy little street. From far Cabo Caudedo, from the southern mouth of Mona Passage, the winds come moaning, singing a requiem to the spirits of the savage coast, whispering eerily at the mouth of the Ozama River.

We are all alone—my horse and I. It is near midnight and we are stumbling into the city to visit our patrols. Following an unaccountable whim of mine, we are taking the way which leads along the deserted Malecon.

We quit the street to enter the broad promenade. The moaning of the wind is louder, almost a continuous shriek. The red moon darts into hiding in a bank of black clouds, while the waves, breaking high over the cage mast of the Memphis, dash themselves to pieces in a furious attack upon the immovable ramparts of stone which is the coast.



Waves breaking over the Malecon and the wreck of the MEMPHIS

We are brought to pause. The horse halts stiff-legged, snorting fearfully. He does not fear the moaning and shrieking of the wind. It is the waves that he fears, and they are breaking over the Malecon itself, deluging the broad promenade, gurgling as they slip back to sea and lose themselves in the bosom of the Caribbean. But ere we can pass along the Malecon another wave, higher than its predecessor, towers above the Malecon, causing us to retreat fearfully.

But what is that?

A long wailing cry, that is heard even through the shrieking of the wind and the pounding roar of the waves, cutting like a keen edged knife, comes through to us. It is an oddly human cry, yet there is something in it which is not of the earth. The horse pricks up his ears and stares into the wall of spray and water. He paws the cobblestones restlessly, showing me plainly that he wishes to begone. When I touch him slightly with my spur he refuses to advance, though his eyes still stare fixedly into the spray, his nostrils are distended—and a snort that is expressive of fear answers me as plainly as though the brute had spoken.

But as I hesitate the wailing comes again. From a hut behind me bursts a startled ejaculation in Spanish. I turn to look back and the light in this hut goes out, the hut becomes the abode of fearful silence. In the silence between the breaking of two waves the wailing comes again.

Holding my horse with tightened reins I peer into the mist and spray, seeking the spot whence the wailing comes. A great wave, higher than any I have seen—each one has been higher than the last since we paused here—towers above the Malecon for a breathless instant, then tumbles headlong with a ponderous

roar. Just as it breaks and tumbles its crest grows white as snow, the flying spume making an eery mane for the monster of the sea. There is something luminous in the spume and in its eery light I see the spire of the monument which loving hands have erected at the very crest of the coral cliffs midway of the Malecon. Then the spire vanishes in the bosom of the wave, comes to view after it has passed, letting me see the monument against the night, wetly dripping. At the base of the monument there is a dark shadow which moves—the wind whips soggy garments this way and that.

The wailing comes again!

Then with a muttered prayer—that is half prayer, half curse—I dismount and drop the reins over my horse's head. With a snort the animal bolts, sweeping back along the narrow alley toward Fort Ozama, whence we came a few moments earlier. Shrugging my shoulders resignedly I turn into the Malecon, hugging the row of houses, my hands extended to seek support should a wave overwhelm me and threaten to bear me back with it to the sea. Once I almost drown when a wave buries me deeply, receding then to leave me dripping and panting, but with my eyes seeking the dripping spire of the monument which should come to view after the wave has returned to the Caribbean.

I make out the spire and run toward it swiftly. Even before I reach its substantial haven I see the shadow that moves, make out the whipping of the soggy garments. The wailing comes again. I reach the great spire and lean against it heavily, measuring its circumference with my arms to insure that I be able to save myself when the waves break again. Beside me, wearily drooping, yet with an expression on her white face which has something ethereal in it, stands a middle-aged Dominican woman. She has been drenched and buffeted by the waves until most of her strength has fled, so that she sags against the monument and her hands retain their grip upon the column of stone more by good fortune than intent. Her hair—she is bareheaded—is wet and hangs over her eyes except when she casts it aside with a flirt of her head. She is blue about the lips from the coldness of the water. She shows her fine white teeth in a wan smile as she notes my presence beside her. But in her eyes there is no recog-

niton, just a weird sort of questioning such as one sees in the eyes of intelligent animals or very young children. Then her eyes turn back toward the surging sea. Now there is expression in them, and her lips move as though she whispered a prayer. The expression is a boundless expression of love! What is it that she sees about the great monster out there to love? What is the weird story behind this wan woman's presence here on the sadly beleaguered Malecon? What does she expect to come to her out of the sea?

The waves break over us while I cling to the woman to see that she does not go to the sea when the wave returns. I see her eyes lift to the crest of the wave which towers above us, and those eyes are alight with a fearful question—as though within the bosom of the landward-hurting monster she would find that question's answer. But the waves break over us and flood the Malecon—and the woman wails that sad cry of hers which first attracted my attention, swerving her gaze, still with the fearful question in her eyes, back to the next wave that dashes toward the Malecon. When the last wave has receded I seize her in my arms, tearing her numbed fingers free of the stone column by sheer brutish force, causing her to wail again in protest, and dash with her in my arms toward the haven of the houses on the north side of the Malecon. A great wave pursues us, but we win out against its fury and gain the haven of the second street beyond the great promenade. Here we encounter a late traveler, homeward bound perhaps, who looks startled as his eyes fall upon my burden and me. Then, curiosity banishing his fear, he bends to look into the face of the woman I have rescued. Seeing the white face of the woman, who has mercifully fainted, he mutters something to himself—something expressive of fear—crosses himself hurriedly, and darts away, losing himself among the shadows.

Who is the woman in my arms? What can I do with her? Where does she live? When she opens her eyes and I ask her each of these questions in turn she only shakes her head, though I speak her language and know that she understands. Then she points toward the Malecon as I hear another wave break above the rocks with its thunderous roar. When I shake my head in turn she signals for me to release her. I ask her if she is able to find her way home and she smiles upon me sadly—speaking never a word. Then she moves slowly away—among the shadows as did he who crossed himself when he saw her in my arms.

On foot I continued my interrupted duty, visiting my patrols throughout the city. But when I returned to the Fort there was no sleep for me that night. My mind was busy with all sorts of unanswerable questions. Who was the woman? What did she ask of the sea? Why did she take her life in her hands to stand above the ramparted coast to watch the great waves come in?

Off duty next day I returned to the Malecon. The waves no longer leaped the ramparts of coral, though the Malecon and the first row of houses northward were all wet and dripping as though they had emerged during the night from the bottom of the sea. I stared out across the angry waste of waters to the southern horizon, and all between the balked waves were churning one another into foam, creating a vast maelstrom in which the strongest small boat could never have survived. I strode across the slippery stones to the stone monument above the sea, marvelling as I did so how I had been able to win across these same stones in the darkness of night with a woman in

face of her whom, last night, I saved from the bellowing sea. There is the sad smile and the unreadable question—and I catch myself listening for the wail which came to me through the water and flying mist. Then the face disappears and I convince myself that I did not see it after all. Now I am back at the Malecon, looking about me.

The faces of the Dominicans, as a whole, are not friendly; but I scrutinize each one near me, seeking someone who may be able to answer my questions. As though he knows what I wish, an elderly Dominican of the better class, detaching himself from a well dressed group along the railing, strolls in my direction, a half smile of invitation on his face. I smile back at him and go to meet him.

"Tell me about her, senor," I burst out, "she stood beside that pillar last night when the hurricane was raging, and would have drowned had I not rushed out and brought her back to safety. Why does she wail, and why did she choose last night of all nights to stand beyond the Malecon at the mercy of the waves?"

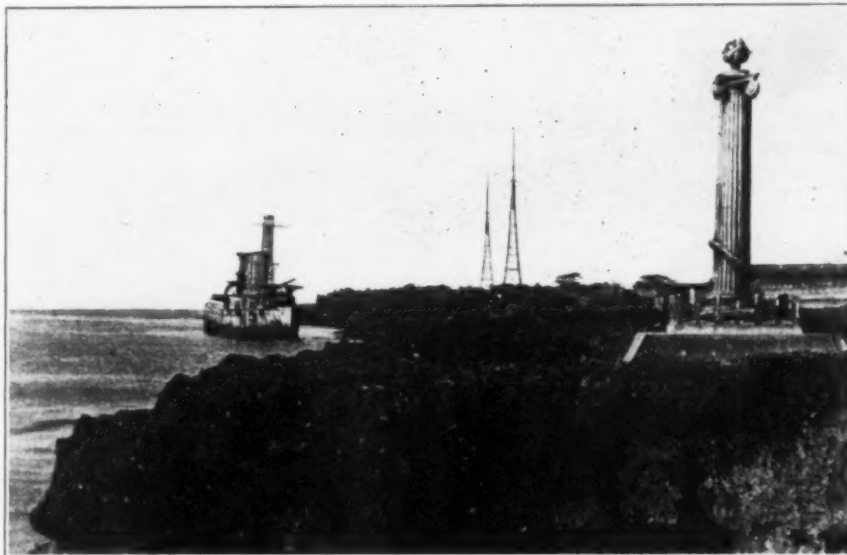
"It is a long story, Americano," he replied softly. "She is the guardian of the Malecon, and every night for the last several years she has gone to the Malecon to keep her tryst beside the spire."

"But why? Why?"

"It was the night of the Great Hurricane," he continued; "when a small schooner, returning from a fiesta at Bani, was caught and pounced upon by the waves before it could reach the mouth of the Ozama—less than a half mile distant! Aboard that schooner were men, women and children—poor people all. A kind president had se-

cured funds in order that these people might have one day out of their lives to which they could look back with pleasure. I remember when they sailed forth from the Ozama, dressed in holiday attire, happy and carefree as though all had been children—which, in truth, we all are at heart—and a native band was playing on the gently heaving deck. It promised to be an unforgettable holiday; but at that time no one even guessed in what dread way the happening was to be kept alive in the memory of Santo Domingo. The Malecon was crowded to watch the boat come in with its happy passengers—WHEN THE HURRICANE BROKE WITHOUT WARNING BEFORE THE SCHOONER COULD REACH THE OZAMA! All night we stood in the streets back from the Malecon, praying that the schooner weather the storm. We heard the band playing as the brave musicians strove to keep up the courage of the ill-fated passen-

Continued on page 62



The Monument erected midway of the Malecon

my arms. I reached the monument and stared at the bronze plate in its landward side. On it were Spanish words, of which this is the English translation:

IN MEMORY OF THE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WHO LOST THEIR LIVES HERE THE NIGHT OF THE GREAT HURRICANE.

By this time the Malecon was filling with curious Dominicans, come forth to see what the Caribbean had given up during the night—morbid curiosity readable in their bronzed faces. Some of them stare at me questioningly, though none approaches to ask questions. I note that no one crosses the slippery stones to the great stone monument. Shaking my head, believing the answer to the puzzle beyond me, I turn and move back to the Malecon, staring as I return at the faces of the scores of people who line the southern side of the Malecon, leaning on the stone railing as they stare out upon the waves. Just for a fleeting second I fancy I note the white



Dear Fellows: Nothing is stable in this old world, is it? Things either go backward or forward, grow better or worse, which same applies to you, as well as myself. It also applies to the U. S. Marine Corps. Just look what an organization it is today compared to the handful of men when it was organized at Tun Tavern. It's always been A-1, its record shows it. BUT, its never been content with itself, and has taken every possible opportunity that the unfolding years brought it to better itself as an organization. Its uniforms have improved—just think how many different uniforms the Leathernecks have worn since the Revolution, and next summer you'll come out in comfortable rolled collars. Fighting equipment has improved, and is being kept up to date regardless of expense, and if it wasn't just how loud some of you fellows could howl about. So, it is just in the course of natural events that your paper should also improve. The best is none too good for a U. S. Marine. So take a slant at your paper in its new uniform, coming right out on parade ground with all the big magazines. It's a LEATHERNECK, you know, and as such must have your loyal support. If the folks at home complain you don't write often enough, send them a year's subscription of THE LEATHERNECK. Be sure your girl has a subscription, too, so she can show all the Home Guards your name every time you get a promotion, or make a big score in athletics. There is nothing that pleases a woman as much as having something to brag about, so get busy and see that the home folks get THE LEATHERNECK, and then shake off that dose of Spring Fever and get out on the field and do something that we can write up for you so they can call in the neighbors and show them what "our boy in the Marine Corps" is doing.

"Spring has come" down here with a vengeance. We are "chauffing" this column in a costume that some Fiji Island queen would refer to the Board of Censors in her native Isle, and still we find our eye glasses too warm for the occasion. Which reminds us, the Naval Station down here is again holding forth in the Commercial League since baseball weather has come upon us. As this team is composed, with the exception of one or two sailors, of the Marines stationed here, we are exceptionally enthusiastic over it and prophesy great things for it. We went out the other day and watched them play a game, and as soon as their training is over and they start playing ball, we shall give you some sport write-ups that for general peppiness will make Bill Keefe and other famous sport writers green with envy.

## BOY, PAGE "OLE" OLESEN

Yes, Ole, the Sgt. Roberts you refer to is the one who caught the only fish in the Potomac. When we first glanced at your letter we thought you were getting personal and were ready to bawl you out, but when we calmed down sufficiently to re-read, we noted you said Potomac, and as Mrs. Roberts was never nearer the Potomac than she is right now, we knew you were not casting insinuations. Incidentally, we hear that you were the nifty high diver up at Quantico, and did a swan dive from a 30-foot tree into 3 feet of water. Always keep that in mind, Ole, it would make a mighty good alibi in a murder trial. Seriously, the Sgt. will write one of these days. He weighs 210 now and large bodies move slowly, so we are sending his regards, and an invite down for you or any of your gang to drop around to our Attic any time you are in New Orleans. S'long.

A certain one of the New Orleans recruiters went to the doctor the other day, and asked for a prescription.

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, "but I can't prescribe whiskey unless I am convinced that you need it. What are your symptoms?"

"Er-er," said the Recruiter, "what symptoms would you suggest, Doc?"

"Man," according to the recent statement of a scientist, "is by nature polygamous." After due thought we must admit he is right. But he neglected to add that there is just one creature that is, if possible, more polygamous than man, and that is—woman.

According to the Blonde Stenog it's a good idea to lay off the guy who comes around handing you umbrellas and rubbers. "Me," she says, shaking her \$25 permanent, "I'd rather he'd hand me a five-pound box of Hylers or a ticket to a ball game if it is raining pitchforks and nigger babies, for then I am willing to bet that three months after we are married he won't be trotting home an aluminum skillet or a patent dustrag on Saturday night, instead of a bag of fruit or some new fangled face powder." Which shows the old girl is running true to form.

Today's New Orleans States hands us the following in the form of a news item: "A candle burning on an altar in the home of C. C. Christopher set fire to the room this morning. Damage to the house, \$25. To the interior of Christopher, \$75." Which makes us wonder if Christopher was trying to qualify as a fire eater.

## IMITATIONS OF A COLUMNIST

Up this morning and to Spanish Fort. The country is delightful. All the yachts that have been in drydock during the winter are out, freshly painted, and with bright flowered cretonnes and chintzes on the backs of the comfortable looking chairs and lounges scattered about their decks. Many of these yachts are rebuilt sub-chasers, but only a trained eye could tell them under their white paint and mahogany. Further along we come to a disreputable water-logged sub chaser being hauled into a drydock. In a month

or so it will slide down to the waters of the bayou entirely rejuvenated. There are still several of these old sub chasers lying along the wharf, and can be bought cheaply we understand. But what's the good of wishing, when one can't rustle up the price of a flivver, and keep it in the manner to which it has been used. The Half Way House, where horsemen used to hold forth, and which a number of years back was the one resting place between town and the Yacht Club. An oyster schooner drifts down the stream. The ponderous railway bridge swings up to let it pass. It is a three-master. At the helm deftly twirling the wheel, sits a tall negro woman. Her brown silk skirt is ample in width and turned up over her knees so it will not be soiled. About her feet on the deck roll several half naked negro children, in play. The pilot's hat is large, and befeathered, and of the vintage of some eight years ago. By her side reclines a huge, bare-armed negro man, picking a banjo. On either side of them, along the boulevards whizz ladies, driving their own limousines. Few, if any, note the schooner, and its deft pilot woman at the wheel. The Fort, with its tiny cannon pointing out over the stream. None of them are four feet in length, stubby, and fired from a powder pan on top of the gun, through which a fuse leads down to fire the charge. Rather uncertain business, but the cream of fighting equipment when put there to repel the expected attack of the French. Over across the rippling water lies the wreckage of a sea plane. We wonder indolently if the motor is left. Not likely, some enterprising person has very likely hooked it for a boat. Oh, well, what could we do with it if we had it. Possibly hook it up with the bath tub. The water idly washes the wreckage up and down. Quite an old type of a machine. The engines were overhead. Buzz-Buzz. Here come the mosquitoes, so we are off for home again.

## OUR HORRORSCOPE

The gink, or ginkette, born May 1st, or any time between May 1st and 15th will find Venus plays an important part in their life. They will be gifted composers, many of their compositions figuring in breach of promise suits, etc., and we suggest for them the motto, "Do right, and don't write." The influence of the Pleiades is especially felt, but is counteracted by that of Orion, which means that though it is a ten to one shot that if you are born May 1st you will be moderately tall, have blue to grey eyes, and light hair, but that this tendency toward the Nordic is counteracted by an extremely tropical disposition.

In early years there will be a tendency to wildness, but love of rich food and home comforts will tend to hold the person who favors May as their birth time to the more conventional walks of life. Under the influence of Orion such people are generous to a fault, even on some occasions making gifts to people who will never reciprocate. They are thrifty to the extreme, and while they are rarely crooked enough in their dealings to come within the toils of the law, they make excellent automobile, sewing machine and piano salesmen, to say nothing of oil stock. Cerulean blue is their lucky color, and more effective if sandblasted on.



## AN UNUSUAL AFFAIR OF HONOR

Ray Nolan

Jack Smith was visiting in Paris and was at the present inspecting some very pretty daubs of the old masters in the Louvre. Jack Smith had been christened John Smith but he had changed his Christian name for the very reason that he wanted to be individual and cared not at all for the sordidness of John.

In 1915 he had been one of the few survivors of a very gallant British regiment that had been shot to Hell in France with nothing but a very good knowledge of how to handle a bayonet on the end of an Enfield. But he was an adventurer, and in the early part of 1918 he was again in the panoply of the warrior with a very gallant regiment of Marines.

He had learned much from the Marines and his service with them had made him an American and covered him with glory. After the war had cooled down to an armistice, Jack Smith found himself in Florida in the real estate business.

Now he was in France. The real estate business had been very profitable.

While gazing at a painting that had been executed some three hundred years ago he begun to muse aloud and in his musings he let slip some very scathing remarks about the painting and the painter who made it.

At this juncture a very pompous foreigner intervened.

"Your remarks make me very much angry, Sir," piped the foreigner.

"And yours make me sick," retorted Jack Smith.

Now this is not an ideal remark for anyone to make to a pompous foreigner, and things began to look gloomy for Jack Smith. This pompous foreigner happened to be one of the best swordsmen in all of France as well as an excellent pistol shot. Whipping off his glove he clouted Smith in the face. Smith came back with what is known in not too polite circles as a sock-on the jaw.

The pompous gentleman regained his feet before the Gendarmes came in, and everything was well covered up with the announcement that it was only an accident, the pompous gentleman insisting that he had slipped and fallen.

But upon leaving Smith received the announcement that he should have his choice of weapons and that the Duke (for the pompous gentleman was a Duke) would send his second around in the morning.

Now here was a situation which needed serious thought, for duels were not in the line of Jack Smith's profession. He could very easily silence a machine gun with a sack full of popcorn balls and a pick handle, but he knew little if anything about the use of a sword. Then surely he would choose pistols. But no, a pistol duel would be too evenly matched, for the Duke was a very good pistol shot. Truly Smith wanted the advantage over the Duke.

Then a brilliant idea struck him. He was without doubt one of the best exterminators of human life with a bayonet and the Duke had said something about his choosing the weapons,—well, he would see.

On the following day the seconds of the Duke visited Jack Smith and they

were somewhat surprised to find him very much at ease; for it is no small matter when an excellent swordsman and a crack pistol shot challenges one.

Nevertheless he was very much at ease and with a flick of his cigarette he announced to the timid seconds that he would fight a duel to the death with unloaded rifles and bayonets; and, "Marquis of Queensbury rules, if you please, my dear Sirs," he remarked, quite casually.

The seconds were dumbfounded. But they had nothing on the Duke, for he had never fought with a bayonet, but he knew full well what a bayonet was, and he was afraid. In other words, the duel was over as far as Jack Smith was concerned, for the Duke had not the chance of a five-year-old crippled girl trying to swim the English Channel during an eighty-mile gale. Unfortunately for the Duke, this was an affair of honor and he had challenged and must accept and die, or decline and live in disgrace. After much consideration, he accepted. But he requested an extension of time. The extension was granted and the interval which ensued by reason of the extension found the Duke hard at practice with a rifle and bayonet. But seven days is too short a time to learn to handle a bayonet well enough to engage in mortal combat with a man who was so skilled in the use of the weapon that, for practice, he had killed trench rats who negligently ran in front of him in billets.

The fatal day approached and the challenger and challengee walked on the field. This field was no different from any other field that a duel is usually fought on, for a misty fog hung over it just like the duelling fields in the movies.

The Duke was nervous. Jack Smith was confident.

The whole affair was over in a few moments for the Duke had not learned enough about parrying and Jack Smith tore at him like a wild man using a long thrust and following up with a jab which quickly ended the matter as far as Jack was concerned; except for the fact that he had to purchase a new silk shirt.

1st Marine: Who was that peach I saw you out walking with on the Avenue last night?

2nd Marine: That was no peach. That was a grapefruit.

1st Marine: What do you mean grapefruit? I never heard a nice young lady referred to as a grapefruit?

2nd Marine: Well, she was all right. I squeezed her a little and she hit me in the eye.

"Who is the tough guy around here?"

"I am! Why?"

"Well, you're relieved."

—Wyoming Fighting Top.

Say, Bower, how did you get that big lump on your head?

"Aw! A guy threw water on me."

"Why surely just that wouldn't make such a big bump would it?"

"Sure, the water had a canteen wrapped around it."—U. S. Navy Magazine.

## DRESS CAP



Having been confined when the last issue went to press I was unable to give the dope out on what was "Dress Cap" and thereby hangs a subtle tale.



Being in a playful mood I hied myself to the theatre and procured tickets in a box. The show bored me terribly and to relieve the situation I sat on the railing of said box and alternately threw peanuts at the orchestra and pennies at the performers.



I am now feeling much better after a forced rest in the Bastille and I now state that throwing pennies at performers is not considered "Dress Cap."



At any rate I did not miss the "Dress Cap" event of the spring season, i. e., the A. & I. Ball and Card Party held at the City Club, Washington, on the 22nd of April.



What a batch of women. I never see the beat of it in all my born days. And Charleston! Mister, that dance was danced more different ways than a Holyoke yokel can come to town. And I don't mean probably, somewhat, or wherewithal.



One sweet sister just naturally twisted her nether extremities like the horns of a wild ovis poli whereupon she was given a prize of a pair of slippers. Slippers being translated to mean banana peelings.



But that one about the Charleston being invented by a Scotchman is all the bunk. Ask Dad, he knows.

—Leatherneck Jr.



A.T.M.

## TO AWARD TROPHY

From:  
The National Commandant.

To:  
All Detachment Commandants.  
Subject: Membership Trophy.

1. The National Commandant has decided to award at the National Convention a trophy, a shield, to the detachment having on November 1 annually the greatest number of paid-up current memberships.

2. In figuring the annual standing of these detachments due regard will be given to the local conditions.

3. A similar trophy will be awarded yearly to the Commandant of the victorious detachment. The expense will be borne by the National Treasury.

J. C. FEGAN,  
Major, U. S. M. C.,  
National Commandant.  
By Direction.

## MEMBERSHIP HAS INCREASED

According to the records of the National Paymaster, A. E. Beeg, the League shows that during the year of 1925 there was enrolled 1,279 members. On May 8th, 1926, the National Paymaster's records show that the Marine Corps League has reenrolled and enrolled 1,373 members for 1926 since November 11, 1925, making an increase in the organization's membership of 94 members.

The National Paymaster is urging all detachments to carry on the good work of increasing their membership and if possible in most cases to have former members of the League reenroll in the organization. The League has shown promising results for 1925 and it looks forward to 1926 as one of the banner years which it has before the organization; this may be done through constant efforts of all detachment paymasters and members of the detachment getting an additional member for the next meeting. Brooklyn still leads the membership race of a hundred and forty over the second highest detachment. Spokane is coming second with a close full hundred members, while Pittsburgh is following the trail with Spokane as third in the race with only a few behind Spokane. The above mentioned detachments have done remarkably well for their short period in the organization and it is such detachments as these that will make our organization a success.

## NOTICE

The 1926 National Dues of the Marine Corps League Detachments do not include subscriptions to The Leatherneck.

## NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

1108 Woodward Building  
Washington, D. C.

April 27, 1926.

Lt. Gordon Hall, Editor,  
"The Leatherneck,"  
Marine Barracks,  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Lieutenant:

We have had several inquiries from the Marine Corps League Detachment regarding the organization of rifle clubs and affiliation with the National Rifle Association.

I would deem it a personal favor if you would insert a short write-up in The Leatherneck under Marine Corps League Heading, relative to forming rifle clubs among the Marine Corps League Detachments, that those desiring to organize to forming rifle clubs among their members can secure blanks and literature explaining the requirements and procedure for the organization of the club and the benefits derived by the clubs from the affiliation with the National Rifle Association.

We are lining up the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, The Izaak Walton League, and we desire to put this movement through the Marine Corps League if possible.

I will thank you for any assistance that you can give the Association in this matter, and I give you my best regards, also to the members of The Leatherneck Staff.

Cordially yours,  
(S) W. W. WELSH,  
Secretary.

## VETERANS OF BELLEAU WOOD HOLD BANQUET

The Veterans of Belleau Wood, U. S. Marine Brigade, Inc. New York City, on Tuesday evening, April 20th, held an informal banquet and entertainment which proved to be one of the best attended occasions of the year.

After a long and interesting line of entertainment the organization was convened in a business session to elect Gordon Courduff, formerly of the 96th Company, captain of the Rifle Team.

## RECEIVES MEMBERSHIP

My dear General LeJeune:

Your letter of March 5, containing the honorary life membership credentials of the Marine Corps League, reached me here in Vienna, and I hasten to register my sincere thanks and grateful acknowledgment for the great honor which you and the League have done me.

It has always been my feeling that I could call a Marine "Comrade" anywhere I met him, but now I am deeply conscious of the fact that your kind and considerate action certifies this privilege to me as a right.

Call on me for anything I can do on behalf of the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund and Association. I have a personal feeling (as well as a part of my person) in that wood.

Sincerely and respectfully yours,  
(S) FLOYD GIBBONS.

Mr. Gibbons is a correspondent touring the foreign countries for American Newspapers.

## NATIONAL DUES

The National dues for 1926 have been coming in quite regular, but it has been noted that some detachments have been very delinquent in making the payments after the National Paymaster has taken the pains to notify them. A series of three letters have been sent to these delinquents and there seems to be no reply to the matter. I have inserted this item for the sole purpose of being in hopes that the members of the detachment who have received these letters from the National Paymaster may see it and arouse their memory that it is time for the payment of these dues.

It may happen that you have not been reelected paymaster or Commandant of the Detachment and have received this letter. We believe and would thank you for your time and informing the National Headquarters who has been elected or the responsible person to get in touch with. I trust that these detachments will make note of this matter and send in the National Dues. This is not a plea for funds for our use, but it is the carrying on as provided in the National Constitution, Article VIII, Section 5, page 11, also in connection with Article IX, Section 3, page 12.

A. E. BEEG.



## BALTIMORE, MD.

An enlarged photograph of the late Brigadier General Charles H. Lauchheimer, U. S. M. C., was formally presented last night at the War Memorial by his family to the detachment of the Marine Corps League which bears his name. The picture is to hang permanently on the walls of the memorial.

Sylvan Hayes Lauchheimer, a brother of the General, made the presentation speech. Lieutenant Albert W. Paul, U. S. M. C., recruiting officer in Baltimore, accepted the picture for the detachment. As it was unveiled, an orchestra of the band of the Tenth Regiment of Marines, of Quantico, played the Marine Corps Hymn.

Other speakers were Major Joseph C. Fegan, who came from Washington as the personal representative of Major General John A. Lejeune, National Commandant; Rear Admiral Walter R. McLean, retired; Arthur Renouf; and Joseph E. Sainsbury, Commandant. A letter from Senator O. E. Weller, a classmate at the Naval Academy and lifelong friend of General Lauchheimer, was read by Mr. Sainsbury. Edward A. Callan, chairman of the committee on arrangements, presided.

## NEWS FROM SALT LAKE CITY

At the last meeting of the Joseph Simmons Wilkes Detachment of the Marine Corps League held on Thursday, April 22nd, 1926, it was voted on that the Disabled American Veterans, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the 40 and 8 of the American Legion be allowed to use the Club Rooms of the Marine Corps League on the 6th floor of the Tribune Building in Salt Lake City, Utah, to hold their meetings.

At the present writing the below named military or veterans organizations in Salt Lake City hold their meetings in the club rooms of the Marine Corps League; namely, the American Legion, the 40 and 8, the Disabled American Veterans, the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Each organization has been assigned a certain night to hold its meetings in the regular meeting room, however, every paid-up member of each organization can use the other rooms, such as card rooms, reading rooms, pool rooms, etc., at any time. There is also a canteen set aside, which is run by the American Legion, and from past reports they are doing a good business. It is kept open from 11 a. m. until 12 p. m.

Having these organizations housed in our club rooms will tend to promote harmony among all organizations and will also tend to make running expenses at a minimum for all.

We appointed a committee at the last meeting to bring in all old members to the fold, for some reason or other unknown to the writer it seems as if about a dozen former active members for the year 1925 have failed to "kick in" to the Detachment Paymaster for their dues for the year 1926, and this "round-up" committee has been given special instructions to ride herd on these "delinquent LEATHERNECKS" and make them kick through with the necessary long green or heavy silver.

Dr. Joel R. Black, dentist of this city and over-seas veteran, has been elected to the job as Adjutant, vice Walter S.

From:  
The National Commandant.

To:  
All Detachment Commandants.

Subject: Belleau Wood Memorial Fund.

Reference: (a) Letter from the National Commandant to all Detachment Commandants, dated January 25th, 1926.

1. In answer to paragraph 1 of reference (a) the following task has been assigned:

"At the last National Convention it was voted and so recorded in the Minutes of the meeting that the League should be enthusiastically in favor of supporting the idea of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association in its mission of raising \$6,000 which sum is to be used towards the maintenance and preservation of that historic spot."

2. With that pledge on record, negotiations were entered into with the officials of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association in which we pledge ourselves to raise the sum of \$6,000 through annual memberships at the rate of \$5.00 each. The five dollar memberships were expressly allotted to the League and are available to no one except marines and ex-marines. As soon as the full amount has been received a certificate of membership will be issued, showing that that detachment has been credited with a certain number of memberships in the Association.

3. It might be well to recall that this Association is incorporated and holds a congressional charter, photostats of which were sent to the detachments recently. The National Adjutant in apportioning the memberships has found that your detachment through its activities and record is equal to the task of raising in such ways as you desire the sum that has

been allotted you, which represents the number of memberships which are authorized to be held by your detachment.

4. All of these donations are purely patriotic and generous. No special instructions will be issued as to the raising of these donations, but dances, picnics, shows, etc., are permissible. A vote of the detachment should be taken as to the method of raising this money.

5. The entire League has been assigned 1,200 memberships for disposal in the Belleau Wood Memorial Association and they are being allotted to the various detachments depending upon their activity and strength. These memberships will remain the property of the detachment as a whole and should the detachment desire to increase them, it may do so with the permission of the National Headquarters. Should the detachment become extinct the memberships will be turned over to the National Headquarters by the Detachment Commandant for safe keeping.

6. It is the desire of the National Commandant that each Detachment Commandant give his maximum effort toward the success of his task. It is hoped that no detachment will have difficulty in meeting its task before September 1, 1926. All checks will be sent to the National Paymaster, who in turn will transmit them to the Treasurer of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association.

7. This office will publish from time to time the standing of the detachments in the League and similar notices will appear in The Leatherneck.

J. C. FEGAN,  
Major, U. S. M. C.  
National Adjutant.  
By Direction.

Hiller, who has to resign owing to press of business from the city at frequent intervals so as to cause him to be absent from meetings. Dr. Black said he will "fill" the job at all times, and when the occasion arises he will also "fill or pull" any aching molars of League Members. He has some pull and I don't mean politically, I mean with the "forceps."

R. S. Beaver our 2nd Vice Commandant and "live wire" of this Detachment is a real booster for the League and for the Marine Corps, and on his recent trip to Nevada he ran across one of his former buddies who was with him in CUBA, and as Ralph was out of application blanks, as soon as he returned to the city he immediately mailed one to him with the necessary instructions to send the cash or check with application blank, we are expecting his application and money any day now. Ralph says he runs across an ex-Marine in almost every city, town or hamlet that he passes through and he is always preaching Marine Corps League to an ex-Marine he runs across.

As a suggestion it is believed that the "National Adjutant should make the necessary arrangements with the

Leatherneck" so that the names of each and every member and to what detachment he belongs to be published in the Leatherneck. I believe that if this was done it will enable members to renew acquaintances of former buddies who they have not heard from in years.

These names would not have to be published in one issue of the Leatherneck, but a page or so could be devoted in each issue and I believe that in a course of about four months we could have the names of each and every member published.

The Leatherneck is surely appreciated by each and every member of this detachment and if their copy happens to be a day late they "growl" at the writer for not having received theirs on time, although they do not take into consideration that mail is delivered in the cities more quickly than in the "suburbs" of Salt Lake City. I have heard several comment about the "service stories" in the Leatherneck and I believe they are all like the writer and want more of them published each issue. The last picture appearing on the front of the Leatherneck "Marines of the vintage of 1914" was a good one and

caused quite a bit of comment from members of this detachment and several members of this detachment had with a majority of the marines shown in that picture.

### PATRIOTS DAY IN BOSTON

Boston, Mass., April 19.

Boston Common was ablaze today with a hundred different varieties of uniform, from the blue and buff of the Minute Men and the scarlet and white of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery to the white-capped Naval Battalion and the khaki-clad Regular Army, but the most colorful outfit in all this display was the picked company of United States Marines, in dress blues, selected by the Mayor to give an exhibition drill as a part of the exercises in commemoration of Patriots Day, the anniversary of Paul Revere's famous ride, and the Battle of Lexington.

Under the command of Captain J. M. Knighton, U. S. Marine Corps, a company of Marines, composed of detachments from the U. S. S. Galveston, the U. S. S. Tulsa and the Marine Barracks, in service overcoats and woolen gloves in deference to the chilly spring weather, were glimpsed by the thousands of spectators which thronged every vantage point on the huge Common as they swung through the Charles Street entrance, disappeared for a moment behind the khaki-clad ranks of the Army Regiment, and then to the strains of Semper Fidelis, the Marines' march, swung into the center of the parade ground, white belted and gloved, glistening brass buttons and red striped trousers no longer hidden beneath the green overcoats, which had been discarded in a quick shift at the entrance. It was a spectacular maneuver, and made a great hit, as did the exhibition drill which followed. The Marine Company was first presented to the Governor and his staff, and then went through the movements of Company and platoon drill in the hollow square formed about the Common by the units from the Regular Army, the Navy, National Guard, Organized Reserves of the Army and Navy, and the Patriotic Societies of Boston and vicinity.

Brigadier-General Malvern-Hill Barnum, chief marshal, with Colonel William E. Horton, his chief of staff, received the Governor, Mayor, President Wellington Wells of the Senate and the rest of the official party and together the whole entourage made an inspection of the entire front, which was drawn up in a hollow square. Then the reviewing party took position and the units swung into column and passed in review.

There was a large attendance of regular army officers from the Army Base and from the Navy Yard. Representing Rear-Admiral Philip H. Andrews, who was not sufficiently recovered from illness to attend, were Capt. R. C. Moody, Comdr. H. B. Riebe and Lieut.-Comdr. E. S. R. Brandt, as well as Col. Moses the marine commandant. Among the other military guests were Brig.-Gen. John H. Sherburne, Brig.-Gen. John H. Dunn, Capt. and Mrs. Pierre Stackpole.

### BROOKLYN, NEW YORK DETACHMENT "SPRINGS ANOTHER SURPRISE"

The Colonel Robert L. Meade Detachment of Brooklyn, N. Y., wishes to introduce its newest addition "The Ladies Auxiliary" to all other detachments and the League in general. Stand up Comrades, take off your hats and salute the ladies. We are very proud of our Auxiliary comrades, and happy in being the first detachment to form a Ladies Auxiliary.

The Auxiliary was organized at our last regular meeting, May 6, 1926, with an initial membership of twenty-five members. Our able Commandant, Sgt.-Major John W. Thorp, who has just returned from a two months' leave, assisted the ladies in the organization of the Auxiliary.

The Detachment has been presented with a set of colors and they will be formally presented at a huge banquet and dance at a later date.

The Detachment is staging a membership drive for a period of three months and a suitable prize has been offered to the person securing the largest number of new members during that period. Brooklyn is out for that 1926 Membership Prize and the detachment that beats us will have to keep stepping on the gas.

The Detachment was also granted the use of a cottage at Plum Beach as a summer home. This wonderful gift was from Mr. Alfred Propper, one of our newest members. We're sure going to have some great times in our summer home.

The Detachment were the guests of the Brooklyn Marines last Saturday evening at a bean supper and dance. It would have done your hearts good to see those ex-Leathernecks go after those beans. The writer thinks some of them went without food for two days in anticipation of those same beans. Anyway they had to loosen up their belts in order to dance.

"Livewire Thorp" who has just returned from a two months' leave, got on the job and as of yore made the arrangements for the entertainment and you can put it down in your note book it was some program. First Sergeant John Ahern of the Reserve rendered two good selections from that famous Harp that he carries around in his throat, which pleased the crowd immensely. Then came Mr. J. Kenny who put across an eccentric dance that would have made a baby Kangaroo ashamed of itself. Mr. Kenny is a recent acquisition and the entire crowd voted that he be chained down to future activities. Then came the hit of the evening, little Miss Louis Vergona who, although only five years of age, gave the greatest exhibition of the Charleston ever seen in this neck of the woods. Well you know it was some exhibition when Old Livewire Thorp got so enthused that he picked her up in his arms and kissed her a dozen times in front of those couple of hundred ladies. After that all the ladies started doing the Charleston, but "Livewire" refused to take the hint. Then last, but not least, came Sergeant Janda. Janda evidently has had all the bones in his body made over into rubber since going on recruit-

ing duty for he kept the crowd busy trying to figure out whether he was a human being or a bunch of India rubber.

### OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Saturday evening, April 27, the Boyd William Carey Detachment of the Marine Corps League met at the Saunders Drive Yourself System on 18th Street, between Harney and Howard. At 6:45 all those assembled gathered in cars and journeyed westward over the Lincoln Highway to Valley, Nebraska. Upon arrival in Valley, they were met by member Nels Johnson who conducted them by devious paths to the shores of the Platte, where entrance was effected to a hunting lodge that had been secured for the occasion. Reception there was plenty. Food and drink was in abundance. The Valley members of the League soon put in their appearance—but, unfortunately, the Lincoln contingent failed to make connection. Before the evening was very far progressed, the owner of the lodge showed up as a matter of hospitality. His venture was successful from our point of view, but rather a costly venture for himself, as everything he had with him was confiscated, and added greatly to the life of the occasion.

The entertainment of the evening consisted mostly of the usual games so dear to the heart of the service man, at which some of the members have heretofore displayed their expertness to the sorrow of some of the others—but chickens do not always come home to roost.

Before the evening too far progressed, a business meeting was held, at which a series of discussions of business affairs of the League, also questions of local importance to all service men, were carried on. Needless to say, much was offered pro and con, and it is thought that among the chaff some kernels were found.

At the peak of the evening refreshments were served which in assortment and preparation spoke well for the hosts of the evening; and when the sun began its ascent in the eastern skies, the Boyd William Carey Detachment bade a fond adieu to the Valley members, expressing in no small manner their appreciation and thanks for the evening's entertainment, and took the eastward trail to their Omaha homes.

### JACKSON, MISS.

The Jackson Detachment of the Marine Corps League met in its fourth regular session April 9 and 16. In view of the Southern Welterweight Wrestling Match being held on April 9, the detachment adjourned until April 16, so that members desiring might attend the wrestling match given under the auspices of the American Legion in this city. The detachment has on its rolls fifteen members, and others who signify their intentions of joining at some later date. The entertainment committee was in charge of the meeting, and after transaction of all business, the meeting was adjourned temporarily, and smokes were presented to the members. Music was furnished by members of the detachment, and a splendid time was had by all. Our Commandant, H. A. Sey-

Continued on page 46

# The BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

## THE EAST COAST SEA SCHOOL

"The East Coast Sea School," or "The Sea Going Depot" as it was originally called, was organized in January, 1919, at the Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C. In January, 1921, it was moved to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Virginia, where it has been since that date. Its first commanding officer was Major George DeNeale. He was relieved by Captain Gaines Mosely who was in command for three years. Mosely was succeeded by Captain Charles N. Muldrow, followed by Captain Louis E. Fegan. The present commanding officer is Captain Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.

The mission of the Sea School is to train enlisted men for their duties aboard ship. This of course can be done only in a general way; however, after completing the course of instruction a man has a very good idea what is expected of him at sea and upon reporting aboard ship can easily adjust himself to his new duties and living conditions which are so different from those to which he has been accustomed.

Marines for the Sea School are selected from the most promising recruits at Parris Island. They must be five feet eight, smart in their appearance and drill, and above the average intelligence. Upon their arrival at Norfolk they are carefully fitted out in blues and khaki. The recruit is then taught how to shine his buttons and brasses, polish his rifle stock, clean his equipment, press his clothes, and all the fine points in the use of cleaning gear and polishes.

During the three weeks' course in the Sea School the mornings are spent in close and extended order drill with troop and locker inspection each day. In the afternoons classes are held from one until four-thirty. The following subjects are taught:

3" and 5" Battery—Nomenclature and Loading drills.

Orderly Duty—Captain, Commanders, time, communication and telephone.

Ranks and Ratings—Rank and Insignia of officers and ratings of enlisted men of the Navy.

Signals—Practical instruction in signal flags and lights a marine should know. Also semaphore drill.

Marine Spike Seamanship.

Hammock nomenclature and instruction.

First Aid.

Practical instruction on U. S. S. North Dakota in Deck Seamanship.

Ship Nomenclature.

General quarters and emergency drills.

Ship Routine.

Salutes and Naval customs.

Small Boats—Practical instruction on the river in pulling boats, nomenclature, rowing, etc.

Athletics—Physical drill with and without arms and swimming instruction in summer.

Small Arms—Instruction in Pistol, Automatic Rifle and Machine Gun.

At the end of the course an examination is given each man and he is required to make a grade of 75 percent in order to graduate. Those that are not able to pass and those that are considered unsuitable for sea duty are transferred to the Post Casual company. Great care is exercised in the selection of men for sea duty and only those that are found qualified mentally, physically, and in their military appearance and bearing are sent aboard ship.

Sea duty is one of the most important jobs that a marine has to do. As a former ranking Marine officer said, "No man is a real Marine until he has been to sea." In the old days a large portion of the Corps was afloat. At present only about ten percent of the enlisted personnel are doing duty aboard ship. Therefore it is the desire of Headquarters that these men be the best ten percent of the corps. For this reason each guard is allowed fifty percent of its privates to be privates first class. The Major General Commandant also permits Detachment commanders to make their own non-commissioned officers. This offers a man a much greater chance for promotion, which carries with it of course an increase in pay.

Although sea duty has its hardships there are many compensations in the form of travel to foreign ports, a variety of different kinds of duty, landing parties, gunnery practices and athletic competitions of all kinds. There also is always the possibility of the unexpected which will carry your ship to new ports and to new adventures. (See center section of this magazine for a photograph of the Sea School Detachment.)

## N. O. B., SAN DIEGO

Private Luther H. Falknor, well known to football fans of this Base and San Diego, was discharged yesterday. Falknor was one of the outstanding stars of last year's crack team, and participated in every game that the Marines played, never once did he err. He and Harnage were without a doubt the two best guards in San Diego. He had played football in the Marine Corps for the past six years, and will certainly be missed by all men at this Base.

Falknor will reside in Los Angeles, where he has many friends and where he is well known as a grid star.

Harvey Dahlgren, star Vallejo prep school athlete, will leave that place Monday for this Base where he will enlist in the Marine Corps. He will enter with the idea of going to the officers' training school at Quantico after a year's service.

Dahlgren is a graduate of the Vallejo High School where he played center on the football team for three years. He is expected to earn a position on Johnny Beckett's Devil dog eleven.

Dahlgren is said to be one of the best athletes ever turned out at Vallejo.

Gunnery Sergeant Hicks, of the 29th Company, received a letter last Tuesday from Stolle, former San Diego twirler and now Quantico's famous no-hit-no-run ace. Tom says that the Quantico team is going great and cleaning up all its important games. He says that Harbour, right fielder on our championship team of the winter league, has been ordered to Parris Island to play ball. He is now in the hospital at Quantico, having had trouble with his eyes. Rice, who left San Diego just before the winter league opened up, received orders to Norfolk to play ball.

A double victory in the final event on the program, the half mile relay, gave the Marine track team the District championship by a small margin of seven points at the new ball park Saturday afternoon.

The Naval Training Station furnished great opposition all the way, and when the first call for the relay was sounded, was leading the Marines by nine points. A second place in the race would have given the Navy men the championship.

Captain Lott picked two teams, which he judged were about on a par, and gave them instructions to highball. They did. Woods and Males led off for the Marines and were beaten by two yards. Simmons, who was waiting for Males, grabbed the baton and cut loose with the fastest 220 he has ever run and picked up ten yards on Stagger of the NTS, and "Old Man Spark," not to be outdone, hung right on Simmons' heels all the way. The Marine 880 man got Cathey off ahead of the field with Carnes right after him, and on the fourth leg Walker and Ryckman brought the sticks home for the victory. The final score was: Marines, 46; Naval Training Station, 39; Naval Air, 22; and Destroyer Base, 1. Walker was high individual scorer for the Marines with 9½ points, followed by Simmons with 8½.

Three cups were carried home by the Marines. A permanent trophy for winning the meet, a cup for the relay, and the tug trophy.

Maybe the wood didn't fly last Friday night on the Base bowling alleys. Sergeant Gayer, of the Base bowling alley, who has been doing all sorts of things with the ten pins, made the phenomenal score of 300, tying the world's record, as that is the highest possible score that can be made with the ten pins. Gayer made sixteen straight strikes, although it was only necessary to make twelve. This is the first time that such a record has been made on the Base alleys. It is doubtful whether this feat has ever been done in the city of San Diego. It is very seldom that one makes a possible and when he does he can be carried on the honor roll of any bowling club.—**Marine Base Weekly.**



## QUANTICO'S MAYTIME DANCE

By Newell and Pace

At no place in the country has there been a continuation of Enlisted Men's Dances of a better character than at the Marine Gymnasium in Quantico. From 1917 right on through the years until the last one which took place on Friday, May 7, has the regular dance been conducted under the direction of the Chaplain's office by a hard-working committee which has never failed to win the plaudits of all concerned.

Chaplain Niver with his eyes ever alert to seek entertainment of the finest for the men of the command, has ever exerted himself to the utmost to secure young ladies from Washington and Fredericksburg for these occasions and see to their comfort in every way, while an excellent spirit of cooperation and friendliness has always been shown in this by many of the ladies who have regularly put in an attendance every two weeks.

Chaplain Murdock's appointment to the Post brought an additional interest as he with Chaplain Niver has labored incessantly for the same objects. The Maytime Dance has always been a specially attractive feature and this year has beaten all records. Never has the Gym been attired in gayer dress, the decorations of which Chaplain Murdock personally supervised. It is said that he was heard to call up a painter over the phone and say that he wished him to paint a face on the moon. Investigation revealed four noncoms busy making a moon under the guidance of Sgt. Frank J. Smith, while A. E. Haldeman, of the Fire Department, sewed up the sides, Cpl. Hawkins painted the man in the moon and when finished the Chaplain actually jumped over the moon. It nevertheless shone brightly with accompanying stars as the gaily-garbed dancers trod the light afstastic over the well-prepared floors. Like flowers in spring, the artificial mingled with the real in a riot of color and perfume. The Post Orchestra vied with the Fifth Regt. Band in providing music which of course was of the most excellent character.

The Grand March in which fully 500 took part was beautifully effective and caused exclamations of delight from all who watched. General Logan Felan led the parade.

## EXEMPT FROM TAX

Those officers and men of the Marine Corps now on foreign duty, and those likely to be ordered to foreign duty will find a recent decision of the Internal Revenue Bureau most pleasing. It exempts them from paying income tax.

The law, as set out in the revenue act of 1926, says: Members of the foreign service of the United States, and officers and enlisted men of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, who are stationed without the United States for more than six months during the taxable year, are bona fide nonresidents of the United States within the meaning of section 213(b)14 of the revenue act of 1926, and are entitled to exemption from tax on their compensation for services rendered without the United States which is earned income as defined in section 209 of said act.

## GENERAL LEJEUNE PAYS FLYING VISIT TO NEW ORLEANS

By Lou Wylie

To quote an ungrammatical little New Orleans school boy "General Lejeune has came and went and we have not saw him;" and unfortunately for the majority of New Orleanians this is true of all of the General's visits, despite the fact that the writer has been told that New Orleans, Thibodaux, Baton Rouge, and Lafayette all claim they are his



Major General Lejeune

birth place. (In a case like this we believe the General will have to paraphrase former Governor Stanley of Kentucky, who once remarked that he was "born in and around Lexington, Kentucky.") A visit to the Naval Station, luncheon at the Yacht Club, dinner with some local friends, and the General is away, and the newspapers tell us in one paragraph that he has come and gone. He doesn't even give the New Orleans Association of Commerce an opportunity to ask him what his opinion is with regard to New Orleans' future as a port, and this in view of the fact that every one is going around telling everyone else that he was born in New Orleans. Either he underrates his popularity down here or else he dislikes display to such an extent that we see nothing of him. If it hadn't been for the activity of Mr. Sadlier, photographer of the New Orleans Item who got an excellent picture of him at the depot, we doubt very much if anyone, outside the local marines, would have known he was even here. Even the special Weather Rhyme which we wrote for him missed fire, and came out too late. We are quoting it below, and we hope that one of these days General Lejeune will remember that he is a distinguished son of this old State, and that from school kids on up we are all very enthusiastic about him, and that he will find a hearty welcome whenever he wants to make a day of it and visit the old town for itself. The Weather Rhyme which the Times Picayune was supposed to run on the day of his arrival is as follows:

Let Colonel Mitchell rise and dare  
To tell us now what ails the air,  
How its defense is nicked,  
How out of date in every way  
It is, and how on any day  
It might be licked.

What if our navy's obsolete  
As we are told, and half the fleet  
Is nearly done,  
What if it's out of fashion quite,  
And short of length and far too light  
Is every gun?  
What if our army, once immense,  
Is pared and cut to shun expense  
To half its size  
So the administration can  
With ostentation lay its plan  
Of pet economies  
We'll still be safe though Europe seethes  
And Mussolini talks and breathes  
Of battle scenes,  
We still can dangers from us ward  
If Powers That Be will leave on guard  
A few Marines.

## EVENTS AT NEW ORLEANS

By Haz

Southeastern Rifle and Pistol Competition will soon be held and one of the main topics in the recreation room is "Who is going to go?"

Attached to this post are some of the Marine Corps' most distinguished shots. Private First Class Russel F. Seitzinger, winner of four different matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, last year, is stationed here doing acting Corporal of the Guard. Soon he'll be doing his stuff again on the rifle ranges and after that we hope he'll come back to us for another stay. Also attached to this post is Corporal John W. Thomas, Distinguished Pistol Shot, winner of the Marine Corps Pistol Competition held at Quantico in 1925. He also won the silver medal at Camp Perry, Ohio, in the Individual Pistol Matches held 14 September, 1925.

The four outstanding rifle shots at this post are:

Pvt. 1cl. Russell F. Seitzinger...345  
Sgt. Joseph A. Hart.....322  
Pvt. 1cl. Jetter A. Dunagan....335  
Sgt. Eugene Smith.....318

In Athletics we have Private First Class Irving H. Smith and Private Strain. (The other day, while in training, Strain cleared 5 feet 11 inches in the running high jump). Smith recently took part in a meet here in town and walked off with half of the prizes much to the consternation of the civilians who never thought for an instant that he had a chance with the local talent.

Our baseball team is in full swing now with the transfer of Sergeant Louis W. Brunelle and Corporal John T. White of Quantico fame. You all know Brunelle, the dashing Quarterback of the All-Marine Football Team. 'Nuff sed!

Due to the inclemency of the weather we had to postpone our last three games in the Commercial League. However, as this is being written our team is warming up for the game this afternoon, and from reports from Captain Jimmy Pence it's going to be a walk away for us. The leading hitter in the league is Sgt. Joseph A. Hart. He sure can sock that apple on the nose and when he does—new ball in the game.

Corporal Frank E. Massena wants the folks at home to see their boy's name in print, so he's been an all round good fellow, bought me a few coca colas, a few smokes, and what not. I guess I'll have to oblige him, with the help of the editor. So here goes:

When a boy (this is what I got from him) Frank used to play on the sand lots with the rest of the little dagoes (he says they were playing ball, I think they

were playing seven and a half). Frank's ambition was to be a pitcher in the big leagues. It's come true; he now pitches for the station team whenever Jimmy Pence lets him. Frank used to be a recruiter and, boy, how he could recruit! That's not all, you ought to see him in the mess hall. Frank's got such a winning smile that all who see it fall for him. The only one that didn't fall was the Top and the CO. All in all, Frank's a good boy, a good bunkie, a good buddie, and a good skate.

Wonder how the Blond Stenog is makin' out with her soda perker?

Lieutenant Verne J. McCaul has taken over the duties of Recorder Summary Courts-Martial. In addition he is the Athletic Officer. When it comes to athletics he sure can strut a wicked pair of stilts himself.

Hart said he's going to subscribe.

We are now sporting our summer duds—White Blue White—and they sure do look niftik.

We're going to send in some pictures soon, of our ball team, our athletes, and our rifle and pistol shots. Watch for them.

Lou Wylie recently sent the boys at this post a beautiful floral offering of Easter Lilies. We thank you Lou Wylie and hope that some day we may reciprocate by winning the league cup and letting you have the first drink. (Wonder what the drink will be?) Lou is our pal, our friend (on the side she's Robert's wife). Last year Lou Wylie gave the ball team a party at her residence. What a party! Boy, oh Boy, it was great. And the Shebas that were gathered there to do our ball players homage could not be beat by Cleo herself. Hart still is wondering who that little brunette was. After the party we all went down to the French Market for coffee an', and then over the river to get some eye rest. If Lou were a man I know she'd be a Marine, but what would poor Roddy do in that case; he'd be out a wife. Our best to Lou Wylie; may her tribe increase. A beautiful silver set was presented to Lou in recognition of her help in boosting our ball team in the hearts of the people of New Orleans. Lieutenant Hartsel was stuck for the speech.

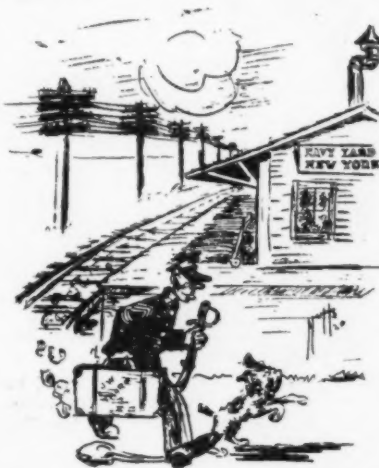
Lieutenant Clyde H. Hartsel will soon leave us for Quantico, where he will attend school and then ??? When he departs from our midst he goes with the highest esteem and best wishes from the men at this post. He has endeared himself in the hearts of the men with his good fellowship. He always had the interests of those under his command at heart. Here's luck Lieutenant Hartsel!

#### BITS FROM BROOKLYN

Just because we haven't been sounding off in The Leatherneck for the past couple of months, don't think that the old Brooklyn Barracks has lost its pep by any means, for we are still on the job and going stronger than ever.

We are just recovering from our last dance which was held late in April, and we are now getting ready to close the dancing season with an old fashioned Bean Dinner and dance sometime during the first two weeks in May. Then, (Oh, Boy!) we start on our old schedule of

monthly picnics and excursions to the various beaches. We sure have some great times on these excursions, for we take out girls with us, leaving the barracks early in the morning via sight-seeing busses, and swim and dance all day, returning by sundown. Our mess sergeant sends us out our dinner by truck and let me tell you, folks, the old boy sure does do himself proud in the chow line.



Our old standby, "Livewire" Thorp, has just returned from a two months' leave, and to judge from the unusual activity around the Sergeant Major's office, we are in for some rattling good times this summer. Then, too, the writer recently ran across Sergeant Major Thorp, Quartermaster Sergeant Williams, and Sergeant Ferguson with their domes together, and that is a sure sign of good times to come.

The Marine Corps League Detachment of Brooklyn has been holding a dance every month in the barracks ballroom, and they always have a large attendance. At their next meeting they are organizing a Ladies Auxiliary which will be the first detachment in the history of the League to have an auxiliary.

#### STATION "NAS" BROADCASTING

Good afternoon, everybody.

The opening selection on our program for today is a song entitled "Sitting on Top of the World" by Herman and Herbert of the Hotel Curtis.

For the benefit of those of our radio fans who are tuning in on station NAS for the first time, we wish to announce that this station is the home port of the Los Angeles, at Lakehurst, N. J. This is not a large station so far as numbers are concerned, but a powerful station. Powerful in every conceivable respect. We claim and will back our statement with proof that we have the largest lighter-than-air rigid airship in the United States. We claim that we have the finest radio receiving set in the Marine Corps for any post of our size. We also have the finest Orthophonic Victrola of any post in the Marine Corps of corresponding size and strength. We further claim that we have the largest First Sergeant in the Marine Corps of equal number of men. We also claim the distinction of having the smallest brig of any post in the

Marine Corps, without exceptions. It is also the finest and safest, but we have considerable trouble getting anyone to remain in it.

We will now continue our musical program with another selection entitled "They are putting Whiskers on Fords to make them look like Lincolns," by Carroll and Dahms.

We are sorry to interrupt our musical program, as we have gone to considerable expense in obtaining these performers for this afternoon, but the daily news items just came in and we shall give them to you hot off the press, as it were. Here they are. An item in the New Jersey Courier states that Sergeant Lopinsky has gone on a strenuous diet. Eating only four meals per day and thirty-six "Oh Henrys" in twelve hours. This is an effort to reduce Sergeant Jopinsky to a weight commensurate with his duties in connection with lighter-than-air craft used at this station. Another item taken from this paper states that Gunnery Sergeant Allen is again on a solid diet after having been on a liquid diet for two weeks. An item taken from Judge states that Sergeant Sanborne has been adopted by a very attractive young lady in Lakewood. A very interesting item appearing in the Lakehurst Pine Needle states that Sergeants Howard and Abromovitz will enter into a debate next Tuesday covering the subject, "Resolved that Marine of less than 16 years' service and under 48 years of age shall not visit Asbury Park more than once each month during the summer months." This concludes the news items for today.

We shall now continue our musical program with a prisoner's song entitled, "I missed My Train and now I Miss My Miss." Words and music by Smiley and Sharpnack, and sung by Block and Herbert. This song was written in answer to the late number entitled, "Will I see you tonight," by Reba Sherman.

In concluding our program for this afternoon we wish to offer for the approval of our fans the very latest song hit entitled, "No Liberty Tonight," sung by the HANGAR TRIO.

Station NAS signing off.  
GOOD BYE EVERYBODY.

#### MARINE CORPS WARRANT OFFICERS

Major General Lejeune on April 22nd appeared before the Senate Naval Committee and urged the passage of the bill (H. R. 8725) to establish the warrant grade of Pay Clerk and the Commissioned Warrant Grades of Chief Marine Gunner, Chief Quartermaster Clerk and Chief Pay Clerk in the Marine Corps.

This legislation will affect some 142 men, including the best of the non-commissioned officers of the Corps, termed by General Lejeune "the backbone of the service—men who love the military service and have made it a career." General Lejeune continued that the enactment of this legislation would "open the door of hope for these splendid men to become commissioned warrant officers, having a similar status to warrant officers of the Navy." General Lejeune has been urging this legislation for the past five years.

The committee has decided to report the bill favorably.

## THIRTY YEARS OF SERVICE

On May 8, 1926, Principal Musician Samuel Firth of the Marine Band completed thirty years of service in the U. S. Marine Corps. Mr. Firth was first enlisted May 5, 1896, and has served continuously in seven enlistments and one extension since that time. He received every discharge with Character Excellent, and was awarded a good conduct medal or bar with each and every enlistment—an enviable record.

He was promoted from time to time as follows:

Appointed 3rd Class Musician May 5, 1896.

Appointed 2nd Class Musician June 7, 1896.

Appointed 1st Class Musician May 27, 1919.

Appointed Principal Musician May 1, 1926.

He has accompanied every concert tour of the Marine Band since his enlistment. He played at the St. Louis World's Fair, the Omaha Exposition, the Buffalo Exposition, and the Philadelphia Industrial Exposition.

As a cornetist in 1920, he made a five months' tour of the United States from Maine to Florida with the famous "Marine Jazzbo Kings." It will be remembered that this tour was for the purpose of encouraging young men to enlist. The idea was so successful that recruiting offices had to cease operations until conditions were back to normal.

Mr. Firth says, "Upon first applying for enlistment, I hesitated because of the length of time for which men were bound by contract to serve. I considered it too long a time to spend in the service." His thirty years of service, however, show clearly what a good impression his first cruise made; and he continues, "If I had the whole past thirty years of my life to use over again, I would not live them a bit differently. It is the most interesting and agreeable career that a man can follow."

He was retired on Friday, May 14, and expects to make an extended trip to Europe. His many friends wish him much happiness, the best of luck, and many blessings after the termination of his long and faithful service in the Marine Corps.

## PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.

Fans and players passed the glad hand to Jack Miller, crack first baseman, on his return to the squad. Jack has spent several weeks in the hospital with an old football injury to his arm.

Parris Island mermen, and followers of aquatic sports were enthused over the enlistment of Clarence C. Eurist, of St. Paul. Eurist is a member of the St. Paul A. C., the famous Illinois A. C., and the Coral Gables Club, the two latter of which also is the famed Johnny Weismueller, national champ. Besides holding many records and honors in swimming events, Eurist is also a gridman of worth, having played three years with the St. Paul Central High School, and a year with the Dartmouth Freshmen. Sport lovers here are conscious of a very important addition to the athletic ranks of Parris Island.

Parris Island has its famous Marines, too.

First Sergeant William F. Fritsche, guiding the destinies of Headquarters Detachment, Main Station, Parris Island, is, notwithstanding the popular belief that all "Toppers" are the sworn enemies of all under them, beloved by all.



A Leatherneck since August, 1911, he has seen service with five expeditions, and has been at every station in the Marine Corps.

He did sea duty aboard the U. S. S. Washington and U. S. S. Pennsylvania, is happily married, has four children, and says he hopes to do forty years more in the Marine Corps.

The executive staff of the Post Baseball Team has seen a complete change of personnel. The Hon. W. Brantly Harvey, member of the South Carolina House of Representatives, who played varsity baseball with the University of South Carolina, and who has had extensive experience as a coach, has agreed to coach the Parris Island Marines. Mr. Harvey has been working with the team, and a vast improvement is noticeable.

Lieutenant Louis Knorr has been detailed as manager of the post team. Everything considered, the coach, manager, and fine array of candidates, there is now little doubt that Parris Island will have a baseball team worthy of its representation.

By re-enlistment, Parris Island has a new welterweight, J. B. ("Ironjaw") Smith, who has already drawn equipment, and is training for his first go, which will be about a month from now. "Ironjaw" has a long record in the ring, baseball and football. He has elected to make boxing his main athletic activity on this cruise. It is possible that he may be seen in action at the next smoker, plans for which now are being made. With the quarantine lifted in the training camp, smokers will be held on a regular schedule.

The Quartermaster has informed General Lee that the Major General Commandant is giving consideration to the readjustment of the organizations here, with a view to concentrating the troops. Pending final decision in the matter, all work in connection with the reconditioning of the buildings, or the repairs of buildings of any kind at the Training Sta-

tion, with the exception of the East Wing and Officers' Quarters, will be immediately stopped, in order to avoid work which will be affected by the readjustment.

## SOUNDS FROM PUGET SOUND

By H. W. Weinhold

Desiring once more to break into print and allow the rest of the Marine Corps to know that there are still some Marines around the vicinity of Puget Sound, we cast about for a topic of interest and came upon that of "The disciples of Isaac Walton." Ike, if you remember, gained quite a bit of fame by writing a book telling others how to be as successful as he in the extraction of the finny denizens from their native element. This book he entitled "The Compleat Angler."

Although it is well known that this part of the U. S. A. was, at that time, a howling wilderness, the present indications are that Ike would never have written a book at all had he been here. He would have been entirely too busy practicing to preach. And, just think, had this been so, he would have remained unknown, except locally.

But he was not there, he did write the book, and his name is known wherever the English language is spoken, and in some other parts.

He has had many a disciple and many more have been ardent students of his textbook. Some of these students have been able to put their studies to practical use, and some have gotten as much good out of them as though they had been reading Sanscrit.

Just by way of verifying the above statement let us spend a few minutes reviewing the past performances of Captain C. C. Gill, U. S. M. C. Were we writing this for a newspaper, the headlines would read something like this: Captain Gill Gains Gilded Guerdon; (those would be large type) and then in smaller type would appear this: Piscatorial Prizes Promptly Pulled from Purling Pools Purlieus.

Last year Captain Gill was so successful as a fisherman that he was overburdened with requests as to "How do you do it?" and when he explained that it was simply through his cleverness with the rod, he received this for an answer. "Aw, you are just lucky." And then by way of refutation of this slander on his skill with a rod, he went out the first chance he got this year and in a very few minutes hooked his full allowance of ten pounds and one fish; and he only took FOUR FISH. These were trout. The minnow and stretching stuff don't go with him.

On the other hand, we have another of Ike's followers named Sergeant Coyle. He is acting first sergeant at the Naval Ammunition Depot. We are certain that if his family tree were traced far enough back we would find that it rooted in the same one that bore Job of Biblical fame. You all know how patient Job was reputed to be. Well, had he (Job) lived in this day and age, he would have hid his head in shame and have blushing confessed that he was one of the most impatient of men.

Let us bend our gaze on Point No Point (honest, that is a real name of a real place) and watch the futile, though wonderfully persevering efforts of Sgt.

Continued on page 44



# Highlights on Tropical Services - - Duty in Nicaragua

By H. W. WEINHOLD

**NICARAGUA.** Just a memory to the Marine Corps now, but, what a memory! A name to conjure with.

Think of Nicaragua, and what a trooping of memories of actual experiences and experiences by proxy through reading about such people as Walker.

Sunshine and rain; hikes and siestas; pleasures and duties; reality and romance; all intermingled in the warp and woof of our recollections.

Corinto brings memories of the winding, tortuous channel from the broad, placid bosom of the Pacific to the wee, landlocked harbor where first we gazed upon that enchanted land and trod the loose sandy surfaces of the unpaved Corinto streets; early morning arrival in the stilly tropical dawn and the awakening of the echoes by the myriad birds of flaming, flaunting colors that made the day hideous to our unaccustomed ears; a tramp through the streets, ankle deep in loose sand, to the bare wooden shed that did service for a depot; a grateful dropping of packs and an easing into the slatted seats of the narrow gage coach that was destined to carry us to the wonderland through the pass over the coast range, and drop us into the bowl containing the beautiful Lake Managua and Managua, our home for the next two years.

Puffing and chugging, the small, wood-burning locomotive (?) wearily attached itself to the train and we were off. Slowly it skirted along the coast, past the salt pans; and then gradually, at no increase or decrease of speed, mounted up away from the barren coast to a gradually greener and more tropical terrain upon which we feasted our eyes and searched in vain for the source of the raucous noises emitted, undoubtedly, from the throats of the parrots, macaws, and monkeys that infested the luxuriant tropical greenery. Higher yet, and then a drop into valleys more verdant, if possible, than the slopes from which we had just descended. Frequent stoppages in order that the fireman, a native resembling his reputed ancestor, might replenish the depleted supply of fuel from racks of cordwood piled, it seemed, at random along the right of way. An odor, sweet yet tart, resulted in the discovery of a mill, primitively motored by a team of yoked oxen, surrounded by ox-drawn carts piled high with sugar cane. Slowly but surely the cane disappeared into the naw of the mill to reappear on the opposite side crushed and mangled with its life blood dripping from the lip of the mill into the rapidly filling vats from where it was to go, to again appear as sugar and as *aguardiente*.

And then, seven hours after departure from Corinto a stopping in another long, low, wooden shed which, as evidenced by the presence of khaki-clad Marines, was the final stop, Managua.

Then came a long, hot hike to Campo de Marte. What an invigorating sight it was, after tramping until shoulders ached with the weight of packs and the chafing caused by perspiration, to

raise tired heads and see, far up the Avenida Central, Old Glory snapping and waving in the sun as though to give to each a personal welcome.

From this date began the real acquaintance with Nicaragua. All—there was much that had been seen on the trip—was but a passing glimpse of the wonders to be seen and known.

Lake Tiscapa, Lake Nejapa, Lake Managua, La Loma, Momotomba, El Gallo, fincas and hunts. All these became familiar sights and occupations. How often of an afternoon, when moist and warm, was La Loma climbed and a descent made into the bowl of its extinct crater where Lake Tiscapa lay. A disporting a la Adam in its limpid waters until pleasantly fatigued, and then a donning of clothes and a slow meander around the shores observing the women clad in a single one-piece garment, resembling a mother Hubbard, immersed above their hips in the water washing clothes that rivaled the rainbow in colors, using a large lava rock for a washboard and a denuded corn cob for soap. Trying to get a snapshot of them at their picturesque task with hand cameras. Trying is used advisedly as they, the women, thought that the camera was the Evil Eye and that the pictures so procured would depict them without their protective (?) covering. Shrieks of laughter from the rest of the women at the incontinent immersion of the supposed victim of the Evil Eye. And how quickly was this mirth changed to consternation when they in turn were the cynosure of the same Eye.

And then what pleasure was taken in hunting trips to the vicinity of Lake Nejapa. Hunting and strolling and looking. In fact, looking was the most that was done. Lizards that could have hidden in the cap of a fountain pen and lizards in every size up to some that could readily have passed for alligators were seen. Little birds and big birds, birds of every color under the sun, but none with a sweet song. Firing at mon-

keys and at fish, at birds and at stumps, firing at anything and everything seen or thought to be seen. A native observing us lying down and doing some prone firing became interested, interested to the point where he overcame his timidity enough to request permission to fire the rifle. Granted. Granted with instructions as to the proper adjustment of the sling and position of the butt. All of which was useless as he seemed to think the sling was some form of mediaeval torture. The resulting explosion was accompanied by a dispersion of the ensemble of man and rifle, both plowing the sandy beach of the lake, and a subsequent speeding away on the part of the native. Later, in strolling around the lake, we saw a small wattled hut, and, as thirst had by this time made itself felt, we approached to hear violent moans and groans emanating therefrom. The same native was wailing to the high heavens his fears and some slight pains from a bruised shoulder. And such was his fear of the rifle that its appearance hung innocently from my shoulder by its sling, caused him to vacate the premises with a suddenness that was breathtaking. His woman remained to explain his departure. We had our drink.

We kept in trim in those days. Through the fields and under the spreading boughs of the mighty trees we daily, except when a tour of guard interfered, took a hike or cross-country run of not less than ten miles. And how we did increase our vocabulary and knowledge of things Nicaraguan by these hikes! A remembrance is held of one time when we encountered a native who questioned our ability to use a gun and brought out for our inspection an old muzzle loading flintlock shotgun. For all its worm-eaten stock and wirebound barrel it appeared to be shootable. We tried it. It shot all right; but, where the missiles went no earthly power could determine.

A remembrance of the newly arrived sentry, who, seeing the new moon with its entire outline faintly limned, awoke the whole guard to "see the eclipse of the moon." This was at 3:30 a. m. And the time when he wanted to know how the ants could possibly have gotten on the island where a detail had gone to set up targets for three-inch gun practice.

A trip to Granada, which lay under the frowning mountain that was capped with the resemblance, in natural contour, of a lion couchant.

Night time promenades in the Plaza where the President's band, if it did not render sweet melodies, at least enlivened the hours and made time to the passing crowds heavily sprinkled with girls and women dressed in their finest, painted their thickest, and perfumed until the very flowers lost their scent in the bewildering odors thrown off by the perfumes of the parading women. These promenaders were from every walk of life in Managua; barefooted, sandal-footed, slipper-footed, and shod; some in rags, some in dungarees, some in broadcloth.



Continued on page 63



Published each month by

The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C.

For the Advancement of Education

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Washington, D. C. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 27, 1925.

Advertising rates will be furnished upon application to the Business Manager.

Washington Office  
8th and Eye Streets S. E.

Publisher and Editor, First Lieutenant Gordon Hall; Associate Editor, Private James M. Frost; Business Manager, Gunnery Sergeant Hubert C. Blackerby; Circulation Manager, Sergeant William Perkins; Assistant Circulation Manager, Private Gilbert L. Johnson.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE \$3.00 A YEAR

### Memorial Day

MAY 30 is a day set apart in the annals of American history for the sole purpose of honoring the nation's dead. Decoration ceremonies will be held in innumerable places throughout the United States in homage to those who have given "their lives that this nation might live" and prosper.

Were the shades of these brave men to gaze upon their country on this day, we believe they would rejoice in the fact that the principles for which they died—true democracy—"government of the people, for the people, and by the people"—have not perished from the earth.

On a separate page we have published a poem written by an ex-Marine whose thoughts on Memorial Day have brought back recollections of the gruesome days of the World War, and the loss of one of his buddies. We consider it very appropriate and worth honorable mention in its unique personal touch.

### "The First to Land"

IN the April tenth issue of The Leatherneck there appeared a page article covering the personnel, equipment, and general purposes of the Byrd Arctic Expedition. Word has long since been flashed around the globe that this expedition has been a success. Commander Byrd and his party deserve unlimited praise for their splendid achievement.

In carrying on one of the most daring ventures the world has ever known, this expedition has proved that the great thoroughfare of the air is penetrable to every point on the earth's surface. The conveyances of the air are daunted by neither mountain nor canyon, water nor land; and the flight from King's Bay, Spitzbergen, to the pole and return in the remarkable time of fifteen hours and thirty minutes demonstrates the only practicable method of exploring otherwise almost impenetrable wastes of ice or jungle.

We wonder how many men envy the members of the expedition in having accomplished what no man had ever before experienced—an aerial flight over the North Pole. How many men envy Commander Byrd in the thrill he must have gotten out of dropping Old Glory from the air on the spot which represents the pole, thereby conquering the North Pole and its frozen wastes in the name of our Republic?

The success of the expedition means much to the American aeroplane industry and to the history of American explo-

ration. The Marine Corps takes great pride in the fact that a few Marines took part in this unique adventure, and as usual, were among the first to land.

### To Our Contributors

IT often happens that material intended for a certain issue of The Leatherneck arrives too late for publication in that issue. As a result contributors are disappointed in not finding their work in the issue for which it was intended; or, they find that their copy has been "cut" to fit what little space was left when the copy arrived. In order to avoid, as far as possible, further recurrences of this kind, we are drawing a dead line on material for publication. All copy should be in our hands by the tenth of the month preceding date of issue. Get it in sooner if you can.

We appreciate the wonderful cooperation of our contributors during the past month. Each one of you came across one hundred percent, and we are highly elated over the material appearing in our first monthly magazine. We hope each of you share this feeling.

### Exhibit at the Sesquicentennial

IT seems almost certain that the Sesquicentennial to be held in Philadelphia, Pa., will open on June 1, 1926. This Sesquicentennial will be similar to the usual run of fairs, but on a much larger scale.

So far as the Marine Corps exhibit is concerned, it will consist of a facsimile of Old Tun Tavern, in which place the Marine Corps was born, and a model Marine Corps camp. On November 10, 1775, Continental Congress authorized the raising of a battalion of marines; and Captain Samuel Nicholas, who was given the first Continental commission, recruited a battalion of marines in Old Tun Tavern, which was then a combined tavern and Masonic Hall. The people of Philadelphia being particularly interested in Old Tun Tavern, it was decided to reproduce it and furnish it with trophies, photographs, and other historical relics. There will be several marines here during the exposition whose duty it will be to give information regarding the grounds as well as information regarding the exhibit. It is hoped that all marines and ex-marines with their families and friends will visit this building, where they are assured of a hearty welcome. The model camp will be situated next to Old Tun Tavern. These marines, totaling 100, have been chosen from the Fifth Regiment and will live in this camp from June 1 until December 1. All will be well informed as to the general plan of the Sesquicentennial grounds and will stand ready to offer information and suggestions regarding this exhibition to all people who seek such information. The Marine Corps exhibit will be located across the street from the Palace of Fashion and the Florida State Building and alongside the New Jersey State Building. This is all in addition to the garrison of about three hundred marines stationed at the League Island Navy Yard at Philadelphia. In addition to visiting the Marine Corps exhibit, visitors will be equally welcome at the barracks in the Yard.

Those charged with the dissemination of information of this character will please inform interested parties living in their vicinity.

### Belong to No Special Post

IN various Corps publications, and in official and private correspondence, a number of officers refer to certain Marines, such as mess sergeants, cooks, musicians, athletes, etc., as belonging to their Post. On the face of it, this is a manifest misconception, as every Marine contracts to serve in the Corps and therefore will serve where the Corps' needs, as a whole, are best benefited. The fact that a man is stationed at Mare Island, or Peking, or Philadelphia, for one or two years, and has become prominent among the other Marines in that command, is no reason why that Marine should be identified with that one Post, nor should that Post claim any lien or right to his services.

When the Corps' interests have been served, and conditions are otherwise agreeable, such classes of men as referred to above may be returned to a certain Post, providing an official request such a return; but it must be remembered that Marines serve the Corps as a whole, and not any one or two Posts or Stations in it.

## AROUND GALLY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

The Galley Fires have burned brightly through the long days of winter, while spring has found them glowing and homelike even though the soft coal brought more dust than usual and more work to those who clean up. Our cooks improve everywhere and I have heard fellows wonder if they could not beat the girl (not with a stick but in cookery) to whom they are engaged.

The Detroit Free Press says that: In Norway, according to a magazine article written by a traveler, a girl must possess a certificate of her ability as a cook before she is allowed to marry. In fairness, then, a young man should be made to have a diploma proving that he has the ability to go out and earn something for her to cook.

Many of our Marine Corps cooks could take both diplomas with ease, but I know some who would be afraid to let their girls know that they possessed the first one.

Lieutenant Buchanan is in command of the Detachment at the Ordnance Plant, South Charleston, W. Va. A more happy and contented group of men it would be impossible to meet, I only heard the nom de plumes of three, being "Mike," "Spike," and the "Shiek." These were owned respectively by our old friend, First Sgt. Michael Reardon, Corporal Edward C. Doyle, and Corporal John L. Robertson. There are also at the Post Sergeants Robert L. Campbell and William F. O'Connor, together with Corporals Sebert Epling, Martin F. Nolan, James A. Stewart and Robert P. Walker, Reardon, O'Connor, and Stewart have over forty years of good service in their united records.

One hundred and thirty-six years of experience and worthwhile service is claimed by Philadelphia's recruiters under the leadership of Major John Quincy Adams. Eleven noble Sergeants headed by First Sergeant Geo. R. Edwards of eighteen years to William E. Steinkomph with twenty-five. Robert W. Gordon of cartoon fame is on the list and is known as "Gin," which for a man like him is rather peculiar, although some of his cartoons almost knock a fellow breathless.

Recruiting in Atlanta is also in the hands of Captain Joseph M. Swinnerton and his all alert group of nine Sergeants, of whom C. R. Baumgras (Bummy) stands first. Fred A. Rose is the excellent Publicity Sergeant and Archibald Cranston (Anstey) is known as "Sir Anstey," the Dean of Recruiters. Of the others I shall speak in a later issue, suffice to say that the Station's Service is 131 years long.

Quantic's Dance Committee headed by Sergeant George O'Connell does really excellent work and contains in its membership Sergeant Majors, QM Sergeants, Gunnery Sergeants, Sergeants, Cor-

porals, and Privates, as also a Mess Sergeant (H. J. Hedges) and his wife. The latter accounts for the A-1 repast spread for the perspiring contestants in the last struggle for independence on May 7.

The Fifth Regiment has some first class material as ever and while in one issue it is impossible to do justice to one Battalion, or even Company, yet from time to time I hope to mention them, even though some men may have gone to other Posts ere the news is made public. The Eighth Machine Gun Company with First Sergeant Thomas G. Bruce, who, must be "real Scotch," has to associate with Gunnery Sergeants "Swede" Frithjof O. Berg, Patrick Corbett, evidently Irish; P. T. Odien, perhaps Danish; and Sergeant Louis Rosch, either Dutch or Deutsche. Yet every one of real American material and catered for in the mess by a cook named Harry D. Dumas, which sounds French.

The Seventy-seventh Machine Gun Company has the distinction of two First Sergeants, Harold S. Crowell and S. E. Knaggs. Gunnery Sergeants Geo. Nelson, Nello H. Frazier, and James H. Satterfield take a prominent place on the roster followed by Sergeants Fred Grant, Robert L. Jennings, Raymond Mansfield, and Fred H. Weber. The welfare of the men is well looked after by Mess Sergeant Floyd E. Hartman with Cooks J. L. George and Charles Dupuis. Result—everybody happy and contented.

Orlando B. Eyler is the Mess Sergeant and Chief Cook in the Fifth Headquarters Company and by this those who know him guarantee that his work is well and faithfully done. Three Staff Sergeants enjoy life in this Company, respectively, Peter Bekoske, Hall V. Cartmell, and James Gifford. The Sergeants, too, are a well-known group, including George R. Daniel, Aubrey, Tennessee, Arthur Jenkins, John H. Kelly, Filmore A. Russell, John Truty, and William von Sandt.

Gunnery Sergeant "Red" Green is leaving Quantic this month. As a Forester, "Red" has done excellent work and all his friends wish for him the "very best" on the outside. Gunnery Sergeant J. H. Turney is slated to relieve Green, and from his fourteen years experience should certainly fill the position with distinction.

Gunnery Sergeant William Courson has done nineteen years good service. He looks rather old just now for he declares he has not a tooth in his head. Wait till you see him with that new set which is said to be on the way. His friends will hardly know the young man.

When you run across the well set-up group of men at the M.C.I. you always feel that you meet the top-notch in efficiency, snappiness in dress, and military appearance, and, believe me, some of them think they are all they look. Could you have seen them, however, as I saw them at Quantic, you would have wondered what had happened. There were First

Sergeant Dowling, Gunnery Sergeant Kimes, Hyde, Willard, Ahern, and Blackerby in the crowd—ragged, dirty, unshaven, and altogether different from their usual fine portrayal of the U. S. Marine. Fact is they were on the Range. Try to ascertain their records.

## Torn from My Scrapbook



Things are sometimes very difficult, but it is for us to overcome. John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" says:

"He fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place."

"The narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian went now to the spring, and drank thereof to refresh himself, and then began to go up the hill, saying, The hill, though high, I covet to ascend, The difficulty will not me offend: For I perceive the way to life lies here; Come, pluck up, heart, let's neither faint nor fear.

Better, though difficult, the right way to go, Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe!"

A friend of mine, Charles E. Whelan, of Tennessee, wrote the following:

## THE MAN INSIDE

Do you ever talk with the man inside,  
The chap that's really you;  
The man that other folks don't know,  
Although they think they do?  
You've locked him up for now so long  
In his solitary cell,  
Perhaps you've e'en forgotten him,  
And no longer know him well.

Take an hour or two some time each day,  
And with yourself commune;  
It may be you will find just why  
The world seems out of tune.  
Perhaps he'll even show to you,  
So plain that you can see,  
Some discord in the world is made  
Because you're off the key.

The man inside's a plain-spoken chap;  
He'll hit some heavy blows;  
You'll scringe and twist, but won't hit back,

Because you know he knows.  
But oft conversing just with him  
May keep your pathway straight.  
Go down inside and talk to him:  
Take time and cogitate.

Try this at your next party:

## Mystic Multiplication

Tell a person to write down the following:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Then ask him which is his favorite figure among those written. Suppose he says "three." Tell him to multiply the row of figures by 27. He will be surprised at the answer—a row of threes!

Continued on page 48



# The Duties of A Recruiter

By Theodore M. Stephenson

MANY Marines, performing duty in the line, consider those that are in the Recruiting Service as "goldbrickers," merely carrying the Globe & Anchor as an advertisement for our Corps; and some even go further in their conversations as to accuse us of being "shirkers" men that resent being submitted to the rough and tumble of real duty, many of whom are unable to be noncommissioned officers in the line. This conception is true to a certain extent, in that there are many marines on recruiting duty that are not capable of leading men. The absence of this quality, however, cannot be attributed to the lack of mentality. There are many noncommissioned officers in the line that would not be worth their salt in the recruiting service, which they soon realize after being assigned to such duty.

Many times, recruiters have been told by marines on leave, "Gee, but you got it soft." They labor under the erroneous impression that it is an easy matter to convince some "sap" that he would be better off as a Marine. Yes, it might be an easy matter to convince some "sap" of the advantages of being a Marine. A good recruiter does not spend his time with "saps," and if he does he will soon find out that the Recruiting Service can "scrape" along without his services in the form of a transfer back to the line. A recruiter will never attempt to enlist an applicant that he himself would not care to associate with in the Marine Corps; and recruiters very often come in contact with such specimens.

There are none more conscientious in the performance of their duties than recruiters. It is through them that material which is molded into Marines must pass, eliminating the good from the bad. A recruiter must constantly be on the alert for material to work upon. Three men a month may seem an easy quota to procure, but it is far from being so.

To convince a boy of the benefits to be derived from an enlistment in the Marine Corps is no easy matter. In the first place, this boy is skeptical as to whether or not he desires to enlist; he is in doubt, as he does not believe the information from the street signs, which he might have seen; but he is sufficiently concerned to come up and talk it over with the recruiter.

Here is where diplomacy enters. The applicant must be told the truth of the Marine Corps, and this truth must be told in such a way that the applicant will be left with the impression that Marines are real "he-men"—that they can bunk in a puddle of mud or in a feather bed and get up feeling none the worse. The days of telling applicants that breakfast will be brought to them in bed while at Parris Island are over. The Recruiting Service requires that applicants be told the truth. There are several ways in telling the truth. It can be told in a way that will leave the applicant in fear of his ability

to be a Marine; and, again, his sense of manhood can be emphasized, which seldom fails to gain a worthwhile member for the Marine Corps. Here is an applicant that leaves the recruiter fully understanding that he might have to go through hell and will like it. He arrives at Parris Island; he sees everything as he has been told. If he does not like the training, he has himself to blame. He thinks well of the recruiter and may even write him a letter, telling him that he doesn't like the training, but he is gradually becoming accustomed to it and in time will like it. A letter like that makes the recruiter feel good, and that boy will make a good Marine.

Another example of a would-be applicant entering the office: He doesn't want to enlist—just wanted to find out about the Marine Corps—although he might consider enlisting if he finds it to be what he had thought. The recruiter tells him what is what. The applicant is still undecided. He may have had an eighth grade school education. Here is where the Marine Corps Institute plays an important part towards the procurement of recruits for the Marine Corps. He wants a better education than he has been able to grasp in civil life, but four years seem a long time. Someone had told him that when you enlist in the Marine Corps you can learn anything by going to the Institute at Washington. He never knew it was a correspondence school. Here is where the Marine Corps Institute comes in for oration by the recruiter. He picks up a copy of *The Leatherneck*, if he has one; and, if he is a good recruiter, he will have the latest copy on his desk at all times. He shows the applicant statistics in black and white which prove that he can procure an education in the Marine Corps. The applicant decides to enlist; and, if he is a minor, permission must be obtained from his parents.

To the parents the recruiter goes, perhaps after office hours, as "dad" wouldn't be home until after 6:00 p. m., and he has something to say. This parent may be anything from a banker to a farmer. Here is an intelligent man that has to be convinced that the Marine Corps is a fit place for his "Oscar." He is convinced, but "Mother" is far from being so. The recruiter leaves; and is probably invited to come back for dinner, if he has made a good impression. He made some friends for the Marine Corps. He acted the part of a gentleman throughout his visit and here is where everything could have been spoiled—he might have been careless in his appearance, his buttons may not have been shined for several days, the emblem on his cap might not have felt the brush

for several weeks, he might have left mud on the carpet, or his shoes might have been dirty. They were watching him closely, as their boy would have to associate with such as he. His talk counted; he should have been prepared to converse about anything from the chances of "Al" Smith as a presidential candidate to who's going to be elected dog catcher of the community.

If he be wise, he will let matters stand. The applicant comes back in desperate straits to enlist, but "Mother" is still pondering; thinking the world of the sergeant, but she thinks they might not all be like him. A word to the applicant then closes the matter. The applicant goes home and he, himself, convinces "Mother" that the Marine Corps is a fit place for him. She signs the consent papers, perhaps covering them with tears, and the Marine Corps gains a worthwhile member.

Pasting of signboards is only one of the recruiter's numerous duties. He has to make friends all over the city; he must be popular with the people in the small town in which he is stationed. He must aspire to the best company. In fact, he must conduct himself as a gentleman at all times, even when he dons civies; for he is the best advertisement the Marine Corps has.

And here is where Marines coming on furlough often tear down all this good will which the recruiter labored to build. He might be the slouchy kind—just a plain Leatherneck, not giving a hang for appearance or behavior. People comment on the contrast. The recruiter looks on, perhaps mad as —, but that Marine didn't go far enough for a report to his commanding officer. The Marine on furlough leaves with the impression that the "durned" recruiter is no good—just a goldbrick like the rest of them." This kind of Marine is in the minority; the majority are of the other kind, which people comment upon and which gains the Corps many more recruits.

Coming back to the work of the recruiter and his duties, he must aspire to the friendship of the editors that conduct the local newspapers and gain their support; for the advertisement he gets, under the guise of news, is an important part of publicity for the Marine Corps. He receives information that some boy, enlisted through his office, has been assigned to some battleship. That boy must be given a write-up and the recruiter must convince the editor that this has some value as news; he can always slip in a word about his office. The editor doesn't think it is worth while to publish; the recruiter is stuck; all his painstaking labor is wasted. The writing was in vain. He is well acquainted with the editor. "Come on, Joe, slip it in; can't you see that the boy's people will read this and it might win you a new subscriber?"

Continued on page 58



To

# Post Exchange

## Officers and Stewards

### Post Exchange Supplies *of Merit*

Gillette Safety Razors  
Williams Shaving Cream  
Latherite Shaving Cream  
Forhan's Dental Cream  
Squibbs Dental Cream  
Pebeco Tooth Paste  
Williams Tale  
Mennens Talcum  
Squibbs Talcum  
P and G Soap  
Guest Ivory Soap  
Blitz Polishing Cloth  
Prophylactic Brushes

Sheaffer Fountain Pens  
Ingersoll Watches  
Schrade Cutlery  
Notaseme Hosiery  
Van Heusen Collars  
Phillips Jones Shirts  
Sealpax Handkerchiefs  
Sealpax Underwear  
N. S. Meyer Equipment  
Endicott Johnson Shoes  
Whiting Stationery  
Carters Ink  
Totty Leather Goods

Manufacturers of the above goods are closely watching sales in the Marine Corps Exchanges and those advertising in the Leatherneck are greatly interested.

Samples and Prices will be furnished any Post Exchange on request.

## Be Vier and Co., Inc.

54 Franklin Street

NEW YORK, N. Y.

*Manufacturers' Representatives to the Services*

# AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

By Arthur J. Lang  
F. A. G. Quantico, Va.

**A**N AERIAL photograph is one made from some type of aircraft, and while such photograph may be made with almost any type of camera, it is plain that in warfare this becomes a dangerous mission and is performed under extreme difficulties. In view of these conditions special cameras, equipment, and methods of operation have been perfected and aerial photography has been steadily advancing to a well-developed stage of standardization.

Since the express purpose of aerial photography is to obtain important military information, the equipment used and the methods employed must be of a kind that will produce perfect photographic records, so that the maximum amount of detail will be obtained in the negatives. The aerial camera is the watchful and far-reaching eye of the entire command. By its use observations can be made at altitudes prohibitive to ordinary visual reconnaissance alone, thus reducing the dangers encountered at low altitudes and at the same time providing incontestable proofs which show up objects that the memory could not be expected to retain. The intelligent use of them enables the command to follow all enemy developments from the immediate front to the remotest channels of communication, and the photographs procured from the air furnish the most important data required for the planning of attack and operations.

The artillery is enabled to locate exactly its objectives and determine the devastating effects of its fire by reference to the maps and photographs of the enemy territory. Likewise, the infantry is aided in becoming acquainted with the details of the enemy forces and barriers to be encountered; and in locating landmarks and peculiarities of the ground to be traversed.

Aerial photographing requires the highest order of skill in the individual, either as pilot or observer, as there are difficulties involved which are not met with in ordinary photographing, and the camera must necessarily be of a more complex design to meet the demands made upon it. The photographs obtained are classed as "verticals" or "obliques," according to whether they are taken with the optical axis vertical (or nearly vertical), or sharply inclined to the vertical; and since most aerial photographs are inclined more or less, there can be no ac-

curate dividing line between the two types. The camera is usually fixed in the fuselage of the aeroplane, pointing downward for vertical photographs; to take obliques it is mounted to point over the side of the ship, or else held in the hand of the observer and pointed out obliquely over the side. Both types of photographs are used for mapping purposes, the oblique type first undergoing a rectification by special reproducing cameras which cause them to appear as verticals, before being used in the map construction. After rectifying the obliques the photographic strips of the terrain are pieced together so that the photographs overlap in all directions in such manner that no part of the area is omitted, thus forming a complete and highly accurate map of the entire territory covered in flight. These maps are called "mosaics" and are of the utmost value in military tactics.

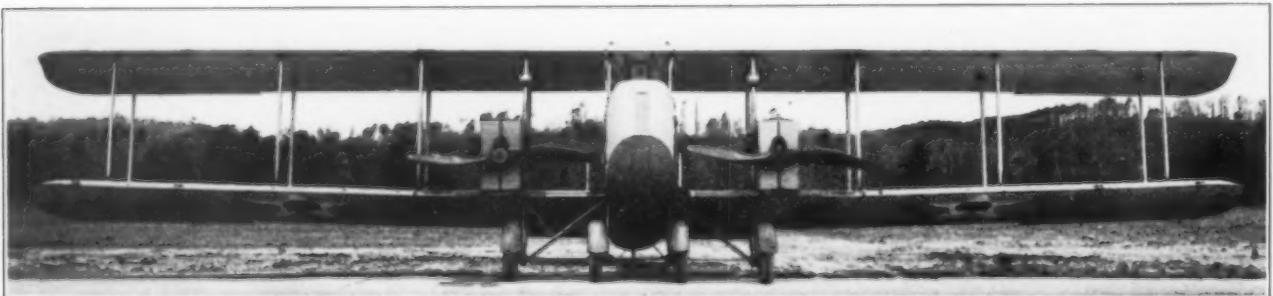
The Aerial Photography Department of the First Aviation Group is a distinct unit, operating in direct cooperation with the Squadrons. The work of this special branch includes the custody and care of the numerous and varied types of cameras; the installation of cameras and suspension in aircraft; the preparation of the plates or film necessary for the photographic mission about to start; and actual photographing, mapping and developing the finished product. This station boasts of a specially constructed and equipped plant for photographic purposes. It is a new O2B1, or De Havilland type, equipped with a Liberty motor, and is of the most recent design. The Photographic Laboratory is a veritable labyrinth of developing rooms, basins, and carefully guarded machines of intricate design; it is even now being remodeled to accommodate the further advancement in present-day equipment. Notable among the achievements of this department of the field are the perfect mosaic maps made of the Gettysburg and Antietam battlefields, the historic Shenandoah Valley, the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., and the expeditionary base at Culebra, P. R., during the maneuvers of 1924. Marine aerial photographers have also completed an extensive mapping survey of the Artibonite Valley in Haiti, a desolate and dangerous expanse of territory, and have received unlimited praise for their speedy and efficient despatch of such a hazardous task.

In addition to the experimental and research work, this department is called upon to perform many other photographic duties besides those connected with aircraft. Photographic record is made of all construction and reconstruction in process; structural breakdowns are pictured immediately, so that indisputable evidence may be had for later investigation of the cause for same; and all important events, such as inspections, athletic contests, parades and funerals are covered by the unerring eye of the camera.

The personnel comprising this department of the First Aviation Group is under the direct supervision of First Lieut. C. F. Schilt, one of the most widely known Marine Corps flyers and an expert in photographic reconnaissance. He is most ably assisted by Staff Sergeant F. R. Burkhardt, the non-commissioned officer in charge, who is also a master technician at this delicate work. We find, too, Cpl. G. C. Morgan, a man of vast experience in aerial photography, both in military service and in civilian life, and Cpls. D. R. Paul, and B. O. Piner, both thoroughly trained men. Privts. J. Slavka, P. W. Robsky, and others are under instruction, and will soon have acquired an invaluable knowledge of a most difficult profession. It has always been the policy of this station to select, from time to time, men who show an aptitude for photography and detail them to special Aerial Photography Schools, where they spend several months in receiving a complete course in the art.

The photograph on the opposite page will give the reader an idea of what our finished work looks like.

During the late war aerial photography was lacking in many respects and the methods of occasional individual reconnaissance employed over the lines were more or less haphazard and only partially effective. Now, while it is not intended to imply that aerial photography during the war was of minor importance, for this service proved a momentous factor to our successes; still our air forces and photographic devices practicable for aerial adaptation had been comparatively untried, and the difficulties and disadvantages then met with have established the foundation for experiments and scientific developments which have since marked our efforts with complete success, and aerial photography has become indispensable to the military service.





ed  
ed  
ic  
r-  
of  
in  
e-  
le  
a-  
n-  
h-  
re  
n-

t-  
n-  
nt.  
ly  
x-  
le  
nt  
ed  
er  
ve  
of  
y,  
an  
O.  
n.  
rs  
ve  
a  
ys  
ct,  
an  
ail  
ny  
al  
in

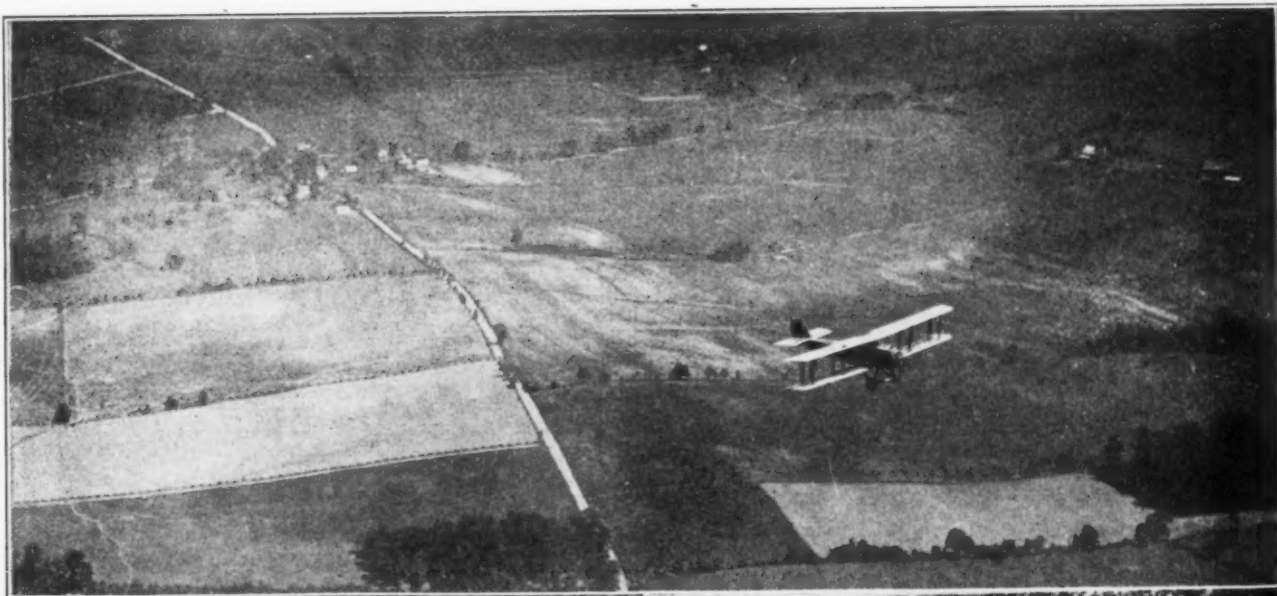
ge  
ur

hy  
he  
n-  
re  
ar-  
in-  
hy  
ee,  
ac-  
ees  
for  
ely  
ad-  
ed  
nd  
nce  
ac-  
me

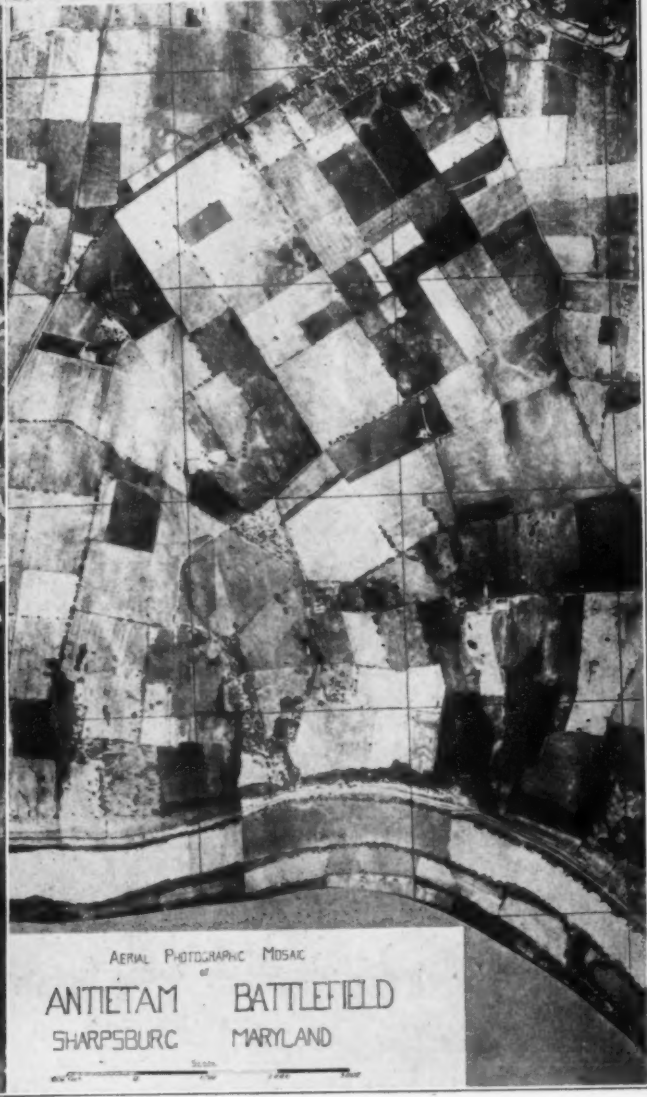




# THE LEATHERNECK



ANTHONY  
SHARPSBURC  
BATTLEFIELD  
MARYLAND



AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC MOSAIC  
of  
ANTHONY BATTLEFIELD  
SHARPSBURC MARYLAND

Scale  
0 100 200 300 400 500 600 700 800 900 1000



## THE LEATHERNECK

### *My Buddy*

Taps has sounded for My Buddy,  
And its last note, long and deep,  
Found him couched among the poppies  
Out in Flanders fields, asleep.

Waving flags and blaring trumpets  
Rouse him not from somber rest;  
Zero hour can not awaken  
Valor in his youthful breast.

'Neath that forest of white crosses—  
There My Buddy sleeps today,  
Lone and silent with his glory,  
Waiting judgment's reveille.

High above, a lark is singing,  
And the crimson poppies blow;  
While the spring's sweet-scented per-  
fume  
Fills the forest of Belleau.

Time may heal the wounds of nations,  
But for him it can't repay,  
Till the angels sound the trumpets  
Of the final reveille.

May 30, 1926  
Dedicated to the  
Memory of  
Glenn Shotwell Loomis  
By  
R. J. RUSSELL



**Famous Marines**



**SERGEANT H. H. DUGAN**

Dugan needs little, if any, introduction throughout the Corps. His services on the Marine Baseball and Football teams during the years 1919 to 1923 are not yet forgotten.

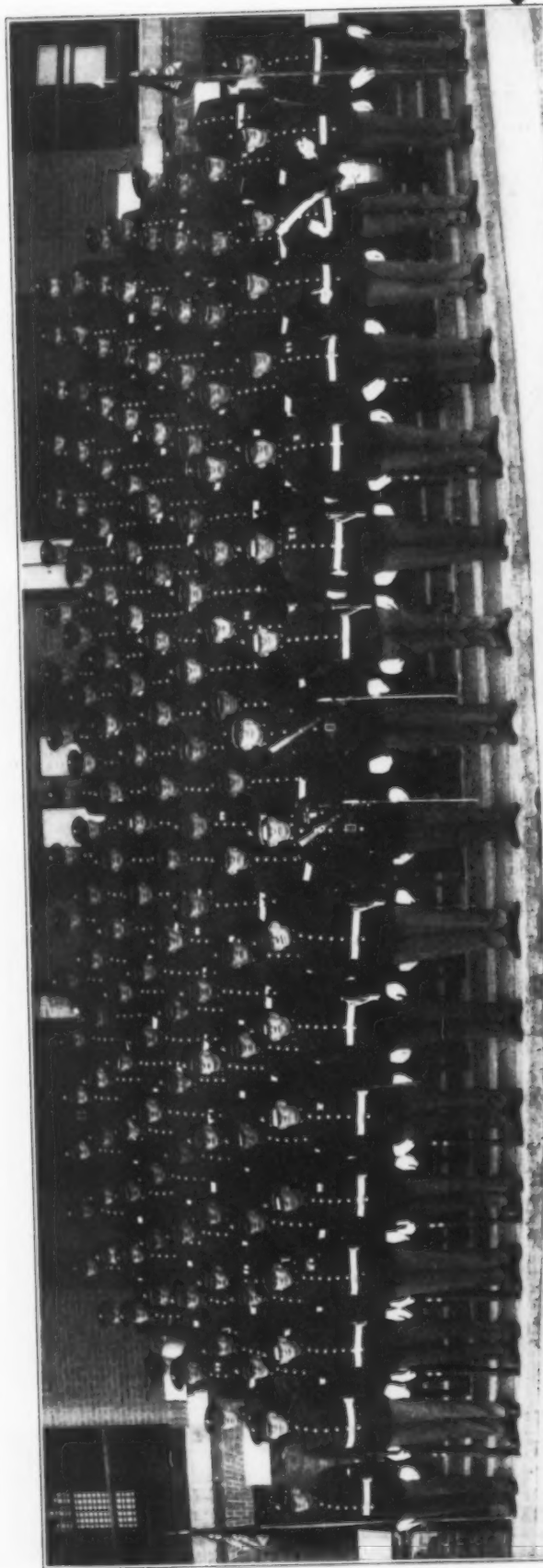
The history of the 5th Regiment has also a few honorable things to say for his conduct overseas with the A. E. F.

Recently he has had the distinguished task of photographing from the air a mosaic map of an area of 2,700 square miles of irrigable land in Haiti, for the government of that country.

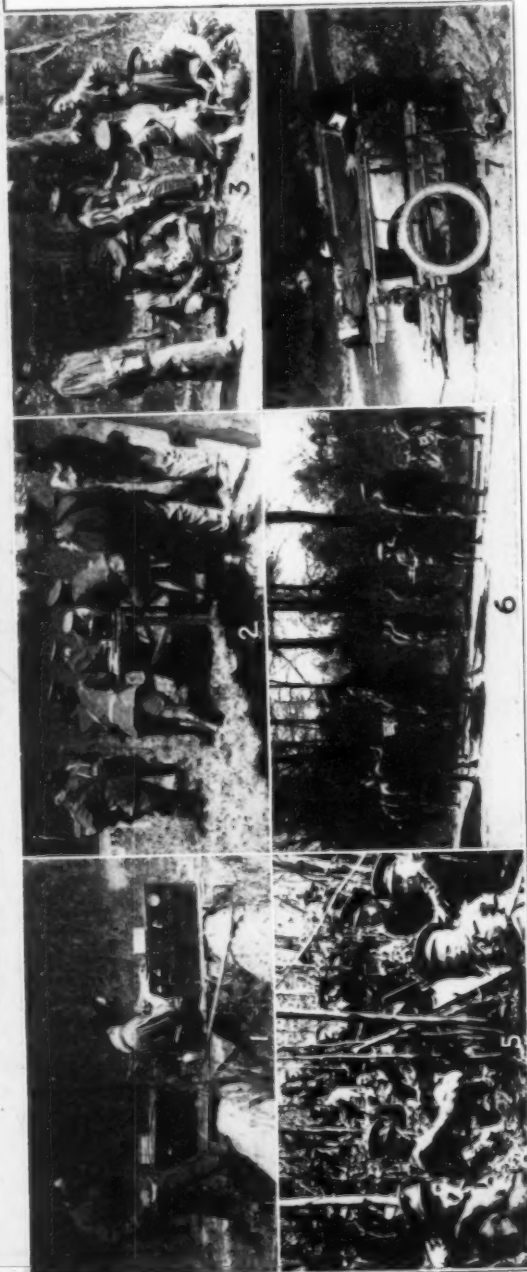
Dugan is a man that, whatever his undertaking, comes out with high honors.

M. S.

# THE LEATHERNECK



1. Receiving a Message
2. 10th Regiment Headquarters
3. Installing Telephones
5. Waiting Under Cover
6. 5th Regiment Headquarters
7. Happily "Dead"



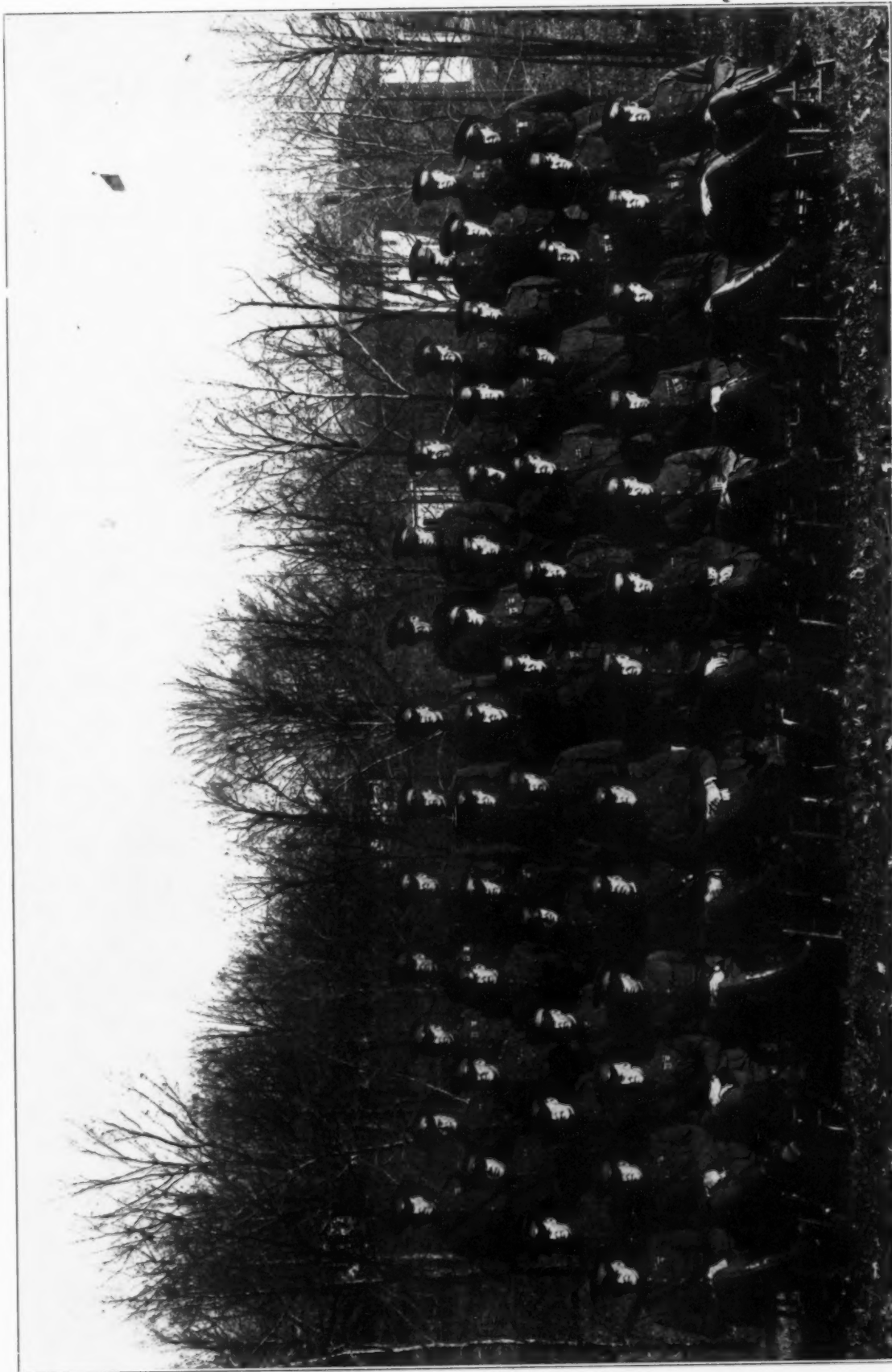
ABOVE: The East Coast Sea School Detachment, Norfolk, Va.

BELOW: Scenes Taken During Recent Quantico Maneuvers



# COMPANY OFFICERS CLASS, QUANTICO, VA., 1925-1926

## THE LEATHERNECK



Top Row—Left to Right: Sniffin, Steele, Strong, Sweet, Tebbs, Walker, J. T., Walker, W. W., Waller, Watchman, Winter, Whitney, Wright, Yandle. 2nd Row—Left to Right: Martin, McCaulley, Montague, Kendall, Page, Peard, Pefley, Pugh, Richal, Ridderhoff, Rome, Rose, Schulbert. 3rd Row—Left to Right: Hagen, Haley, Hatfield, Hughes, Inman, Johnson, Kelly, Kienast, Kilcourse, Lewis, Livingston. Seated—Left to Right: Alburger, Bales, Bleicher, Bone, Buse, Coffenburg, Cottrell, Cunningham, Day, Cushing, Driscoll, Fleming, Gould.

## THE LEATHERNECK



### A Perfect Marine

There's one Marine who's perfect,  
An ideal in every way;  
He doesn't drink, or smoke, or swear,  
He's good the livelong day.  
He's standing at "Attention,"  
And never bats an eye;  
I see him on the poster  
As I go walking by.

She: "Won't you join me in a cup of tea?"

He: "Well, you get in and I'll see if there's any room left."

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me those lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," said the young man in great embarrassment, "but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."

Sgt. Greenlaw: (Guest) Gosh, but I'm thirsty.

Hostess: Just a minute, I'll get you some water.

Sgt. Greenlaw: Hey, I said thirsty, not dirty.—Pearl Harbor Weekly.

Doctor—"I'll examine you for fifteen dollars."

Patient—"All right, Doc; and if you find it we'll split fifty-fifty."

—The Orient.

"Daughter, there's a spot on your stocking."  
"But I haven't any on, Mother."—Life

Publisher: "In your story I notice you make the owl hoot 'to whom' instead of 'to who.'"

Author: "Yes; this is a Boston owl."  
—The Outlook.

Professor—I will use my hat to represent the planet Mars. Is there any question before I go on?

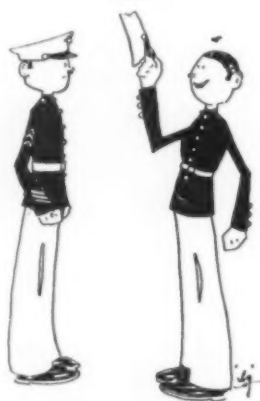
Student—Yes! Is Mars inhabited?  
—Pathfinder:

### A Tin Horn

A deaf woman carrying an ear trumpet entered an auditorium during a Marine Band Concert. Soon after she had seated herself, the hard-boiled N. C. O. in charge tiptoed over and whispered—"One toot and out you go."

Beau Broadway: *What's all the excitement down the street?*

Beau Forty-Second Street: *Some one just saw a farmer entering the Farmers Loan and Trust Company.*—Life.



"Just before the battle, Mother."

"Why do you stare at me?"

"Father says you are a self-made man!"

"Well, why stare?"

"I'm wondering why you made yourself like that!"—Berlin Dorfbarbier.

He: Here's how!

She: Here's when, I know how.  
—California Club.

Think how speech has been simplified. In Bible times they phrased it; "Arise, take up thy bed and walk."

Now they've condensed it all into two words: "Air bedding."

—Tennessee Tar:

### One Way

"Prisoner, did you steal that rug?"  
"No, yer Honor. A lady gave it to me and told me to beat it, and I did."

Mother: If Bob tries to kiss you, call on Father.

Jane: Then Bob would retaliate.

"How?"

"He'd call on Susie."

—Life.

Chunky Girl: "Please put some oil in my car."

Garage Man: "All right—heavy?"

C. G.: "Fresh thing! I'll buy no oil from you."

Doctor (to fair patient): You have acute appendicitis.

Fair Patient: Oh, Doctor, don't flatter me.

Master—Have you ever seen sausages hanging up in a store?

Bings—Of course I have.

Master—That's strange! I thought they always hung down.—The Progressive Grocer.

Lady (visiting in slums): "How low!"

Inebriate in Gutter: "H'lo ya' shelf."  
—Gargoyle.

"Spring is in the air, Mr. Crotchety."  
"Eh?"

"I said 'spring in the air!'"

"Why should I? Eh, why should I?"  
—Humorist.

Hard-looker (to passing motorist): "Hi, mister, I'm going your way!"

Motorist: "So I see, but I'll get there before you do."—Exchange.

Night Watchman—"Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?"

He (straightening up)—"No, sir!"

N. W.—"Here, then, hold my lantern."  
—Pennsylvania Keystone:

## THE LEATHERNECK

### Revenge Is Sweet

Voice over phone: "How much is coal now?"  
Dealer: "Eighteen-ninety a ton."  
Voice: "Ha-ha! I gotta oil burner."  
—Hurty-Peck.



"You are the only girl I'd ever agree to marry."  
"Oh, I'm so sorry for you. They say a bachelor's life is so miserable."

A man much inebriated flopped into a seat in the lobby beside a clergyman.  
"Nysh day," began the drunk.  
"Yes, it is," said the clergyman, feeling that perhaps the circumstances called for a little forbearance.  
"Nysh hotel."  
"Yes, I find it very comfortable."  
"Will you have a drink."  
This was too much. The clergyman's face set severely and he intoned sternly, "No, thank you, sir. I don't indulge."  
"Shay, whattaya givin' us feller? You're drunk now. You gotsha collar on backwards."

—Yale Record.

Wife—Do you know what day it is?  
It is 25 years ago today since we became engaged!  
Absent-minded Professor—Why didn't you remind me before? It's high time we got married.

—Pathfinder.

The Girl: "You remind me of Venus de Milo."  
Bashful Boy: "But I have arms."  
The girl: "Oh, have you?"—Bison.

Mess Sergeant: Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?  
Junior Cook: I did. It was a quarter past ten.

The market day was wearing late when Tam emerged somewhat unsteadily from the inn door, cranked up his car, and, slightly overshooting the mark, planted himself solemnly in the back seat.  
The watchful village policeman approached him and said, in kindly tones: "Noo, Tammas, ye'll need to come oot of that, ye're nae fit to drive."  
"Mind yer ain business," was the rejoinder, and then in magisterial tones Tammas proceeded: "It would suit ye better to catch the chiel that's stolen my driving wheel."—The Isis.

### Excusable

A steward stood at the gangway of a ship and kept shouting for the benefit of the arriving passengers:  
First class to the right! Second class to the left.  
A young woman stepped aboard with a baby in her arms. As she hesitated before the steward, he bent over her and said in his chivalrous way:  
"First or second?"  
"Oh!" said the girl, her face as red as a rose. "Oh, dear, it's—it's not mine."  
—Forbes Magazine.

Farmer—"Be this the woman's exchange?"  
Woman—"Yes."  
Farmer—"Be ye the woman?"  
Woman—"Yes."  
Farmer—"Well, then, I think I'll keep Maggie."—Western Christian Advocate.

A minister, while passing a group of convicts at work on the country roads, became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world. "My good men," he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."  
"Well, what do you think we're doing?" asked No. 3289, "digging fishworms?"  
—Pathfinder.

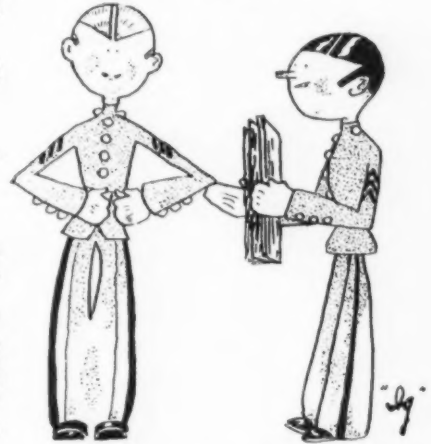
Only the Best—"Madam," said the doctor, "I shall have to paint your husband's throat with nitrate of silver."  
"Please use nitrate of gold, doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Moneybags. "The expense is quite immaterial."  
—Illinois Wesleyan Argus.



Gweny's dates are not always private—sometimes it's a sergeant.

### His Duties

The owner of a big plant, addressing a new employee:  
"Did my foreman tell you what you will have to do?"  
"Yes, sir, he told me to wake him up when I see you coming."—Forbes.



"There's one thing that you can still get for a nickel."  
"What's that?"  
"The wrong telephone number."

She was sweet 17 and just emancipated from the thralldom of school, but already she had her "best boy," who on some special occasion had given her a gold watch.  
Some days later he inquired if she had told her friends of his little gift.  
"Oh, yes," she said, "all of them."  
"Did you say who gave it to you?"  
"Of course not," replied the artless maiden. "We always gave one kiss for each chocolate at school; but for a gold watch!!! Well, I thought it best to say that mamma gave it to me."

Mrs. Goldie—I mended the hole in your trousers pocket after you went to bed last night. Am I not a helpful little wife, dear?  
Mr. G.—Um—er—yes; but how in thunder did you know there was a hole in my pocket?—Fenton News.

Insurance Agent: "Don't you want your office furnishings insured against theft?"  
Boss: "Yes; all except the clock. Everybody watches that."

Private Jones was summoned to appear before his captain. "Jones," said the officer, frowning darkly, "this gentleman complains that you have killed his dog."  
"A dastardly trick," interrupted the owner of the dog, "to kill a defenceless animal that would harm no one!"  
"Not much defenceless about him," chimed in the private, heatedly. "He bit pretty freely into my leg, so I ran my bayonet into him."  
"Nonsense!" answered the owner angrily. "He was a docile creature. Why did you not defend yourself with the butt of your rifle?"  
"Why didn't he bite me with his tail?" asked Private Jones with spirit.  
—The Orient.



## THE LEATHERNECK

# Vance to Defend Lightweight Title in Quantico

## BRAUNSTEIN TO MEET

### CHAMPION IN JUNE

**Rohanna to Meet Frank Cheslock  
for Welter Title May 27**

On May 27 the first championship boxing bout ever staged in the Marine Corps will be held in Quantico, when Frankie Cheslock, of that Post, meets George "Blackie" Rohanna, of Norfolk, for the welterweight title of the U. S. Marine Corps. Following closely on the heels of this title meeting will come the meeting between Walter "Wallie" Vance, now of Philadelphia, and Sam Braunstein, of Quantico, in which Vance will defend his crown of lightweight champion on either June 9, 10 or 11, the definite date to be announced later.

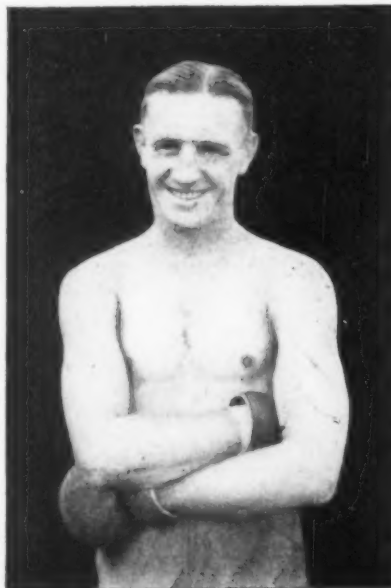
Championship belts, significant of the title will be presented the winners.

The staging of these title bouts are a result of the new and intense interest the Corps has taken in boxing, a sport heretofore sadly neglected for many reasons. One, and the main reason, was the scarcity of good boxers. Another was the lack of trainers to develop promising material when it did appear. But, in the last year men and officers alike have taken a new grip on the art of scrambling ears, both as a sport and an amusement for personnel, so that today the majority of posts are staging interesting cards very frequently. In the past sudden enthusiasm in boxing sprung up and then slowly died out. This was especially so in the Corps' largest Post, Quantico. Parris Island has always been an ardent devotee to the sport and to her goes a great deal

#### CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT RULES

The rules the championship bouts will be fought under for titles in the Marine Corps follow:

All bouts six (6) two (2) minute rounds, with one minute rest periods. Four judges and referee. In case of draw decision, one extra round in which decision must be given. The final vote if a draw, resting with the referee.



WALTER VANCE

of credit for keeping the sport alive, not only in the way of staging cards, but for the developing and training of fighters. Looking back two years or more fans will remember that Parris Island had a very excellent class of boxers under the guidance of Billy Roche, well-known trainer, now retired. In this class was Walter Vance, Blackie Rohanna, Cy Young, and Johnny Corbett, who should be active in the game today. During this time many lively and well-managed cards were held on the Island, witnessed by Major General Eli K. Cole, always an ardent fan and now Commanding Officer of Quantico.

After the retirement of Roche, Lieut. Boone took over things at the Gym at Parris Island and during his stay such men as Battling Verner, Kid Huckabee and Jucker joined this class, making it undoubtedly one of the best stable of boxers ever assembled under one roof for many years in the Corps. Soon, many of these men were transferred to different posts and today they are scattered far and wide. Some have continued to train and box when they can

and others have given up the game altogether.

Quantico during this time was staging some bouts from the class being trained by Sol Levinsky. In this class was Johnson, Hill, Orte, Jones, Moresco, Ellis, Hunt, Gottesman and many others whose names have slipped the writer's memory. Just when things were started nicely, however, Levinsky was transferred and the class soon broke up. Last Fall Captain Gover took things in hand and soon had a class at the Post Gym getting into shape. And with the aid of Major Cunningham and Lieut. Fellows some very cleverly matched bouts were staged and the fans began warming up to the sport. After Captain Gover's transfer to the tropics, Lieut. Neal took over the class with Lieut. Fellows aided by Sol Levinsky, who has been training the men. Today the following boxers constitute the class: Sweeny, Cheslock, Hill, Braunstein, Meeks, Pinion, McCormick, Nagarrition, Orte, Huckabee and Brown.

The Corps desires to have its crowned champions in all weights, which has always been sponsored by THE LEATHERNECK and the sudden announcements by the Army and Navy that they would meet Marine Corps boxers in a series of Service championship bouts at Philadelphia during the Sesqui-centennial in the last part of June, made it necessary that Marine Champions be decided immediately. Rohanna challenged Cheslock for the welter crown and Braunstein claimed a meeting with Vance for the lightweight crown. These meetings were arranged for the Corps now stands on the threshold of real official boxing and boxers.



FRANK CHESLOCK



GEORGIE ROHANNA

CO

al-

ring  
ned  
was  
llis,  
ose  
ory.  
ely,  
and  
ap-  
oon  
into  
un-  
ery  
and  
ort.  
the  
ass  
rin-  
en.  
ute  
un-  
ar-

ned  
al-  
ER-  
mts  
uld  
of  
lel-  
the  
hat  
di-  
for  
ned  
ght  
ged  
es-  
.







# Johnny Beckett To Coach Middies

## McHENRY GOES WEST TO RELIEVE MENTOR

### Marine Coach Chosen to Aid Annapolis Gridders Fill Pre-tentious Schedule

A change in the coaching system at the Naval Academy has been adopted. The athletic authorities on the Severn have decided to have a civilian as head coach of their football squad,



McHenry

perhaps because this formula works so well with the Marine Corps teams, so they thought it worth the while trying out this year. Therefore, they selected Bill Ingraham, who graduated from the Naval Academy some time ago, and resigned to accept a position as head coach at William and Mary College. His success there brought him a better proposition with the University of Indiana where he remained until last winter when his brother, Jonas Ingraham, who has entered as athletic officer at Annapolis, persuaded Bill to accept the position as head coach for football.

Finally accepting the position, Bill immediately looked around for assistants and among those outstanding in his mind was our own "Johnny" Beckett, who has done so much for the Corps on the gridiron. He knew of Beckett's reputation back in the days when he played out in Oregon and was picked for Walter Camp's All-American Football Team; and as he had followed Beckett's gridiron activities closely and was so much impressed with his success that he prevailed upon the Superintendent of the Naval Academy to ask the Major General Commandant to assign Beckett for duty at Annapolis this fall.

Beckett has orders to report to the Naval Academy the first of August, when he will enter upon his new duties there. He carries with him the united

### World's 300-Mile Record Broken

Harry Hartz, veteran racing driver from California, clipped five minutes from the world's 300-mile record, set last winter at Miami Beach by De Paolo, when he flashed home a winner in the opening race of the new Atlantic City race track. Hartz also carried home \$12,000 of the prize money. De Paolo and McDonough finished second and third, respectively.

### Old-Timer Stages Comeback

Father Time is having a tough time to put some of the old boys out of the running lately. Everett Scott, discarded from the Nats last year, has made a regular berth with the White Sox this season and is in there with all the pep expected from a Young 'un. Playing a duet with Eddie Collins is a sight for sore eyes.

### SWEENEY CHALLENGES

Battling Sweeney, fighting, banging, punching welter of Quantico, has challenged the winner of the Cheslock-Rohanna fight for the welterweight title of the U. S. Marine Corps.

As champions must be determined in as many weights as possible before the middle of June, it is felt that either Cheslock or Rohanna will have to meet Sweeney on the Vance vs. Braunstein card. This will make one of the most interesting and attractive boxing programs ever arranged for the Corps' fans.

good wishes for his success from every officer and man in the Marine Corps; not only that, but the Corps is very pleased to receive the invitation of the Naval Academy for the services of Lieut. Beckett and we are very glad that we can again be of a new service to the Navy, that is on the gridiron.

As a relief for Lieut. Beckett, who has been coaching the football teams at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California, Lieut. G. W. McHenry, captain of last year's Marine Corps football team, has been selected. He will report to San Diego for this duty the last week in July.

Lieut. McHenry played on the Marine Corps football team for three years, during which time he has been outstanding as a steady player, and his actual hours of playing exceed those of any other member on the team. Lieut. McHenry will be assisted by an officer whose selection will be announced later. There will also be three or four members of last year's Marine Corps football team moved to the west coast in exchange for certain ones who are being brought East.

In view of the hard football schedule to be carried on by Parris Island this fall, it has been decided not to draw any of their material for the Big team this year.



Johnny Beckett

## MAJOR LEAGUERS MAY SET NEW WORLD RECORDS

### Many Old-Timers Have Opportunity to Establish History

There are six players in the American League who are destined to break existing and set new world records this season in baseball. Not unless they never leave the bench again, can they escape these achievements, for they now hold the highest figures and in every case will only a small addition increase their totals to where they will undoubtedly stay for years, unbroken. The men are John, Cobb, Speaker, Collins, Ruth and Ray Schalk.

Johnson has a double chance at new high figures. At the end of the 1925 season he had fanned 3,324 men and had pitched 110 shutouts. In the opening game of this year he shut out his opponents and fanned nine men, establishing world records for himself. From now on, every time Walter fans a man and holds the other teams hitless he is pushing his record farther from the reach of coming ambitious hurlers.

Ty Cobb, on the other hand, has made more runs than any other player living or dead. At the close of last season they totaled 2,038. He has made more hits, 3,823; more extra base hits, 1,036, and has stolen more bases, 853. Every time he smacks a hit, slams the pill for extra bases or steals a sack, he is putting his records up further. Honus Wagner holds the record for games played, 2,785. This year Cobb has only 60 games to play in and that record is added to his belt.

Last year Tris Speaker established the world's two-base hit record, 675. Every one he socks this season, and from now on, boosts the record.

Babe Ruth, who is striving for a comeback this year, holds the record for homers. They totaled 309 at the end of last season. No other bimbo has ever socked out so many circuit clouts, and perhaps no one ever will. So, every time you read of the Bambino clouting out a four-bagger you can see the record going up.

In sacrifice hits Eddie Collins leads them all. Collins has hit that way 486 times. And every time he does so it is generally very helpful.

Each time Ray Schalk, of the White Sox, puts on his shin guards and gets behind a mask he is establishing a world record for catching. He has already caught some 1,630 games.

In the National League there is no combination like Cobb-Speaker-Collins, but there is a young man who will undoubtedly set a world record. That is Roger Hornsby. Hornsby has hit .400 three times, thereby tying Cobb and Jess Burkett and if he hits .400 this year it will be for three years in succession, and a record.

World records are few and far between these days, but the Marine Corps, Jim Baylis and Tom Stolle, Marine pitchers, share one and sit on the throne with the Mighty in Baseball.

# Devitt Preparatory School

GEORGE R. DEVITT, Principal

Prepares young men for all colleges, Annapolis, West Point and the Coast Guard, either by examination or certification in cases where the students' marks justify.

Experienced instructors, small classes with study periods under supervision of the teacher of the subject.

1414-18 33rd STREET N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## *WILKINS-ROGERS MILLING Co.*

*WASHINGTON, D. C.*





### MARINE TEAM PRESENTED JERSEYS BY COMMANDANT

The following baseball players were awarded jerseys by the Major General Commandant in the Commandant's office at headquarters:

Coach Keady, Capt. Freeny, 2nd Lt. Bailey, Chenoweth, Stock, Duncan, Hall, Hriszko, Fox, Hannah, Vitek, Buckoway, Stolle, Ballis, Parker, Maddes and Hudson.

In presenting the jerseys, the Major General Commandant made the following remarks:

"I have directed Major Fegan to have you men present this morning for the purpose of receiving your jerseys. In making this presentation, I wish first to preface that you men have performed splendidly on the diamond this spring; I see by your schedule that you have played the very best of college teams in the country and have won from them.

"You have shown the young men of our country—who will in the very near future be holding administrative positions—that the Marine Corps is composed of a high class of genteel young men as well as good ball players, and for this reason we are proud of you.

"Next week you will take a week's trip to New England to play Dartmouth College and the University of Vermont, and many other first-class colleges and universities in that section of the country. Your personal actions during this trip will be just as important as your athletic skill, as they both go hand in hand in making a favorable or unfavorable impression. This trip means that you are taking the colors of the Marine Corps of the athletic field into hotels, on streets, and on trains; so be extremely careful that the colors which you carry will glorify by you, both in an athletic way and in a personal way.

"Good luck to you all."

### PARRIS ISLAND BASEBALL TEAM, 1926

Standing, left to right: B. W. Surface, McLane, Jesse Kidd, Harre, T. L. Tucker, Mike Wetja, Harry Nason, C. C. Bishop, Jack Miller. Sitting, left to right: Merringer, Cy Young (Captain), Lieut. Knorr (Manager), General Lee, Maj. Lowell, Mr. Harvey (Coach), Hollingsworth, X. Y. Deer, and "Mike," the mascot.

### Batting Averages of Marine Team Up to and Including Randolph-Macon Game

Name	AB	H	Av
Duncan	136	51	.375
Freeny	121	44	.364
Hannah	55	19	.345
Bailey	105	35	.333
Balis	24	8	.333
Parsons	15	5	.333
Hall	69	21	.304
Hriszko	86	26	.302
Fox	27	8	.296
Chenoweth	126	36	.289
Stock	84	24	.286
Stolle	60	17	.283
Maddes	89	21	.236
Hudson	46	10	.217
Parker	11	2	.182
Bukoway	20	3	.150
Vitek	18	1	.056

Team	1092	331	.303
Chenoweth, center field			
Stock, right field			
Duncan, left field			
Bailey, catcher			
Freeny, first base			
Hall, second base			
Hannah, third base			
Hriszko, shortstop			
Balis, pitcher			
The above team has a batting average of .328.			

### SCHEDULE CHANGED

The game listed to be played against Catholic University at Quantico on May 15, was changed and the Marine squad traveled overland by car and played the University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

### FORMER MARINES LOSE

On Saturday, May 1st, the Democratic team of the House of Representatives defeated the Republican team by a score of 12-9. It is interesting to know that three members of the Republican team, Appleby (N. J.), Updike (Ind), and Montgomery (Okla.) are ex-Marines and enthusiastic supporters of Marine Corps athletics.

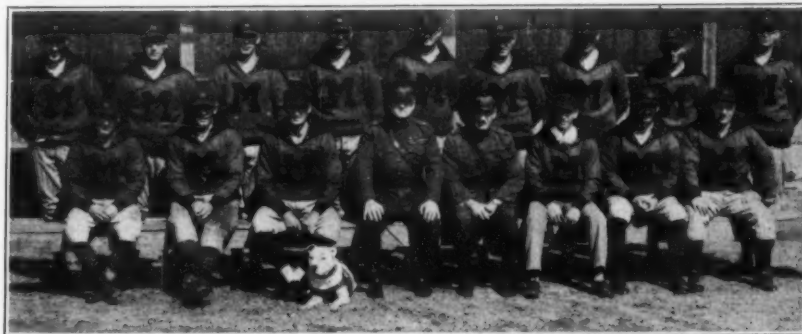
Republicans:	AB	H	O	A
Talley, rf	4	1	0	0
Bachman, 1b	4	4	9	0
Kelly, 2b	4	3	1	2
Appleby, 3b	3	1	1	1
Ketcham, cf	4	1	0	0
Rowbottom, lf	1	0	0	1
Sosnowski, lf	1	0	0	0
Reese, ss	2	0	1	0
Brum, ss	1	1	0	0
Updike, cf	3	2	8	0
Golder, c	1	0	0	0
Montgomery, p	3	0	1	2
Crowther	1	0	0	0

Totals	32	13	21	5
Democrats:	AB	H	O	A
Jones, 2b	5	1	2	2
Vinson, ss	5	1	0	1
Wilson, 1b	4	3	6	0
McMillan, c	4	1	8	0
Mead, cf	4	3	1	0
Lanham, 3b	5	0	0	0
Browning, rf	5	0	0	0
Connery, lf	3	0	0	0
O'Connell, lf	1	0	0	0
Busby, p	4	3	1	3

Totals	40	12	18	6
--------	----	----	----	---

\*Side retired in seventh. Republicans batted out of turn.

Republicans	700	002	0—9
Democrats	030	620	1—12





## WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	4	1	0	2	0	0
Freeny, 1b	4	3	3	11	0	0
Duncan, lf	4	1	1	3	0	0
Bailey, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Hall, 2b	4	0	1	1	3	0
Hannah, 3b	3	0	1	2	1	0
Hriszko, ss	3	0	1	0	2	0
Cavanaugh, c	2	0	0	7	2	0
Stolle, p	2	0	0	0	1	0

Totals .....29 5 7 27 9 0

West Va. Univ.:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Phillips, ss	4	1	1	1	2	1
Pfleger, cf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Farley, 2b	4	0	1	0	4	0
Morrison, 1b	4	0	1	11	0	0
Rowan, 3b	3	0	0	1	3	1
Heizer, lf	1	0	1	2	0	0
Neugent, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Lewis, rf, lf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Humphries, c	3	0	0	3	0	0
Harsanyi, p	3	0	0	0	0	0

Totals .....31 1 5 24 9 2

## By innings:

Marines .....103 000 010—5  
West Va. Univ. ....000 000 001—1

Two-base hits: Hall, Freeny. Three-base hits: Hannah. Home runs: Phillips. Stolen bases: Chenoweth, Freeny, 2; Duncan. Bases on balls: Harsanyi, 1. Sacrifices: Bailey, Cavanaugh. Left on bases: Marines, 3; West Va., 2. Struck out: by Harsanyi, 1. Stolle, 8.

Umpires: Green and Shurtleff.

Game at MB, Quantico, Va. Time of game 1:20.

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Freeny, 1b	2	0	0	15	0	0
Duncan, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Bailey, c	3	0	1	4	0	1
Hall, 2b	4	0	2	3	3	0
Hannah, 3b	3	1	0	3	2	0
Hriszko, ss	3	2	2	0	3	1
Stock, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Parsons, p	1	1	1	0	2	1
Parker, p	1	0	0	0	1	0

Totals .....28 4 7 27 11 4

West Va. Univ.:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Phillips, ss	4	1	1	0	5	1
Pfleger, cf	2	0	0	8	0	0
Farley, 2b	4	1	1	0	3	0
Morrison, 1b	3	0	1	9	0	0
Nugent, 3b	2	0	0	1	0	0
Rowan, 3b	2	0	0	1	0	0
Heizer, lf	4	1	0	2	0	0
Lewis, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Humphries, c	3	0	2	2	0	1
Lapinsky, p	4	0	0	1	2	3
*Brenaman	1	0	0	0	0	0

Totals .....32 3 6 24 10 5

## By innings:

Marines .....010 201 000—4  
West Va. Univ. ....010 010 010—3

\*Brenaman batted for Humphries in 9th.

Two-base hits: Chenoweth. Stolen bases: Bailey. First base on balls: off Lapinsky, 5; off Parsons, 3. Wild pitches: Lapinsky, 3; Parsons, 1; Parker, 1. Hit by pitcher: by Parker (Morrison). Sacrifice hits: Hriszko. Sacrifice flies: Freeny, 2. Struck out: by Parsons, 2; by Lapinsky, 2.

Umpires: Shurtleff and Green.

Game at MB, Quantico, Va. Time of game 2:05.

## MT. ST. MARYS

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	6	5	4	1	0	0
Freeny, 1b	5	1	2	7	0	0
Hudson, 1b	1	0	0	3	0	0
Duncan, lf	5	1	1	1	0	0
Bailey, c	6	2	3	6	1	0
Hall, 2b	5	0	2	4	2	1
Hannah, 3b	4	0	2	2	0	1
Hriszko, ss	5	0	1	1	7	0
Stock, rf	3	3	3	2	0	0
Vitek, p	4	2	0	0	2	1

Totals .....44 14 18 27 12 3

St. Marys:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Vaeth, ss	4	0	0	2	3	2
Mangenello, cf	3	1	0	1	0	1
Abby, lf	4	1	2	0	0	0
Snyder, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Cimpi, 3b	4	0	0	0	1	1
Galibart, 2b	1	0	0	1	0	0
Campbell, 2b	3	0	2	0	2	0
McAndrews, 1b	3	0	2	12	0	0
Allen, c	3	0	0	8	0	3
Standiford, p	3	0	0	0	2	0

Totals .....32 2 6 24 8 7

Home runs: Chenoweth, Bailey, Duncan, Stock, Abby. Two-base hits: Freeny, Chenoweth. Stolen bases: Chenoweth, Bailey. Struck out: by Standiford, 9; by Vitek, 5. Bases on balls: off Standiford, 3. Double plays: Hall, Hriszko, Hudson. Hit by pitcher: by Standiford (Stock); by Vitek, (Mangenello).

Umpires: Shurtleff and McHenry.

Game at MB, Quantico, Va. Time of game 2:00.

## CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	4	1	2	0	0	0
Freeny, 1b	3	0	0	12	0	0
Duncan, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
C. Bailey, rf	4	1	0	1	1	1
Hall, 2b	2	0	0	6	3	0
Hannah, 3b	2	1	1	2	1	1
Hriszko, ss	2	1	1	0	6	0
Maddes, c	3	0	1	5	1	1
Stolle, p	3	1	1	0	5	0

Totals .....27 5 7 27 17 3

Catholic U.:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Keale, 1b	3	0	0	11	0	1
Bailey, lf	4	0	2	3	0	1
Foley, cf	5	0	1	3	0	0
Adams, ss	3	0	2	1	4	0
Garvin, 2b	3	0	0	0	0	0
Ignace, 3b	4	0	0	2	1	0
Peloski, rf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Doyle, rf	0	0	0	0	0	0
McMahon, c	4	1	3	3	1	0
Cloonan, p	4	0	1	0	3	0
†Smith	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals .....33 1 10 24 9 2

†Smith batted for Peloski in 8th.

## By innings:

Marines .....021 000 200—5  
Catholic University ....000 100 000—1

Two-base hit: McMahon. Three-base hits: Hriszko, Hannah, Chenoweth. Stolen base: Foley. Sacrifice hits: Bailey, Freeny, Hall, Hannah, Hriszko. Bases on balls: off Stolle, 4; off Cloonan, 1. Struck out: by Stolle, 6; by Cloonan, 3. Left on bases: Catholic U., 9; Marines, 2. Double play: Hriszko to Hall to Freeny.

## MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Freeny, 1b	6	3	4	16	2	1
Duncan, lf	6	1	2	1	0	0
Bailey, c	4	1	1	6	0	1
Hall, 2b	5	2	1	3	6	0
Hriszko, ss	4	3	2	1	5	0
Fox, 3b	6	0	2	4	1	0
Stock, rf	6	1	4	2	0	0
Vitek, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
Bukowy, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Stolle, p	1	0	1	1	1	0

Totals .....46 12 18 34 17 2

Mt. St. Mary's:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Vaeth, 2b	6	1	2	3	4	0
Abby, lf	6	0	1	2	0	0
Campbell, 3b	6	2	3	4	0	0
Snyder, rf	5	2	3	4	0	0
Cimpi, ss	5	1	1	2	4	1
McAndrews, 1b	6	1	1	6	1	0
Oyler, cf	4	1	2	2	0	0
Hemler, c	4	1	2	8	0	0
Woodgie, p	5	0	2	2	2	0

Totals .....47 9 17 33 11 1

## By innings:

Marines .....121 011 300 03—12  
Mt. St. Mary's Col. ....024 010 002 00—9

Two-base hits: McAndrews, Snyder, Stock. Three-base hits: Oyler, Vaeth. Home runs: Freeny, Hemler, Cimpi, Campbell. Stolen bases: Freeny (2). Struck out: by Woodgie, 4; by Vitek, 1. First base on balls: off Woodgie, 6; off Bukowy, 2. Passed ball: Bailey. Hit by pitcher: by Stolle (Oyler). Double plays: Hall to Freeny; Fox to Hall to Freeny.

Umpire: Brockman. Game at Emmitsburg, Md. Time of game 2:45.

## GUILFORD COLLEGE

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	3	2	1	1	0	0
Freeny, 1b	6	3	3	11	0	0
Duncan, lf	6	2	3	1	0	0
Bailey, c	4	2	2	4	0	0
Maddes, c	2	1	1	1	1	0
Hall, 2b	2	2	1	0	2	0
Hriszko, ss	3	2	1	0	2	0
Fox, 3b	5	3	3	1	2	1
Stock, rf	4	0	1	5	0	0
Stolle, p	5	1	0	0	2	0

Totals .....40 18 16 27 12 1

Guilford College:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Griffin, 3b	4	0	0	2	0	2
Smith, cf	4	2	2	3	0	0
Kendall, rf	4	0	2	0	0	0
Ferrell, c	4	0	0	9	5	0
Lindley, 1b	4	0	0	4	0	0
Hendrickson, 2b	3	1	1	2	2	0
English, ss	3	0	0	4	3	0
Parrish, lf	3	1	1	0	1	0
Pool, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Rabb, p	2	0	0	0	0	0

Totals .....32 4 6 24 11 2

## By innings:

Marines .....503 160 300—18  
Guilford College .....120 000 001—4

Two-base hits: Freeny, Bailey, Stock, Fox, 2. Home runs: Smith (2), Parrish, Bailey, Duncan, Freeny, Fox. Stolen bases: Freeny (2), Duncan, Hall. First base on balls: off Pool, 2; off Rabb, 6. Struck out: by Poole, 4; by Rabb, 1; by Stolle, 2. Wild pitch: Pool. Hit by pitcher: by Pool (Chenoweth, Hall). Double plays: Fox to Hall to Freeny.

Umpire: Shurtleff. Game at Quantico, Va. Time of game 2:10.

## TRI-SERVICE BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP AT PHILLY

For the first time in a great many years, the Army, Navy and Marine Corps will compete in one of the most pretentious championship tournaments ever undertaken by the services in connection with the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The bouts will be held in June in the new Municipal Stadium and will continue for three nights. It is estimated that over 100,000 people will witness the fights. Exact dates have not been set but it is felt that three dates late in June will be chosen. All men in uniform will be admitted free.

Instead of the usual three-round bouts of amateur tournaments, the service matches will go for six rounds of two minutes each. There will be two contestants from each arm of the service, who will be allowed to weigh in from 9 to 12 o'clock on the morning of the preliminary rounds, special precautions have been made to prevent any overweight entrants.

William Rocap, Chairman of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Committee, will have full charge of the referees and judges. The tournament was arranged under the auspices of Major W. C. Rose, Second Army Corps; Colonel J. P. O'Neil, Third Army Corps; Major J. C. Fegan, Marine Corps, and Commander D. F. Patterson and Lieut. Commander F. E. Pubberoth of the Navy.

Post athletic officers knowing of GOOD boxers at their posts should rush information regarding them to The Sports Editor, The Leatherneck.

### VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	2	1	1	5	0	0
Freeny, rf	3	2	2	0	2	0
Duncan, lf	3	1	1	2	0	0
Bailey, c	4	0	2	4	0	0
Maddes, c	0	0	0	1	0	0
Hall, 2b	4	0	0	2	4	0
Hudson, 1b	4	1	1	9	1	1
Hriszko, ss	1	2	0	1	2	0
Hannah, 3b	3	2	2	2	1	0
Vitek, p	1	0	0	1	1	1
Bukowy, c	2	0	0	0	1	0
†Monteith	1	1	1	0	0	0

Totals .....28 10 10 27 12 2

V. M. I.:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Massey, 2b	3	0	0	4	4	0
Cheek, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Lipscomb, rf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Deitrik, cf	2	1	1	3	0	1
Caldwell, c	4	1	2	4	3	0
Wolf, 3b	4	0	0	0	0	0
McCall, 1b	4	0	0	8	0	1
Taylor, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Barham, ss	3	0	1	3	5	0
Neid, p	3	0	0	0	0	0
†Crockett	1	1	0	0	0	0
†Falkner	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals .....29 3 5 24 12 2

†Batted for Vitek in 4th.

†Batted for Cheek in 8th.

†Batted for Taylor in 9th.

By innings:

Marines .....004 210 120—10

V. M. I. ....000 200 010—3

Two-base hits: Crockett, Deitrik. Home runs: Caldwell, Duncan. Stolen bases: Caldwell, Chenoweth, Hudson. Sacrifice hit: Hannah. Struck out: by Vitek, 2; by Bukowy, 1; by Nied, 2. First base on balls: off Vietk, 2; off Bukowy, 1; off Nied, 6. Left on bases: V. M. I., 2; Marines, 1. Hit by pitcher: by Vitek (Cheek); by Neid (Chenoweth); by Bukowy (Falkner). Double play: Barham, unassisted.

Umpires: Shurtleff and Watt. Game at Quantico, Va. Time of game 1:45.

### GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Freeny, rf	4	0	0	0	0	1
Duncan, lf	3	1	1	2	0	0
Hall, 2b	3	0	0	0	3	0
Hudson, 1b	3	0	1	15	0	1
Hriszko, ss	4	0	0	1	5	0
Hannah, 3b	3	2	1	0	3	1
Maddes, c	2	0	0	6	1	0
Bailey, c	1	0	0	2	0	0
Parker, p	3	0	1	0	4	0

Totals .....29 3 4 26 16 3

Gettysburg C.: AB R H O A E

Craun, ss	3	0	1	1	1	0
Wells, lf	2	0	0	1	0	1
Bream, 1b	4	0	0	10	0	0
Stevens, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Wolfinger, cf	4	0	0	6	0	0
Filbert, 3b	2	1	0	2	1	1
Williams, c	4	0	1	2	0	0
Chattenger, 2b	2	0	0	1	3	0
Mortimer, p	3	0	0	0	3	0
†Shell	1	0	0	0	0	0

Totals .....29 1 2 24 8 2

†Shell batted for Filbert in 9th.

By innings:

Marines .....000 010 110—3

Gettysburg College .....000 100 000—1

Two-base hits: Hudson, Hannah. Stolen bases: Chenoweth, Duncan, Wells. Sacrifice hit: Wells. First base on balls: off Parker, 3; off Mortimer, 4. Struck out: by Parker, 8; by Mortimer, 2. Left on bases: Marines, 2; Gettysburg, 3. Hit by pitcher: by Mortimer (Hannah); by Parker (Chattenger).

### WASHINGTON COLLEGE

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Freeny, 1b	4	1	1	9	0	1
Hudson, 1b	1	0	0	5	0	0
Duncan, lf	4	3	3	2	0	0
Bailey, c	4	3	3	1	1	0
Maddes, c	1	0	0	2	0	0
Hannah, 3b	3	1	2	2	1	0
Hall, 2b	2	1	2	2	1	2
Hriszko, ss	4	1	3	1	2	1
Fox, 2b-3b	5	1	1	1	6	0
Stock, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Parker, p	3	0	1	0	4	1

Totals .....39 12 17 26 15 5

Wash. College: AB R H O A E

Dumschott, cf	4	1	0	2	1	1
Bosman, 3b	3	1	1	1	1	0
Mandrell, rf	1	0	0	0	0	1
Cavanaugh, 1b-ss	4	1	2	6	0	0
Smoot, lf	2	1	0	0	0	0
Fitzpatrick, 1b-rf	4	0	0	5	0	0
Galvin, 2b	4	0	1	2	3	1
Conant, 3b	1	0	0	1	1	0
Atkins, ss	2	0	0	2	4	0
Jacobs, c	4	0	0	5	0	0
Carroll, p	2	1	1	0	2	3

Totals .....31 5 5 24 12 6

By innings:

Marines .....305 210 01x—12

Washington College .....003 010 001—5

Two-base hits: Bailey, Fox. Home runs: Duncan (2), Bailey, Carroll. First base on balls: off Parker, 7; off Carroll, 3. Struck out: by Parker, 4; by Carroll, 4. Double plays: Galvin to Atkins to Cavanaugh; Galvin to Cavanaugh; Hriszko to Fox to Hudson. Wild pitches: Carroll, 3. Hit by pitcher: by Carroll (Duncan); by Parker (Cavanaugh).

Umpire: Shurtleff. Game at Quantico, Va. Time of game 2:15.

### WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	6	2	2	4	0	0
Freeny, 1b	2	1	1	5	0	0
Monteith, 1b	4	0	0	15	2	1
Duncan, lf	6	2	1	2	0	0
Bailey, c	6	1	3	6	2	1
Hall, 2b	7	1	2	4	3	0
Maddes, 3b	6	0	2	2	3	0
Hannah, 3b	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hriszko, ss	6	0	0	1	5	0
Stock, rf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Baylis, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
Stolle, p	4	0	0	1	4	0
*Hudson	1	0	0	0	0	0
**Bukowy	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals .....53 7 12 42 20 2

Wake Forest: AB R H O A E

Timberlake, cf	5	1	0	3	0	0
Greason, 2b	7	1	1	2	3	1
Clayton, ss	6	1	1	6	0	2
Baucan, rf	3	2	1	3	0	0
Holt, lf	6	1	3	3	0	0
Riley, 1b	6	0	5	17	0	0
P. Joyner, 3b	5	0	0	2	3	1
Martin, c	1	0	0	2	0	0
Phelps, c	4	0	0	2	1	0
K. Joyner, p	6	0	1	0	5	1

Totals .....49 6 12 40 12 5

By innings:

Marines .....203 001 000 000 01—7

Wake Forest ...202 000 200 000 00—6

\*Hudson batted for Baylis in 4th.

\*\*Buckoway ran for Maddes in 13th.

Two-base hits: Riley. Three-base hits: Clayton, Holt, Chenoweth. Home runs: Chenoweth. Stolen bases: Duncan, Baucan, Riley. Struck out: by Baylis, 3; Stolle, 3; Joyner, 4. Bases on balls: off Baylis, 2; Stolle, 2; Joyner, 4. Sacrifices: Stock, Bailey.

Umpires: Shurtleff and McHenry. Game at MB, Quantico, Va. Time of game 2:45.

### 100-Yard Record Equalled

Roland Locke, University of Nebraska flash, equalled the world's record for the 100 yard dash of 9.6 seconds, and clipped three-tenths of a second off of the record for the 220-yard dash on May 1. His time of 20.5 seconds for the 220 was recognized, but his running in the 100-yard dash was not considered by officials as they say he was running with the wind, which was strong at the time.

Running without apparent effort Locke flashed home far ahead of the field in the 220 and officials state that there was a decided lull in the wind at the running of this event. It is expected that Locke will do his best to shatter the century record later in the season.

## SOCKO!!

Boxing has taken with a bang and the whole Corps from Boston to China will soon vibrate to the trembles thrown off from the championship bouts being held at Quantico on May 27 and June 10.

We are off to—BETTER BOXING—A MARINE CORPS SPORT.

This column is anxious to hear from the West Coast regarding their boxers. Also their claims regarding titles, etc.

Don't let's stop there either! If you have a boxer of renown at your Post let us have your dope, pictures and general information about him.

Send it to Sports Editor, The Leatherneck, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

The Marine Base, San Diego, has some promising boys. There's Billy Dewire in the junior lightweight class and Carter, a likely middleweight who have been giving the fans a real run for their money.

Mickey Coyne, the lad who stepped so high and often out China-way, is back on the East Coast on recruiting duty at Newark. Mickey is getting into shape and plans to defend the middleweight laurels for the Corps at Philly at the Tri-Service championship bouts during the Sesqui-centennial the last of June.

Walter Vance, king of Marine lightweights, who is to defend his crown against the banging of Sam Braunstein at Quantico on June 10, is preparing for his fight at the Arcadia Gym in Philly. Vance was seen by the writer some few days ago in action during a workout with Lew Tendler, who is staging a comeback that will cause a comment in national ring circles. Vance looked good. He is faster, apparently clever and can hit—and hard. For his heavy hitting training he stacks up against Blackburn, famous colored battler of days gone by, who could lick anything that wore gloves.

Jack Brady, well-known Philadelphia trainer, is handling Vance and will accompany him to Quantico. Brady says that he believes Wallie can go far in the game and the outcome of the coming fight will mean everything, or nothing, to his pugilistic future.

Dropping down the coast we find Sam Braunstein in strenuous training for the meeting that means so much to him.

Sam is a New York boy who has boxed some around the Gotham City in amateur ranks. Since being in the Corps he has beaten everything in his weight—and above it. Sam has a nice build, a fast left jab which he uses to effect and usually fights around 137. He is to make 135 at 2 o'clock in the afternoon the day he meets Vance.

Ad Stone has been sent to a farm in New Jersey by his manager to build the

## FAST BOXING EXHIBITION STAGED AT QUANTICO

Four Bout Card Thrills Fans at  
Virginny Post on May 13

Quantico was served a tasty dish of boxing on the night of May 13 when a series of four bouts thrilled the packed Gym from start to finish. The feature of the evening was the exhibition bout of three two-minute rounds between Frank Cheslock, who will defend his title of Welterweight Champion against Georgie Rohanna on May 27, and Sam Braunstein, who will meet Walter Vance for the lightweight title of the Corps on June 9.

After a very lengthy introduction Cheslock and Braunstein sparred off in the opening round treating the fans to their first glance at a little real "pro" action. Sam was the first to open up. He did so with a left jab that caught Frank flush on the chin and countered with a right hook. Cheslock covered up quickly and followed the lightweight up with a series of body blows that drove Braunstein around the ring. The latter

boxer up and put him in proper condition.

This move will undoubtedly be the salvation of Stone. The big boy has not been up to snap since his go with Young Stribling a long way back. His meeting with Eddie Huffman found Stone in very poor condition and in this go he received the worst of everything. It is hoped that the former Marine may stage a good clean come-back after his year of recuperating.

In the last issue this column called off the proposed meeting of Frank Cheslock and Walter Vance. Since then plans have been made to arrange a meeting between Cheslock and Young Rohanna, of Norfolk, for the welter title of the Corps.

This should be an excellent battle. Cheslock is an old hand at the game, while Rohanna is a youngster with a great many tricks and plenty of stamina. Both are hard hitters who can take as well as give a good lacing. Quantico is the place—May 27th the time.

Sweeny, the welter who has been causing all the comment in Washington, is still going strong. His managers intend challenging the winner of the Cheslock-Rohanna match as soon as that bout is over. Many claim the Irish lad should get a crack at Cheslock before Rohanna is signed to fight him, but the powers that be feel that seniority places Rohanna ahead of Sweeny in this claim.

Although Sweeny uses very little science in fighting he is a very dangerous man. A very heavy hitter of a slugger type; he can also take an awful amount of punishment and never slows down. His mode of boxing is very similar to that used by Harry Greb, sort of a windmill fashion, with his long heavy arms flaying an opponent unmercifully. It is a general opinion in ring circles at Quantico that Sweeny will beat either Cheslock or Rohanna, but only a meeting will settle the question.

soon stopped the advance by a quick return of hard straight punches. The bell found them emerging from a clinch.

In the second they both slowed down to a boxing exhibit that brought exclamation of praise from the crowd. In this round Cheslock showed his ring experience, which added to his additional weight gave him a decided advantage over the lightweight claimant.

The third round was a repetition of the second with Braunstein showing a decided lack of wind and training. His defense was weak with Frank playing heavy on his body at will. The final gong got them in a light exchange of punches in a neutral corner.

A newcomer named Brown from the 10th Regiment, and Fred Englert, of Washington, boxed the final bout. Both were announced at 129 pounds. The opening round was a series of clever, but unnecessary footwork by both lads, with a very slight exchange of punches.

In the second, both boys pulled one of the familiar "Brodis," executing them so well that few realized what was going on in the ringed arena. Seldom does a man rise from the canvas with clear eyes and firm step after landing flat on his back from what apparently was a sock flat on the chin. Brown and Englert both have makings of clever boxers and should remember that any more tactics as pulled in their last meeting will hinder any REAL progress they should care to make in the game.

Amata, from the Baseball Detachment, and Alois, of the 12th Regiment, boxed the semi-final giving the fans a full five-spot of comedy mixed with some heavy slugging. These lightweights opened up with an attack on each other that had all the ear-marks of a free-for-all. Suddenly Amata ceased firing and strutted away bearing the attitude of a victorious Mussolini which brought howls of laughter from the house. Alois did his best to better his cocky opponent, but found it practically impossible to do any damage to the strutting, mimicking boxer. Both wore heavy pouches which slowed them down considerably. Minus these, the two would draw a crowd in any arena. Amata was given the fight although his fondness for rabbit-punches should have disqualified him.

In the opener of the evening, Pinion, a comer who needs careful training to bring out his real self, lost a three-round bout to "Nica" Nargarition. Both are lightweights. The first round was full of pepper with Nica launching a series of damaging blows on Pinion's body and head that made the going very hard for the little blonde. Regaining himself, Pinion displayed a plucky comeback and the remaining half of the round was a consistent slugging festival.

The second round was a draw. Starting in the third Nica drove Pinion around the canvas with an everlasting series of body blows but was unable to attain a knock-out. Both men have far to go and should meet again as they are willing mixers.

Colonel Ray, Captain Baker and Captain Rohan officiated as judges, while Lieut. Neal refereed. First Sergeant Berry kept the time-piece and Lieut. Fellows did the Humphries act.





## National Electrical Supply Company

1328-1330 NEW YORK AVENUE

Washington, D. C.

Electrical Supplies and Appliances

Radio Supplies—Automobile  
Accessories



Machinery and Mill  
Supplies



The terms of Morris Plan Loans are simple and practical and fair—it is not necessary to have had an account at this bank to borrow.

For each \$50 or fraction borrowed you agree to deposit \$1 per week in an Account, the proceeds of which may be used to cancel the note when due. Deposits may be made on a weekly, semi-monthly or monthly basis as you prefer.

### EASY TO PAY

Loan	Weekly Deposit For 50 Weeks	Loan	Weekly Deposit For 50 Weeks
\$100	\$2.00	\$500	\$10.00
\$200	\$4.00	\$1,000	\$20.00
\$300	\$6.00	\$5,000	\$100.00
\$400	\$8.00	\$10,000	\$200.00

Loans are passed within a day or two after filing application—with few exceptions.

MORRIS PLAN notes are usually made for 1 year, though they may be given for any period of from 3 to 12 months.

**MORRIS PLAN BANK, 1408 H Street N. W.**

Under Supervision U. S. Treasury

"Character and Earning Power Are the Basis of Credit"

## HAVE YOU READ

# "FACTS ABOUT PROHIBITION?"

## Association Against Prohibition

Lenox Building

WASHINGTON, D. C.

**THIS COUPON AND \$3.00 WILL BUY ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION  
TO THE LEATHERNECK**

Inform us of Your  
Changes of Address

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## 4 out of 5 are victims

Whether you are a Marine or a civilian, your gums are the keys to health. Why pay the price of neglect? Keep your gums healthy and strong, then your teeth will not suffer the penalties of Pyorrhea.

Forhan's is a safe, efficient, pleasant tasting dentifrice and its daily use counteracts the effects of harmful bacteria.

Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to warn you of Pyorrhea's coming. Ward it off by going regularly to the dentist and using Forhan's twice a day—it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps your mouth fresh, clean and wholesome.

★

Sold at all  
Post Exchanges

Formula of  
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.  
Forhan Company,  
New York

**Forhan's**  
**FOR THE GUMS**

More than a tooth paste  
—it checks Pyorrhea



### NON-COM LIQUID POLISH

For Cleaning and Burnishing  
Service Ornaments Buttons  
Buckles Slides

Price, 35 cents  
Especially adapted to the needs of  
all Branches of the Service

Prepared by  
F. P. WELLER, Druggist  
Cor. 8th and I Sts. S. E.  
Washington, D. C.

# SHORTS on SPORTS

By ED. HAGENAH, Sports Editor

After computing a few statistics we find that our Marine nine is a heavy-hitting far-slugging squad. Up to and including the Randolph-Macon game, the entire squad of 17 men average over .303 with the stick.

Cutting down the squad to a regular team of nine men, these worthies average .328 which is an exceptionally creditable showing in any league or season. This remarkable average has been maintained against some of the best collegiate pitchers east of the Father of Rivers—Mrs Sippi.

\* \* \*

Bozo Duncan, the Babe Ruth of Marine ball, leads the team with .375. Sam Freeny follows him closely with .364, while Hannah takes third money with .345.

\* \* \*

Duncan has been at bat 136 times, securing 51 hits, six of which were homers.

\* \* \*

Pee Wee Hall, whose addition strengthened the infield at the start of the season, is only hitting .304. Yeh! ONLY—but his fielding average ranks very high in its stead.

\* \* \*

Maddes, relief catcher, is out for the remainder of the season with a broken finger on his right hand. A foul tip in the first inning of the Randolph-Macon game did the dirty work.

\* \* \*

Zeke Bailey is hitting the apple for over .333. Zeke has always been a heavy and consistent hitter even in the old days at Maryland where he was the stumbling block for visiting pitchers.

\* \* \*

Hudson is still pushing Freeny for a regular berth at first and may nose out the veteran next season. Hudson is by no means a new hand, having done a hitch with the Raleigh team in the Piedmont League.

\* \* \*

Some time ago this column had a little chatter with our Parris Island correspondent, Jeff Daniels, regarding the old and aged game of lacrosse. The argument being more or less public drew comment pro and con from all sides. However, we must bow our closely-clipped bean and state that we were very much snowed under with the result and that after much persuasion and study (which consisted of witnessing a few games of lacrosse) we are now 100 per cent lacrosse rooters. Hurrah!

Among a few of the parties who would gentlemanly persuade, or more forcefully coax us to recognize the game was Lieut. "Swede" Larson, well-known mentor and present athletic officer of Parris Island. Larson at one time was picked as All-American cover on a team chosen by the leading followers of the game.

Since the time of all this argumentation, the Marine Corps has announced that lacrosse will become one of its All-Sports beginning next season. In fact, preparations are being made now for gathering the making of a team together.

\* \* \*

Scouting around this column has located a few men who have played the game. One in particular is Jack McQuade, of football fame, who was very active during his days at University of Maryland.

\* \* \*

Perhaps a few words regarding the sport would be appropriate at this time.

The game is very old, originating back to the days of the Indians, being later picked up by the French and English colonists. The Indians set out a course that was miles in length with two large trees at each end as goal posts. Going to half way between goals they tossed up a round stone between the opposing sides who were all equipped with sticks having small cups on the ends; a sort of pocket grooved out of the end. The object of the game was to catch the stone in this pocket and then run and toss the stone in from one to another on their side until it was thrown between the goal posts. The opposing side was to get the stone away and try and return it toward their goal. That's where the fun came in.

Today the game is played practically the same, only the length between goals has been shortened and sticks (called crosses) having pockets of gut strings, similar to loosely fastened tennis rackets have replaced the heavy and crude clubs the Indians used. It is an excellent game for developing wind and endurance. The uniform worn is similar to that used in playing soccer with large, heavily padded gloves and a helmet resembling a head-guard as accessories.

Very few rules govern the play. The most important being that you can not hit everybody—only the man with the ball (which has been improved over the stone). A man can not trip an opponent with his stick or use it to defend himself as he would a bayonet.

However, from appearances, all rules are forgotten when they go after the man carrying the ball in his pocket, of his crosse—of course. Football coaches advocate the game as a wonderful training game for their men as it makes them agile, long-winded and gives them the necessary workout without too much football propaganda. Our own coach, Tom Keady, has long preached the game not only as a feature for football players, but as a great sport for men in general.

## FRANK MICHELBACK FURNITURE

Telephone Alex. 405

814 King Street, Alexandria, Va

## THE RALEIGH

Pennsylvania Avenue at Twelfth Street

EUROPEAN PLAN

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Accommodations for 700

Unexcelled Cuisine

Convenient Fireproof Garage

Washington, D. C.

## *The Place to Dine* OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT

*Headquarters for*

THE NAVY AND THE ARMY

GUS BUCHHOLZ & SON, Proprietors

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DRINK

## Orange Crush

SOLD IN KRINKLY BOTTLES ONLY

~~~~~  
COLUMBIA ORANGE CRUSH BOTTLING CO.

Lincoln 18

911 2ND STREET N. E.

W. E. GLADSTONE, Mgr.



before the student in such a simple way that any one who is able to read and write cannot fail to understand." Rear Admiral Knight, U. S. N., ret., author of the standard work on seamanship used by the U. S. Navy, and Commander Muir, U. S. N., author of the navigation text used at the U. S. Naval Academy, comment on this course in the same vein. The work of our instructors in the School of Navigation has received the highest commendation from the faculty of one of the largest correspondence schools in the world and the Institute feels that it can confidently state that no better instruction than it gives in this subject is to be had in any educational institution in the United States.

The School of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Domestic Science operates a Bureau of Information which answers all inquiries pertaining in any way to these subjects and is glad to give any information or advice which may help a man to get started successfully on a farming career. The value of the courses offered is unquestioned. The School receives bulletins from organizations interested in agriculture all over the United States.

For the Marine Officer the civil engineering courses must have a special appeal, the subjects with which they deal forming so important a part in the duties of his profession. It is superfluous to point out that today an understanding of the theory of engineering work is an absolutely essential part of the equipment of the successful military engineer.

To the enlisted men these courses afford an opportunity to acquire information which it would take years at college to learn, notwithstanding the cost to him if he took the course in civilian life.

The courses in agriculture, the vocation which has more followers in our country than any other, naturally are of special interest. The Institute regrets that the student-body enrolled in these courses is so small, as it is undoubtedly true that there are more Marines who have had practical experience in farming than in any other gainful occupation. It is realized that some such men have enlisted in the service partly to escape from industrial conditions on the farm to which they naturally do not look forward to returning. So many, however, reconsider this decision and do later take up the great work of producing the raw materials which support the country that the Institute feels, with keen regret, that many must do so without the advantages of the immensely valuable information on the subject that they might have obtained from our courses. Such study, moreover, by equipping a man with a knowledge of improved modern agricultural methods, would in many cases enable him to overcome those obstacles which had previously made farming distasteful, and to succeed where he before had failed. Agriculture is a great and noble profession and, where followed by men properly equipped for its pursuit, is highly profitable both financially and in the satisfaction which it gives to many of the common human desires. For these reasons the Institute will particularly appreciate the cooperation of Commanding Officers and others interested in the future welfare of the enlisted

## THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Continued from page 6

men, in pointing out to Marines who have previously lived on farms the advantages to be gained from an early determination to return to farming and a consequent enrollment in one of our courses in agriculture.

### Industrial Schools

The Industrial Schools are divided into the schools of automobile, chemistry, pharmacy, mining, and metallurgy, electrical engineering, telephone and telegraph, steam engineering, gas engines, and refrigeration.

In this "Automobile Age" it is essential that most everyone know something about motor cars. This applies especially to owners and chauffeurs. The automobile school of the Marine Corps Institute makes it possible that every Marine may learn just as much as he wishes about automobiles. This embraces the complete Automobile course which in turn has a sub course, the Automobile Electrical Equipment course. The Complete Automobile course lives up to its name and covers everything in motor cars. The textbooks used are only of the newest, covering the changes and improvements in automobiles as they take place. The car is taken apart, explained and put together before the student. Nothing is left out and anyone who can read and think is able to grasp every illustration. The course is not complicated nor tedious, but requires clear thinking and plenty of study.

The Chemistry courses embraces the following subjects: mathematics, physics, inorganic and organic chemistry, and industrial chemistry, including subjects in steam engineering and electricity. The study of chemistry is hard without laboratory facilities to which the average Marine has no access. Our school of pharmacy enables our students to prepare themselves for examination as registered pharmacists. The school of mining and metallurgy covers these two sub-

jects very thoroughly and any Marine can prepare and pass examinations in any position along that line, from mine foreman to metallurgical engineer.

The school of electrical engineering, telephony, and telegraphy, presents opportunities of varied magnitude. This variety of work is so vast that anyone can find a task suitable to his inclination and training. Every city has its lighting, telegraph, and telephone systems. Large railroads are relying more and more each year upon the work that may be accomplished by the aid of electricity. In very recent years radio, which is but one phase of the use of electricity, has become very important commercially as well as an addition to almost every home. With these many uses of electricity comes employment with high salary for the man who knows what to do.

The steam engineering schools embrace every subject necessary to a steam engineer, including a course in marine engineering. The courses are prepared so as to help the students qualify for a licensed examination, but they are in no sense a set of cut and dried questions and answers restricted to examination requirements.

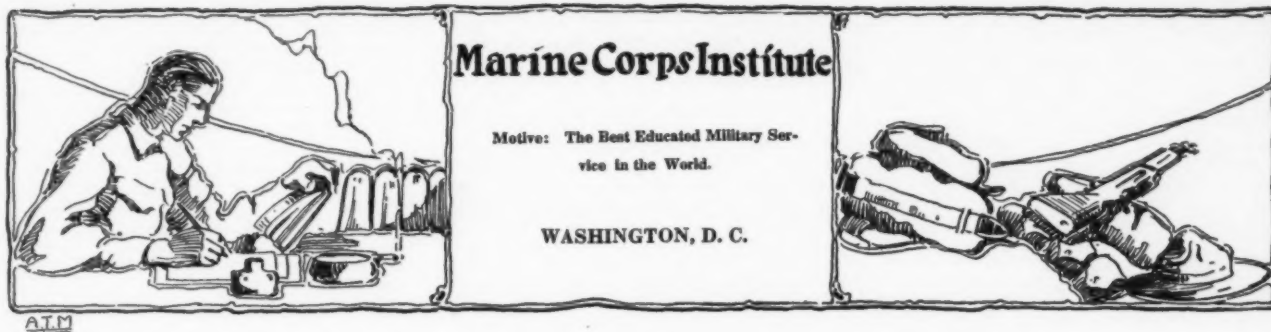
The gas engine course furnishes the technical training that with experience will fit the student to become a competent, all round gas engine operator. A sub-course under this is the aeroplane engine course and covers the theory of internal combustion engines, showing the application of such engines to heavier-than-air craft. This course has been highly commended by aviators who have taken same, and should be taken by all men desiring advancement along this line of work.

The refrigeration course is highly recommended, as artificial refrigeration has many great advantages over the old method of cooling with ice and is applied to many uses in which many millions of dollars are invested. In the near future the expansion along this line will be more marked than it has been in the past, as very little information regarding ice making and refrigerating machinery has heretofore been obtainable. Therefore there is a great scarcity of operating engineers with technical knowledge along this line. Salaries, therefore, are correspondingly high.

From the information and statistics given above one cannot but feel that the Marine Corps Institute has been a success, in that it has increased the educational standard and morale of the Marine Corps. We attribute the greater part of this success to the ever willing cooperation of the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps and the support the majority of the organization commanders have given us. It is urgently desired that every officer in the Marine Corps give this activity his whole hearted support and help to make the Marine Corps THE BEST EDUCATED MILITARY SERVICE IN THE WORLD.

Any person desiring a catalogue of the courses or any information about the Marine Corps Institute, should write to the "Director, Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C."





## May, 1926—Monthly Report

|                                                        |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Total number individuals enrolled .....                | 7,779  |
| Total number enrolled since last report .....          | 247    |
| Total number disenrolled since last report .....       | 220    |
| Number examination papers received during period ..... | 2,953  |
| Number examination papers received during year .....   | 15,926 |
| Total number graduates to date .....                   | 2,931  |

*Written especially for THE LEATHERNECK for the purpose of encouraging Marines to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the Marine Corps Institute*

Success in life is measured by what we get out of it. The same holds true in the Marine Corps.

Every man in the Marine Corps is always eager to answer "Mess Call" and "Pay Call". Every Marine should be just as eager to get the benefits of the MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE.

There is not a person in the Marine Corps to whom the last statement does not apply, because the MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE teaches such a diversity of courses that it has help for every Marine.

If you do not happen to have the advantage of common schooling, or have forgotten what you learned in the grade schools, the MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE is able and willing to help you; or, if you have had the education that the grade schools afford, the MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE will help to further your education.

Anything that is worth having is worth working for, and will generally require some sacrifice. One cannot expect to obtain a good education, or anything else, by wishing for it. He must work.

JAMES McENERY HUEY,  
Col., A. A. & I., U. S. M. C.

*The Marine Corps Institute offers you a selection of 248 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.*

*Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.*

## MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE.....COURSE.

Rank

Name

Organization

Place

## DRUM ECHOES IN THE HILLS

Continued

As he galloped into the village, feeling strangely exhilarated and inclined to think that he must have overestimated Dieudonne's warning, his optimism was rudely shaken by a half naked boy who rushed from behind a hedge and threw a stone at the white man, howling a vile name.

## CHAPTER VI

IN the center of the vast wilderness of Bois Tombe, the old Caco Chief, Dieudonne Jean Baptist had built his home. Within the enclosure hedged by wild pineapple stood several structures of adobe with roofs of thatch which constituted the dwelling houses of the establishment. Refuse of all kinds littered the ground while the odor of burnt coffee, burning wood, and the reeking remnants of many meals permeated the atmosphere. Scrawny fowls quarreled among themselves, or rushed screeching from the vicious attacks of two gaunt hounds.

In one of the doorways, two dirty naked children grovelled in the soil, and an old negress squatted on her haunches, watching them. Dieudonne himself sat in a crudely made wooden chair, pipe in mouth, gazing fixedly at the distant mountain tops. From this inaccessible retreat, he defied the white man's rule in Haiti. Before his friendship with Daudet, he had hated all white men. The young lieutenant had, however, taught the old warrior many things, and glimmerings of enlightenment had begun to dawn in his fierce, savage mind.

The meditations of Dieudonne were interrupted by the appearance at the gate of a Haitian mounted on a sturdy mule. He was a slender, slightly-built negro with bulging eyes and a thin cruel mouth.

"Good day, Monsieur," he said, touching his hat.

"Good day," replied Dieudonne without rising. "Will you stop and have coffee?"

The stranger dismounted and strode across the clearing, unbuttoning his blue demin coat as he came, and producing a letter from an under pocket.

"I am Metelus Pierre," he began with a flourish, "Special Delegate from Charlemagne Peralt, leader of the Revolution."

"So you have come at last," growled Dieudonne in his deep voice, fixing his piercing eyes on Metelus. "Here, give me the letter."

As Dieudonne read, the veins in his neck seemed to swell almost to bursting and his eyes flashed fire from beneath his heavy eyebrows, while his coarse face became ferocious with rage. He sprang to his feet and shook his fist in the other's face.

"Fool! Stupid one! How can he fight the white man? The white man will crush us all! We will not go! Return and tell your master the people of Bois Tombe will stay in their homes!"

The old negress who had been a silent but interested observer of this scene rose suddenly and hobbled between the two men. Holding up her hand, she spoke with a tone of authority:

"No, no, my son! Do not send the message! The spirits have spoken! The

drums are calling! Remember the words of Desalines!"

As she uttered these words, several horsemen spurred their mounts through the gateway.

"The drums are beating in the valleys!" roared a deep voice, "and the Chiefs are coming, Dieudonne!"

"David Boeuf," murmured Dieudonne half aloud, then turning to the old hag he cried, "Who sent out the call Mama Celestine?"

"It went by magic," croaked Mama Celestine. "It is the will of God! The spirits have carried the invisible word, my son!"

Dieudonne sighed, and turned away with a gesture of impatience. The tropical night was beginning to fall. The sun had sunk from view behind the dim range, and a breath of damp air heavy with the scent of decaying vegetation was wafted down the slopes.

"Go into the house, Messieurs, it will soon be dark," squeaked the cracked voice of the old hag.

They turned towards the shacks, Dieudonne calling for lights. As he turned to follow them, Metelus Pierre felt the clutch of bony fingers on his arm and heard the guttural whisper of Mama Celestine, "Follow me, Metelus, remember I am Houngan (Voodoo Priestess); I can tell you what the spirits say."

She led the way through a small wooden gate, and Metelus found himself on a roughly paved path leading to a long, low building. Mama Celestine pointed with a gnarled finger:

"The Hounfort (Voodoo Temple) of Bois Tombe!" she shrilled in his ear.

Metelus shivered. Superstitious fear, the heritage from his ancestors, seized him. Deep down in his soul, fanned by the glamour and mystery of Voodooism, there glowed the belief in the supernatural; he glanced apprehensively about.

"Lead on," he whispered.

They mounted the steps to the long veranda where several miserable looking wretches crouched about a smoky fire.

"Jeudi, son of a goat! Come here with a torch!"

A horrible scarecrow with deep sunk eyes and hollow cheeks, clothed in rags, shuffled forward, bearing a pine knot. The old crone inserted a huge key and pushed open the door of the temple. The room they entered was decorated with fantastic drawings; the floor was of small round stones, worn smooth as marble by the bare feet of the worshippers. On a center table of solid masonry, were stones of curious shape, tin plates, a bell, and two small calebasses (cups cut from gourdes). Jeudi lighted a candle, and, placing it on the table, slunk away.

In one brief instant, the intellect of Metelus Pierre leaped backward one hundred years, and he became as superstitious as his savage Congo ancestors. He was a fit victim for the wiles of Mama Celestine, who crept from behind him with noiseless tread as the bell on the table rang suddenly.

"What was that?" stammered Metelus, shuddering.

"It is the spirits who come," groaned Mama Celestine in a spulchral voice. "Hush! Stand still! Look deep into the flame, Metelus Pierre, and I shall tell you what I see!" She was transformed, her features distorted, her eyes starting from

their sockets. Her voice penetrated Metelus to his very bones, and she listened, hypnotized.

"I see blood! I see Haiti crushed by a white tyrant! Blood runs from the mountain sides and flows like the mighty Artibonite to the sea! It is the blood of white men pursued by a Black Avenger! The Avenger comes nearer! Ah! I can see his face! Metelus Pierre, Son of Haiti, it is you! Fight for La Patrie! Metelus Pierre!" The old Houngan sank against the table, panting for breath; the bell rang again, and the candle flickered and went out.

Throughout the night, by twos and threes; on foot, on horseback, on mules, and even on burros, people were gathering at Dieudonne's habitation. Old white-haired veterans with flint-locks and ancient rapiers. Young men with French Gras rifles and keen bladed machetes. Grizzled hags, toothless and bent and young girls with limpid startled eyes.

Ever and ever through the sombre shadows of the jungle the great drum rumbled—the huge Voodoo Drum, made from a hollow tree trunk with a head of stretched goat's skin. Never tired, never stopping, old Jeudi beat steadily on, his eyes glazed with inhuman fanaticism and his features illuminated with an expression of diabolical joy. Around him surged a savage, gloomy dance, a dance of war and blood, accompanied by a weird dirge chanted in time to the drum beats.

Fires twinkled on the mountain side. The air was heavy with smoke, and unsavory odors of greasy cooking. Around the fires they drank taffia (native rum) and gorged the repulsive food. The night was one of tumult and excitement, and only towards morning did the fires die down, and the great camp slumber.

Shortly after the sun had risen, Helene, Dieudonne's daughter, stole through the compound and slipped into the tangled garden of banana and plantain. Her coal black eyes peered in all directions as with a swift gliding step she slipped between the trees. Around her head was wrapt a heavy scarf, and her slim, graceful figure was covered with a dark blue garment held at the waist by a leather belt. Her feet were bare. Helene's features bore no trace of negro ancestry, the Carib blood of her mother surged in her veins. Suddenly with a little cry she sprang backwards, then poised, hesitating, a wild thing at bay—Metelus Pierre stood before her.

"And where are you going at this hour in the morning, beautiful Helene?" he asked suavely.

"To the lower garden for red beans, Monsieur."

"May I go with you?"

"Certainly not! . . . Men do not gather beans!"

"But I would not gather beans, I would admire you!"

She drew away and her eyes flashed beneath her long lashes.

"I do not care to be admired by you!"

He stepped quickly to her and seized her wrists. "Why not, lovely one? Bright star! Why not shine for me? Be my fair one, Helene. I have riches, and soon I will have power; the spirits have said so! Come with me! Be my



woman!" He leaned forward and pressed his face close to hers.

She wrenched her arms free, and struck him with her open hand. "Stupid!" she cried. "Fool . . . Go with your dirty Cacos, but not with me!" And before he could move or speak, she had fled to the jungle.

To be concluded in the July issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

### INCREASING THE VOCABULARY

It is fascinating sport to endeavor to increase one's list of words and many publications have taken up the plan of teaching their readers one new word in each issue.

\* \* \*

Not to be outdone by a mere batch of periodicals and with a firm desire to give my public what it wants (?) I have instituted a little school of the vocabulary in which I shall be the teacher and you, my public, shall be the students. We shall learn at least one new word in each issue.

\* \* \*

The word we shall take up at the present is **Disease**. This does not mean what you think it does, children, so I shall proceed to tell you what it does mean.

Disease is one who tries to sing pretty little interpretive songs but who lacks the voice with which to sing them. Therefore, in order to collect her salary of \$6,000 per week, she is obliged to speak the songs to music.

\* \* \*

Sophie Tucker is an American disease. She does most of her stuff at the Kit Kat Club in London. Raquel Meller is a Spanish disease and up until very recently she did her stuff in Paris. Now she is in America.

\* \* \*

Miss Meller's programs are written up like jokes for English consumption. That is, each song or chant is explained in English under its Spanish title, like the following:

Como Sta, Senior.

(Hello, You Big Fathead)

At the top is given the Spanish title and underneath is the English translation. The little girl has dropped a rose from her balcony which strikes her lover on the head. This would not be so bad if it were not for the fact that the rose had a pot on the end of it. Her lover is stunned with her great love for him, whereupon he prostrates himself on the flagstones. The little lady then pours water from her balcony upon the rose. Her lover comes to, and she whispers petulantly, "Como Sta, Senior."

\* \* \*

There are many other little songs that this Spanish disease sings which are all explained in the program, but that has no bearing on the present situation. We have learned a new word and school is now closed until next time. Thank you, children.

—Leatherneck, Jr.

Booksellers, Engravers and Stationers

New York

BRENTANO'S

Paris

F and 12th Streets

Washington

BADGES

INSIGNIA

MEDALS

A. H. DONDERO, Inc.

730 Seventeenth Street N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Telephone, Main 813

H. N. KOOLAGE

EXCLUSIVE

White and Khaki Uniform Tailor

39 MARYLAND AVENUE

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

KODAKS

FILMS

Developing and Printing

CONFECTIONERY

CHARLESTON DRUG CO.

Charleston, Washington

Compliments

of

JUDGE LOBDELL

## POST NEWS

Continued

Coyle. Two trips, yes, two (2) (II) trips he made to this euphonically named spot and—his triumphant return was, expressed slangily, "a flat tire." His creel was filled with the most wonderful assortment of alibis and "big ones" you ever saw or heard. BUT, the fish that he was to bring back were all still disporting themselves in the briny waters of Puget Sound, and, to hear him tell it, those that managed to slip off his hook were of such size and quantity that he would have made some game warden ask him for his wholesaler's license, HAD HE CAUGHT THEM.

And now, while the band plays some slow, sad music, won't some artistically inclined individual design a fitting reward for such perseverance and man-dacity?

In passing, we might say that QM Sergeant Huekels (PD) is another of our many successful fishermen. And the woods out here are full of them. All of which leads to the question, "What kind of bait did Coyle use?"

Now Sergeant McKelvey, our Post Exchange Steward, tried to join the ranks of piscatorial experts, but we are of the opinion that had he had a companion on these trips that was doing some fishing for compliments, he would have secured more fish.

Private First Class R. D. McCain is in the throes of a new baptismal. It is quite possible that he will emerge under the cognomen of "Sparks." Yes, the Radio Bug has sunk his stinger into another victim. The pathetic part of it is that all the rest of the N. A. D. detachment are preparing large bouquets of "akunk cabbage," and our nimble-fingered piano expert is spending laborious hours getting the proper tearful chords into the "Funeral Dirge." Accidents are liable to happen, and one is GOING to happen if "Sparks" McCain does not succeed in getting something over the Radio besides "The Prisoner's Song." This is a fair warning.

Speaking of radio reminds me of a story that is strangely applicable to our C. O. Lieut. Leo. Healy. A young miss entered the radio store where her parents had recently purchased a new radio set. The proprietor asked her how she was enjoying the radio music over their new set. Her pithy reply was, "We don't have music at our house; Daddy is trying for DX."

All of which may be so, but for certain we may say that if, as rumor has it, Mr. Healy is to be detached in June, the whole command is going to miss him mightily. All join in wishing him a good new station and not too arduous duties.

A newspaper item, which, in common with most of them, may not have a grain of truth in it, stated that Miss Helen Wills had expressed herself as being wedded to tennis. A number of the boys at the N. A. D. interpreted that to mean that she would enter the bonds of wedlock only with a tennis player. Now as we all know that the average Marine is irresistible to the fair sex, it is quite evident that Miss Helen will soon be wedded as some of our boys are becoming expert at 15 Love. Also, we would advise Big Bill Tilden that there is at least one here that makes no secret of the

fact that he is out to give B. B. T. a trimming.

First Sergeant Peterman has just about gotten all he wants. In fact, Pete is just waiting for the rosy days of June to tell us all farewell and go into the reserve. Pete has had a long and faithful, not to say eventful, life with Uncle Sammie's Gyrenes. We wish him all the success he deserves in civil life. We understand the Chief of Police in Charleston wants to see him. We wonder whether he is going to get a job on the police force or the rock pile.

Lieut. Presnell has just left us with seven men to uphold the honor of this Post on the target range in San Diego; and, by Heck, he'll do 'er, too.

We are bidding Major Willis, Captain Hammer, and Lieut. Moody goodbye. Major Willis is headed for Quantico. Captain Hammer is on the way to Gendarmerie d'Haiti and is accompanied by his bride. Lieut. Moody is also bound for the Black Republic, where he will be on duty with the First Brigade. Bon voyage to them all!

Automobile Row has a new member. Private Childers has purchased a Dodge Brothers touring car. An illuminating remark was made anent same by Sgt. Elliott. Sgt. Elliott gazed at the car (?) for some time, and then said, "Well, you have a new license plate, anyway."

Corporal D. P. Daugherty has joined the ranks of Motorcycle Speed Demons. He stoutly avers that he does no speeding, but we should like to know just how he went to Portland, Oregon, in less than seven hours and failed to speed.

STATION "FAG" SIDESWIPING  
By "IS"

On the twenty-first of April was inaugurated the First Aviation Group Baseball League comprising three teams; viz, Field No. 1 Team, Field No. 2 Team, and Service Squadron Team. To date Field No. 1 Team is leading the league with three victories and no defeats.

It is believed that this intra-group baseball series will tend to promote sociability among the personnel of the various organizations in the field; although it may not produce much baseball. It will, however, prove a blessing in that it will afford the men a chance to mix a little play with their work and thus keep Jack from becoming a dull boy. The standing of the respective teams, including the games played on April 30, follows:

|                       | Won | Lost |
|-----------------------|-----|------|
| Field No. 1.....      | 3   | 0    |
| Field No. 2.....      | 1   | 2    |
| Service Squadron..... | 1   | 3    |

With the w.k. Sandy (Lt. Sanderson) as Athletic Officer, big things may be expected in the line of sports. He has taken a personal interest in the baseball series and is particularly anxious that those boxers who fought lately, reverse the decision next time they fight; for he, like the writer, feels confident that we have as good boxers as there are to be found elsewhere in the post.

Although they have each suffered defeat in their last battles, much can be expected of such battlers as McCartney, Endsley, Leonard, and Centner. The latter has the physique that born athletes are made of, and we are sure that with a little time and proper grooming Centner will be hard to beat at 135

# no other shaving cream offers such shaving value as **Williams Shaving Cream**

Lather—that's just it. It whips up in a jiffy into an abundant, bushy lather that makes your whiskers almost melt off your face. Then along comes the razor, and just mowes 'em down; you scarcely feel it at all. No pain—no sting—no after-smart.



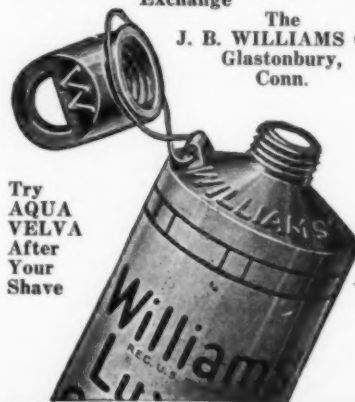
1. The new Hinge-Cap is "on even when it's off." It can't slip from your fingers down the drain-pipe or onto the floor.

2. This patented cap is easier to screw on, too. The threads engage perfectly the first time—none of those annoying false starts.



Ask for "WILLIAMS" at your Post Exchange

The  
**J. B. WILLIAMS CO.**  
Glastonbury,  
Conn. ★



Try  
**AQUA  
VELVA**  
After  
Your  
Shave

**SNO-WHITE**

A perfect preparation for renewing the freshness and beauty of dress White Belts, for Canvas Shoes, etc.

The unique advantages of Sno-White are that it is easy to apply, gives immediate and perfect results, and when applied cannot rub off or soil other clothing

Price 25 Cents

Prepared by

**F. P. WELLER, Druggist**  
Cor. 8th and I Sts. S. E.  
Washington, D. C.

pounds. "Teddy" must be coaxed. We must admit that all those who come into contact with his fist give him his due respect.

The members of the group are showing keen interest in the post dances held at the gymnasium in Quantico. Odd how they can be singled out in their best blues, belts glittering—the work of much elbow grease and Blitz; and have you noticed how the hair lies back? We should say sticks back, but we don't want to give our boys away. Have you noticed "Kid" Roberts during the Paul Jones? He is quite a help to our able committee.

Has anyone found out what it was that the spaghetti vender of "F" Flight uses to hold his soup strainer in shape? He sure can twist them, and they stay put—at times. Somehow we do not feel as though it were quite dress cap to raise what is better known as a moustache. By this we do not mean to censor you, Dent, old dear, merely a suggestion.

## HEADQUARTERS NEWS

By "TaBob"

Well, it's all over, and everything is quiet along the Potomac. What was it all about? Why the A & I sprung forth in spring garb and enthusiasm, and pulled off its second function for the benefit of the sick fund of the Department.

Card prizes were awarded at all tables, and the dancers shared liberally in a similar manner through lucky numbers.

Fears were entertained that Brigadier General Lane, our leader and staunchest supporter, would be unable to attend, because of illness, but Mrs. Lane stated that nothing so trivial as a high fever would keep the General home when "his crowd" was stepping out.

Margaret McGoldrick was missing at the card tables, owing to a very busy evening lining up and issuing the prizes. Some worker, and some charmer, agreed?

Charlie Browne (you know him;) tossed aside his crutches most nonchalantly, and guided fair Lady Margaret through the terpsichorean intricacies with a grace and ease of motion that utterly belied his pretended antiquity. Hope pes planus don't get him as a result.

Major Thacher rested all dances before the first and after the last numbers; during all the remainder he was covering some ground. We stand corrected, reliable information just received indicates that he hoisted the white flag of surrender in the middle of the Paul Jones.

We wonder how Wee Winsome Winnie Winkle Brannon collected twice on the floor prize? Maybe this is a job for our Headquarters sleuth, Sherlock Lockout.

Fay Abromovitz couldn't stand prosperity, and after winning a gallon of ice cream she shared it with the gang during the five minute "inhale-exhale" period the following afternoon.

Michigan, that glorius mid-western state, was upheld most appropriately by Mrs. Furniss.

Geneva Martin "bridged" the evening over with other devotees of the "please keep quiet" game.

Bob O'Toole was here, there, and everywhere; but he was most popular

while dishing out floor prizes, assisted by Baby Edna from the bonus gang. Mrs. Roche drew out the numbers and Bob did the "ballyhoo" stuff. And despite desperate efforts they could not connect with their own numbers.

Colonel Beadle, reminiscing on the last ball, when his left foot collided with a stray steam roller, in the Raleigh ball room, eased around gracefully, but only occasionally. But as a mixer he can't be beat, and his cheery greeting caught everyone he was acquainted with, at least.

Jane Blakeney arrived late, but certainly was worth a second look when she arrived, she promptly hid herself behind a splendid badge, labelled "Vice Chairman." "T. A." Nubson, Chairman, seemed mighty proud of his "right hand bower"; and we don't blame him.

Maybe Bob O'Toole didn't have them guessing in that Paul Jones; did you see the twenty-yard dash; talk about your headlong crashes, it was worth going miles to see.

And another sensation was created when our "Stogie-chewing" Major domo of the big room glided to the strains of the waltz and put all the younger folks way in the background. Sure, we mean "Mac"; who did you think we were raving about?

Thanks are due to Major Thacher for his assistance in securing a supply of cards. Don't our A & I gang stick together?

Wayne Simpson, in faultless April attire was most active in tripping the light fantastic as it should be.

The cares of the Chief Clerk stop at 4:30; Mr. Snell had a hearty hand clasp and smile for everybody, and made many a round of the room.

Bud Fisher's crew handled the ticket end efficiently and quietly. Bud's always on the job.

Esther Davison, the little lady from Duluth was mighty sweet in her pretty green party dress; and the boys from the Barracks seemed to think so too. We believe she will be attending more dances soon.

Kitty Kinnear came; was seen; was conquered. Steen dances and didn't miss a step.

And what dance would be complete without Bill Keller, glider par excellence. That boy is always ready to dance.

Glad to see Margaret Clinton, late of the bonus gang; but now of the Navy at large, present; always going; never stopped once, but found time to scatter smiles to her old buddies.

Charlie Hunter's wife and Fay's dad sent us two prize cakes, appropriately labelled in icing decorations. Mac won another dandy cake, and we understand that two, no more but just two, young ladies received samples of it the next morning. We ask you why the number was limited to two?

Mrs. Lane was gracious and charming as ever, and we congratulate her on her memory for faces, she seemed at home and greeted the folks right and left, like old friends. Do we like her? Altogether Y-E-S.

Waldo Foster and his table of four received no sympathy from us; three floor prizes; ain't they the lucky ones though?

Returns from the pinochle game are incomplete. We know Wayne Leavitt came down for the purpose. Anybody know anything?

Radio Giles, always ready to help anybody, was of much assistance as a member of the prize committee; this in addition to his serious and worthy efforts he is putting forth as Chairman of the A & I Relief Committee.

Chris Bartley wasn't resting much as we recall; they say she dances "quite" nicely; similar remarks were heard anent Roy Dunavent; by and by we'll all know each other.

No one was going to get by "Les" Leer; he was early on the job. That's the proper spirit.

Tommy Miller, Red Ledoux and Andy Ramsey also answered "Present" from the File Room.

We saw Margaret Shauhnessy once, and she was just "on her way" around the dance floor then; always moving.

Were glad to see the Commandant's office represented by Captain Brooks and Lieutenant Ruffner; you were very welcome. Come again.

Burns Goodwin was a busy man the week of the card party, but he was right there for the event, and his co-worker, Miss McGoldrick cooperated with him in fine fashion, while he was on special duty keeping him away from the office.

The dancing ran so easily that Freddie Moore was able to squeeze in a few hands of bridge; did you win, Fred?

During a very quiet spell we imagined we heard "Becker" whispering somewhere; probably imagination, because he is the quietest thing.

Everybody who came should have had a good time, and we missed all who could not be present.

Well, the dance is over, and the A & I crowd is clamoring for something new. It's to be good too. A picnic, basket lunches, baseball games, swimmin', 'nervything. The Time: Monday, May 31; Decoration Day. The Place: Chapel's Point, Md.

Lieut. Colonel Beadle, our popular Executive Officer, and Assistant Adjutant and Inspector, is to leave Headquarters early in June, and the picnic will be his last fling amidst the crowd with whom and for whom he has been so active and energetic. His efforts during his stay at Headquarters have been directed at all times towards the benefit of the clerical force; and although he will be succeeded by a competent officer, the Colonel and his cordial greetings will be missed by all.





## MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

*Continued*

mour, who has been a Trumpeter, a Top Kick, a Second Lieutenant, a First Lieutenant in the Reserve, and who is now a minister of the Gospel, gave a demonstration of holding Mass aboard ship. He said that he gave this demonstration from actual experience. Joe Bell, Jr., formerly of the 6th Regiment, 2nd Division, of the World War, was reported sick; also, John I. Phipps was reported on the sick list. The Executive Committee called upon the two comrades Sunday afternoon, and found them to be improving and expecting to be able to return to their duties within a few days. The Jackson Detachment would be glad to hear from any detachment or its members; and any detachment so desiring can write to "The Jackson Detachment, Marine Corps League, Room 25, Marine Recruiting Office, P. O. Bldg., Jackson, Miss."

## SPOKANE, WASH.

The Commandant of the Marine Corps League has called a special meeting of the Spokane Detachment of the Marine Corps League for May 3, 1926, in room 216 Post Office building, to discuss a change in the meetings of the league. This change has been considered for some time but the nearness of the summer season has hastened the action. A meeting once a month during the summer season has been proposed and this one meeting to be given over to entertainment, eats, and cards as the boys desire after a short business session.

At the meeting held Monday, April 19, a committee in charge of members was named with Gyrene Jim McKevitt as chairman, the membership has been divided into groups of five, each group with a captain whose duty it is to get each member of his squad out for the meetings.

Spokane Detachment still retains its place as No. 2 among the numerous detachments throughout the United States. Pittsburgh, Pa., is a close runner-up.

## LAWRENCE, MASS.

The following bit of Marine Corps League news was published in the Lawrence Tribune:

Thursday evening there was a largely attended meeting of the Marine Corps League held at 598 Andover street, and much business of importance was transacted. After the meeting was called to order by the temporary chairman, the body proceeded to the business at hand. The objects of the league, which is strictly civilian, were explained to all present, and a motion that a permanent organization be created was made, and carried unanimously. The name of detachment being the next order of business, after various heroes who gave their lives, while serving in the Marine Corps being considered, it was finally voted to name the detachment The Kirt Green Detachment. The Marine after whom the detachment is named made the supreme sacrifice, while serving with the 5th Marines of the 2nd Division in France, in 1918.

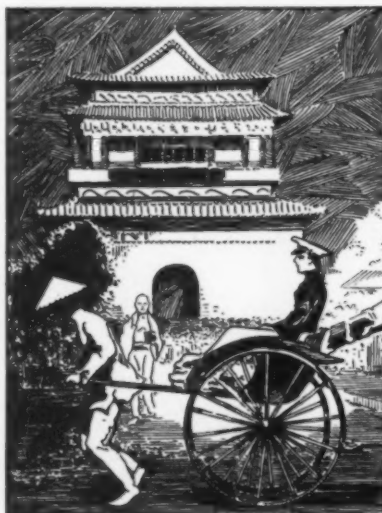
The officers elected were: Commandant, John F. Manning, 598 Andover street;

Adjutant, Fred J. Spires, 21 Arthur street, Methuen, paymaster, John A. Reardon, 180 Exchange street and Chief of Staff, Andrew Donahue, 86 Dorchester street, Lawrence.

A committee composed of the officers was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws. Much other business of importance to every man who has served at anytime in the U. S. Marine corps, was discussed, but no action taken, pending a more representative attendance. It is imperative that every eligible be present at the next meeting as final action will be taken upon certain matters, that every eligible should want to vote upon. It was voted to meet weekly until further notice. The next meeting will be held at 598 Andover street, (take Bacon street car to end of line).

After the business meeting had adjourned, a social hour was spent, and songs were sung by A. J. Youngmien, A. Gammond, F. J. Spires and P. Moynihan. Stories were told, accompanied by recitation by A. Donahue and J. A. Reardon. Mrs. F. J. Spires and Mrs. J. F. Manning served a light lunch, and after extending a vote of thanks to the hostess the party adjourned to their several homes, to meet again at 598 Andover street. Every member is a committee of one to bring another eligible, and an invitation is extended to every eligible to join.

The objects of the Marine Corps League are: "To uphold the Constitution and Laws of the U. S.; to preserve the traditions of the U. S. Marine Corps; to further the aims and ideals for which we served our country to aid and work for our members disabled in war; to perpetuate and honor the memory of those who died for our country; to promote comradeship, good will and hospitality among all Marines; to disseminate information in regard to legislation—state and Federal—beneficial to members; to work for adequate national defense; to make our slogan, 'Once a Marine, Always a Marine' and our motto, 'Semper Fidelis.'"



## NOTES FROM NEW YORK

New York Detachment No. 1 held the first session in their new meeting room at the Hotel Pennsylvania last Friday evening and the attendance more than justified the wisdom of the shift. Forty of the fifty-one members enrolled answered roll call and six new members were signed up.

The change from our old quarters at the Amsterdam Democratic Club rooms was deemed advisable because of its being inaccessible to our members living out of town. The new quarters are centrally located and being opposite the Pennsylvania Depot, are easily reached by those living in Brooklyn, Queens, Richmond, The Bronx, and Jersey.

Among the new members signed up was Captain Sugar, U. S. Army Reserve, a marine veteran of the Boxer Rebellion and the Philippine Campaign, who is now sole owner of a large commercial plant employing more than 900 hands. The captain is a genial comrade and is enthusiastic about the League.

Aside from the point of attendance the meeting was full of pep. Plans were completed for our third dinner dance to be held at Cavanaugh's Restaurant on Saturday evening, May 8, for which more than sixty reservations have already been made. Commandant LeRoy Hagen donated an electric iron, Capt. Sugar, twelve boxes of ladies handkerchiefs; Paul Howard and Comrade Martin, a new member, five dollars each to be distributed as prizes. Those who attended our installation dinner at the same place in December voted it a huge success and if this affair don't beat the last one, we'll eat our sombrero for shredded wheat. As chairman of the entertainment committee we guarantee many surprises. The tariff is three bucks per each. Let's go.

And after this shindie is off our hands we're to run a big bus ride, dinner and outing at one of the nearby seaside resorts the latter part of June. It will be an all-day affair with swimming, games, etc. Watch for the date.

Another matter to be taken up at the next meeting is the formation of a rifle team. It is proposed to hold practice at one of the local armories and eventually to attain membership in the National Rifle Association. Shoot.

Commandant Hagen was tickled stiff with the enthusiastic meeting and celebrated by blowing the staff at the "Cafe Kid," where the waiters dress like rear admirals in the tropics. Roy says we'll top the century in membership before long.

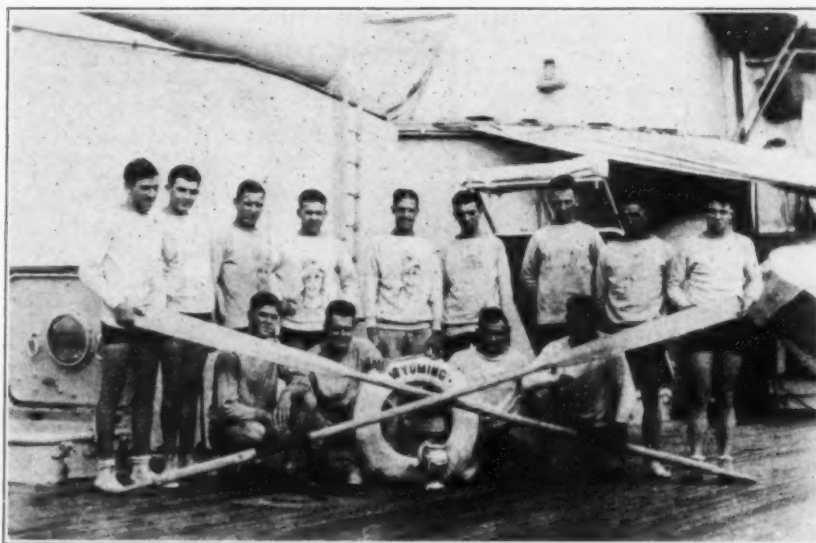
"Ballyhoo" Lages, our hustling adjutant billed the dinner-dance as a "May Party." It may be all that but no one will be "up the pole."

"Silent" Paul Howard is greasing his pipes for the big night. His deep bass lead the singing at the installation blow-out and while his voice is not what you might call sweet, he certainly has volume.

The boys are beginning to talk about the 1926 convention—On to Cleveland.

FRANK X. LAMBERT.

# Wyoming Crew Wins Trophy



Standing—Left to Right: Fuerst, Sedivec, Klobner, Campanelli, First Sergeant Hauptman, Oster, Ubert, Medalis, McAfee. Kneeling—Left to Right: Attaway, Stevens, Klehn, and Louis

The Wyoming Marine Whaleboat crew won the coveted United States Fleet pulling cup at Balboa, Canal Zone, where the Battle Fleet and the Scouting Fleet were assembled for joint maneuvers and inter-fleet athletic competitions. The eliminations to determine which crews would represent their respective fleets were also held at Balboa, and it fell to the lot of the Wyoming, Seattle, and Camden to represent the Scouting Fleet; and to the Maryland, Oklahoma, and the Arizona, the Battle Fleet.

The race came off in the open sea, just outside the Pacific entrance to the Canal. All crews got away to a good start, but after this stage there was never any doubt as to which crew would win. The Wyoming crew, after taking their six fast strokes settled down to a powerful thirty-eight which they steadily kept during the entire race, never increasing or decreasing it. As the race progressed a gap of open water appeared between the Wyoming crew's stern and that of their nearest opponent. This gap slowly but steadily increased as the race went on until, at the finish, it was between ten and fifteen boat-lengths.

After crossing the line, the Wyoming huskies sought a point of vantage and, laying on their oars, proceeded to watch the battle for second place. This was between the Seattle and the Maryland crews. These two crews were very evenly matched and it was almost impossible to pick the winner. The judges, however, decided that the Maryland had come in second, which gave the Seattle third place; the Oklahoma, Arizona, and Camden coming in after the Seattle in the order named.

The Wyoming crew deserves great credit for the splendid showing made here. In Honolulu last summer, they lost this same race after a hard, close finish; so at Balboa they were out for revenge, and they got it. Nine members of that

old Honolulu crew rowed in the winning crew this time.

First Sergeant Hauptman of the Wyoming was the coxswain, trainer, and coach; and the results of the race itself speak for his proficiency in these capacities.

It's a great crew. Some who saw it at its peak thought it among the greatest, and there has been quite a little agitation for a race between the Wyoming crew and the crack Memphis crew that cleaned up on all the Navy Whaleboats. However, it is doubtful whether such a race can be arranged, as the Scouting Fleet goes to Guantanamo Bay for six weeks of intensive training and target practice. This will leave little time for such a race.

In recognition of their splendid services each member of the champion crew received monogrammed sweaters from the Scouting Fleet and the Wyoming; each man also received handsome cuff links from the Scouting Fleet.

The Detachment of the Wyoming are so proud of their crew that their blouses will hardly contain them; and they want the whole Corps to know about them, and how their hard work and rigid training brought them from a disappointing defeat in Honolulu to a great victory in Balboa.

Compliments of  
**McKenney & Flannery**  
Attorneys at Law  
Hibbs Building  
Washington, D. C.

**Ideal Accessory  
Company**  
100 COLLEGE AVENUE  
ANNAPOLIS, MD.

Compliments of  
**CHERO-COLA BOTTLING  
COMPANY, INC.**  
Manufacturers of Renz Beverages  
Eighth & I Streets, S. W.  
Tel. Main 5550 Washington, D. C.

Patronize  
Our  
Advertisers

**Steuart's Service Sells**

**Ford**

THE UNIVERSAL CAR  
**STEUART MOTOR COMPANY**

141 Twelfth St. N. E.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Lincoln 6200

## Torn from My Scrapbook

Continued

The secret is this: If he gives "one" as his favorite figure, tell him to multiply by nine. If he says "two," he must multiply by twice 9, or 18. For "three" multiply by 27; "four," multiply by 36; "five," multiply by 45, and so on.

## Warmth of the Sun

In describing Lincoln, a former Chinese minister to the United States, Mr. Wu-Ting-Fang, said: "To Lincoln may be applied the words which a Chinese historian uses in describing the character of Yao, the most revered and honored of the ancient rulers of China: 'His benevolence was boundless, his wisdom was profound; to anyone approaching him he had the genial warmth of the sun.' When viewed at a distance he seemed to have the mysterious warp of the clouds; though occupying the highest station, he was not haughty; though controlling the resources of the whole nation, he was not lavish. Justice was the guiding principle of his actions; nobleness was written in his face."

## Think Right

Think smiles, and smiles shall be;  
Think doubt, and hope will flee.  
Think love, and love will grow;  
Think hate, and hate you'll know.  
Think good, and good is here;  
Think vice—it jaws appear!  
Think joy, and joy ne'er ends;  
Think gloom, and dusk descends.  
Think faith, and faith's at hand;  
Think ill—it stalks the land.  
Think peace, sublime and sweet,  
And you that peace will meet.  
Think fear, with brooding mind,  
And failure's close behind.  
Think this: "I'm going to win!"  
Think not of what has been.  
Think "Victory;" think "I can!"  
Then you're a winning man!

James E. Hungerford writes of

## The Fellow We Swear By

We like the fellow with "git" and "grit,"  
Who'll tackle a thing and do it—  
The chap who sticks and will never quit  
Until he has gone straight through it!  
Who pays scant heed to that old word  
"hard,"

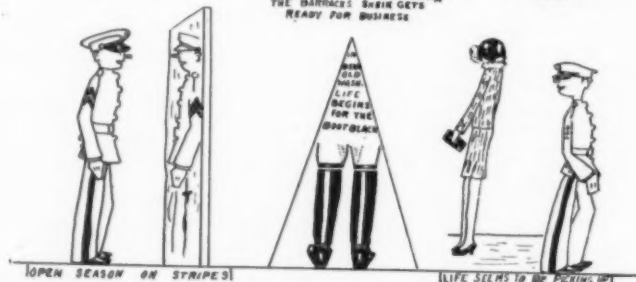
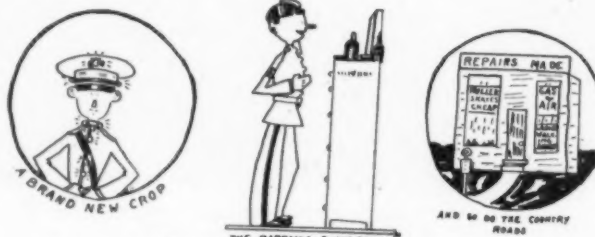
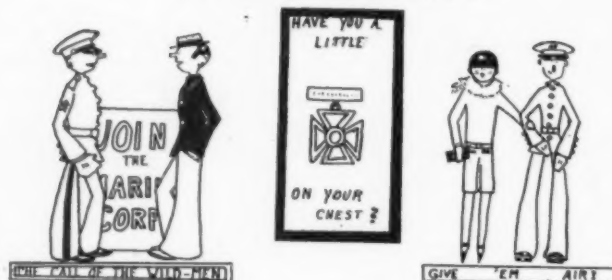
And gets in the game to win it,  
And stays 'til he plays his final card,  
And puts all his manhood in it!  
We like the fellow who does his best,  
Whatever he lays his hands on,  
And bravely stays through the toughest  
test,

No matter what job he lands on.  
The chap who works with a cheerful  
smile,

And lips that with laughter bubble,  
Who isn't "floored" by the things that  
rile,  
And shoulders his share of trouble.  
We like the fellow with steady nerves,  
Who's ready for any venture,  
Who tackles a task and never swerves,  
And calls all his trials "adventure."  
The chap who grins when the world looks  
grim,

And lets ev'ry foolish care fly,  
And all of his friends can bank on him—  
Ah, he is the chap we swear by!  
This man is the portrait of a real  
Marine.

SPRING IS COMING!



Three reasons for using DYANSHINE

1st Shoes are protected from fading and the ugliness of scuffs.

2nd Less time taken to shine shoes and the shine lasts longer.

3rd Each shine with DYANSHINE costs less than one cent.

**BARTON'S DYANSHINE**  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH



## THE GAZETTE

Major General J. A. Lejeune,

Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. John C. Beaumont.  
Lt. Col. Walter N. Hill.  
Maj. Harry K. Pickett.  
Capt. John D. Lockburner.  
1st Lt. James M. Smith.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. J. C. Beaumont  
Lt. Col. W. N. Hill  
Maj. H. L. Larson  
Capt. F. S. Robillard  
1st Lt. H. C. Busbey

### MARINE CORPS ORDERS

April 15, 1926

Capt. J. F. Blanton, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to First Brigade, Haiti.  
Capt. G. F. Bloedel, detached Recruiting District of Buffalo, Buffalo, N. Y., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. P. A. Delvalle, APM, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, to Gendarmerie d'Haiti.

Capt. J. H. Fay, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti.

Capt. W. G. Hawthorne, detached MD, USS COLORADO to Headquarters Marine Corps.

Capt. J. F. McVey, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Recruiting District of Buffalo, Buffalo, N. Y.

Capt. R. C. Swink, about June 5, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to MD, USS COLORADO.

2nd Lt. S. K. Bird, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS TENNESSEE.

2nd Lt. H. C. Busbey, detached MD, USS MISSISSIPPI to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. A. D. Cooley, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, USS MISSISSIPPI.

2nd Lt. L. R. Dewine, detached MD, USS TENNESSEE to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. H. E. Dunkelberger, detached MD, USS ARIZONA to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. A. W. Ellis, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS CALIFORNIA.

2nd Lt. C. G. Meints, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

2nd Lt. L. G. Miller, detached MB, USS CALIFORNIA to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. R. B. Payne, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS WYOMING.

2nd Lt. T. H. Saunders, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, USS ARIZONA.

2nd Lt. J. R. Street, detached MD, USS WYOMING to MB, Quantico, Va.

Pay Clerk B. N. Neel, detached MB, Nyd, New York, N. Y., to First Brigade, Haiti.

April 16, 1926

Maj. H. Schmidt, to May 18, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Recruiting District of St. Paul, St. Paul, Minn.

Maj. W. C. Wise, Jr., upon completion of the FOC, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Commanding Officer, Third Reserve Regiment San Francisco, Calif.

Capt. R. A. Robinson, detached MD, RS, Destroyer Base, San Diego, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. J. T. Smith, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, RS, Destroyer Base, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. C. D. Sniffin, upon completion of the COC, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty on the Staff of the CO, 8th Reserve Regiment, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mar. Gnr. Horace Talbot, appointed a Marine Gunner and assigned to duty with the Gendarmerie d'Haiti.

April 17, 1926

Maj. L. S. Willis, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. G. F. Bloedel, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.

Capt. W. Elmore, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

1st Lt. J. K. Martenstein, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

2nd Lt. L. B. Cresswell, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MD, USS PENNSYLVANIA.

2nd Lt. E. C. Ferguson, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. H. C. Roberts, detached MD, USS PENNSYLVANIA to Department of the Pacific.

Pay Clerk J. J. Darlington, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

April 19, 1926

No orders were announced.

April 20, 1926

Maj. G. A. Johnson, upon completion of the present course, detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to duty as Division Marine Office and aide on the staff of the Division Commander, USS NEW MEXICO.

Maj. W. C. Powers, Jr., detached from duty as Division Marine Officer and aide on the staff of the Division Commander, USS NEW MEXICO, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. B. L. Bell, detached MB, Nyd, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. G. Esau, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to duty as CO, MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. F. S. Robillard, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti.

April 21, 1926

Capt. L. B. Reagan, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. L. E. Jones, relieved from duty at the NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned to duty at the MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. W. J. Stuart, relieved from duty at the NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned to duty at the MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Pay Clerk J. D. Erwin, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Nyd, New York, N. Y.

April 22, 1926

No orders were announced.

April 23, 1926

Capt. M. H. Kingsman, detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. L. I. Bruns, detached MD, RS, Nyl, Philadelphia, Pa., to First Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lt. E. W. Ojerholm, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

1st Lt. L. R. Stickle, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. E. H. Price, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

April 24, 1926

No orders were announced.

April 26, 1926

Capt. W. F. Becker, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam.

Capt. E. L. Peilaur, on May 1 detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster and detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station.

Capt. E. J. Mund, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station.

Capt. A. H. Turner, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. W. L. Harding, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam.

1st Lt. L. Healey, detached MB, Nyd, Puget Sound, Wash., to Asiatic Station.

1st Lt. Rees Skinner, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

1st Lt. R. A. Boone, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station.

1st Lt. F. S. Flack, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station.

1st Lt. J. M. Greer, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station.

2nd Lt. J. H. N. Hudnall, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station.

1st Lt. H. E. Rosecrans, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station.

2nd Lt. C. J. Chappell, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

2nd Lt. A. W. Kreiser, detached MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam.

2nd Lt. C. L. Marshall, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. W. C. Purple, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station.

2nd Lt. P. A. Shiebler, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NOB, Key West, Fla.

Qm. Clerk R. L. Willis, assigned to duty at the MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

April 27, 1926

No orders were announced.

April 28, 1926

1st Lt. F. W. Bennett, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. R. M. Cutts, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. V. H. Dartt, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

2nd Lt. F. H. Lamson-Scribner, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. W. C. Lemly, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. J. T. Harris, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. W. G. Manley, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. R. M. Rhoads, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. W. B. Trundle, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. T. J. Walker, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Mar. Gnr. A. O. Halter, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

Pay Clerk, F. S. Parsons, detached MB, Nyd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Pay Clerk W. J. Sherry, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

April 29, 1926

No orders were announced.

April 30, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 1, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 3, 1926

1st Lt. F. B. Hoyt, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

May 4, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 5, 1926

Col. J. McE. Huey, AA&I, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Col. H. C. Reisinger, APM, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. R. B. Creecy, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Maj. F. A. Gardener, detached First Brigade, Port au Prince, Haiti, to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Maj. H. W. Stone, on May 31, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Regimental commander, Seventh Reserve Regiment, New York, N. Y.

Capt. L. P. Hunt, detached MD, USS MARYLAND, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. S. Ladd, on June 1, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS MARYLAND.

Capt. F. J. Zinner, resignation accepted.

1st Lt. T. J. Kilcourse, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty with the Seventh Reserve Regiment, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. K. B. Chappell, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS ROCHESTER.

2nd Lt. W. R. Hughes, detached MD, USS ROCHESTER, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Pay Clerk, B. H. Wolever, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Port au Prince, Haiti.

May 6, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 7, 1926

Maj. R. D. Lowell, AA&I, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to First Brigade, Haiti.

Maj. J. Potts, AQM, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective June 1, and detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. M. J. Batchelder, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

1st Lt. A. L. W. Gordon, detached MB, Nyd, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lt. R. Skinner, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lt. N. E. True, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lt. H. W. Whitney, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

2nd Lt. L. T. Burke, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to First Brigade, Haiti.

2nd Lt. J. E. Jones, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to First Brigade, Haiti.

May 8, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 10, 1926

Maj. F. R. Hoyt, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to First Brigade, Haiti.

Capt. F. A. Hart, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS SEATTLE.

Capt. L. D. Hermie, detached MD, USS SEATTLE, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. M. H. Silverthorn, detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. T. T. Taylor, on June 10, detached MB, USS ARKANSAS, to MB, Quantico, Va.



## BARR'S MARINE RING

Write for  
Our Large  
Illustrated  
Descriptive  
Catalogue  
and  
Price List

14-K. SOLID GOLD!

Birthstone or Signet

\$42 \$8.00 Down  
\$3.50 Month

ORDER BY MAIL

Mention rating, station (or ship), expiration of enlistment, birthstone and size. Can be sent C. O. D. to any money order post office. Initial or lodge emblem encrusted in stone, \$5 extra.

**Castelberg's**

H. H. BARR, President  
208 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.

## F. W. Bolgiano & Co.

BULBS—  
SEEDS—  
Poultry Supplies

1009 B STREET  
Main 91

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Compliments

of

GODFREY TAIT

Capt. J. W. Webb, detached MB, USS, OKLAHOMA, to MB, Quantico, Va.  
Capt. J. T. Wright, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS, OKLAHOMA.

May 11, 1926

1st Lt. W. F. Brown, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

1st Lt. A. D. Challacombe, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. E. B. Moore, detached Department of the Pacific to duty with the Third Reserve Regiment, San Francisco, Calif.

May 12, 1926

No orders were announced.

### MARINE CORPS RESERVE ORDERS

Maj. A. J. B. Biddle, MCR, assigned to active duty at the Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Major L. F. Timmerman, Jr., MCR, on June 14, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 28, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Capt. J. H. Layne, MCR, on June 14, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 28, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. J. M. Dervin, MCR, on June 14, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 28, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. P. G. Strong, MCR, on June 14, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 28, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. L. Fox, MCR, on June 1 assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 15, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. T. P. Jackson, MCR, on June 1 assigned to active duty for training at MB, NS, New Orleans, La., and on June 15, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. L. M. Andrews, MCR, on June 15 assigned to active duty for training at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and on July 14, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. E. W. Waldron, MCR, on June 14 assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 28, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. T. G. Pullen, MCR, on June 14 assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 28, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Capt. G. M. Goodman, MCR, on May 15 assigned to active duty for training at MB, Nyd, Puget Sound, Wash., and on June 13th, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. I. F. Gillikin, MCR, on June 14 assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 28 relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. M. F. Vernon, MCR, on July 5 assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on July 19, relieved from active duty.

### RESERVE ASSIGNMENTS

Kelley L. Baker; Adrian B. Conkle; Noah T. Elwick; John A. Messura; Harold P. Covington; Edward E. Ingalls; John J. Owens; Phillip Beketich; Robert L. Cartrett; Armon L. Crouch; Harry G. Crumley; Steve Jandrokovia; Albert Feller; Archie G. Giacometti; Hugh Paterson; James Elliott; Lawrence H. Pluntz; Frank E. Zilke; Anthony Candela; Joseph J. Donahue; Daniel B. Kidd; Mike Wasylowsky; John Mc. Myers; Hugo B. Anderson; Lester H. Coffin; Abraham Grossman; Carlyle M. Watt; Matt Colby; Leonard E. Parks; Jesse L. Simmons; Harry J. Underdahl; Otto Venohr; John W. Ziots; Edward C. Felker; Raymond A. Nicolai; Samuel B. Rainey; Olav A. Berghil; Herbert S. Cope; Robert E. Mokracek; Joseph C. Peck; Thomas W. Sills.

### RESERVE COMMISSIONS

Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, has forwarded commissions in the Marine Corps Reserve to:

1st Lt. Harry S. Davis; 1st Lt. Leonard Kinsdell; 1st Lt. James P. J. McKevitt; 2nd Lt. Arthur J. Smith; 2nd Lt. Frederick C. Donald; 2nd Lt. William E. McKevitt; 2nd Lt. William D. O'Brien; 2nd Lt. Charles S. Forbell; Capt. Ralph Ellis; 2nd Lt. Wallace E. Hyde; 2nd Lt. Harold M. Keller.

THE

*Peter Bain*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## WHITE DRESS BELT



The only full quality white leather belt being offered the Marine Corps. Made from one solid piece of Genuine Cordovan, scientifically bleached snow white. Fits regulation plate buckle. State exact waist measurement over blouse when ordering.

\$3.00

SEND \$1 WITH ORDER, BALANCE C.O.D.

HABANIX

LEATHER PRODUCTS CO.,  
Toledo, Ohio

## PARSONS & HYMAN INCORPORATED

CONTRACTORS  
and BUILDERS



WASHINGTON, D. C.

BERRY A. ADAMS

Tailor

Solicits Your

Patronage

1421 11th Street N. W.

North 6053

Washington

**ASK ANY OF**

the boys at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. about our clothes and service and they will tell you that Saidman's is the most economical and convenient place to deal.

**SAIDMAN'S MEN'S SHOP**

729 8th STREET, S. E.  
Opposite Marine Barracks

**Joseph Lorea & Son****Fruits and Vegetables**

26 Market Space Annapolis, Md.

C. & P. Telephone 116

Telephone 359

**PETE'S****A No. 1 Cafe and Bakery**

Bread, Pies and Cakes

**FRESH DAILY**

P. Pandazides Quantico, Va.

**P. J. NEE CO.**

Furniture, Carpets, Etc.

S. E. Corner 7th and H Sts. N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

**Marines - - Attention!!****CASH IN ON YOUR SPARE TIME**

**\$** You can make up to several hundred dollars a month. Be the marine of your Post to get this money making proposition. Send your name in the next mail to **\$**  
**THE DAWSON KRAFT-SHOP,** COLUMBIA  
TENN.

**REENLISTMENTS**

Boutwell, Albert F., at Jackson, 4-21-26, for MB, New Orleans, La.  
Coffin, Oliver, at Cincinnati, 4-12-26, for Retg., Cincinnati.  
Gordon, John G., at Cincinnati, 4-12-26, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.  
McCoy, Robert F., at St. Louis, 4-15-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
Alberts, George, at Des Moines, 3-24-26, for MB, Yorktown, Va.  
Hunt, Grant J., at Pittsburgh, 4-20-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
Johnston, Joshua A., at Indianapolis, 4-19-26, for MB, Parris Island.  
Schober, William J., at St. Louis, 4-19-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
Mason, Frank L., at Philadelphia, 4-17-26, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.  
Armstrong, Jack M., at Shreveport, 4-16-26, for MB, New Orleans, La.  
Tomlinson, Roy A., at Washington, 4-17-26, for Hdqtrs, Washington, D. C.  
Braden, Peter M., at Quantico, 4-18-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
Hopcroft, Earl E., at Portsmouth, N. H., 4-18-26, for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.  
Christoff, Peter, at Akron, 4-12-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
Picasoski, John, at San Francisco, 4-6-26, for Retg., San Francisco.  
Smith, Raymond F., at Pittsburgh, 4-24-26, for Retg., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Black, Braxton, at San Antonio, 4-22-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
Richard, Harry, at New Orleans, 4-25-26, for MB, New Orleans, La.  
Webb, Arthur L., at Shreveport, 4-23-26, for MB, New Orleans, La.  
Bradley, Charles C., at San Francisco, 4-19-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
Whitman, Thomas J., at Quantico, 4-21-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
Ramsey, Miles W., at Washington, 4-23-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
Hughes, Arthur A., at Portland, 4-19-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.  
Newcomer, Jacob C., at Los Angeles, 4-21-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.  
Roberson, Boyce L., at Quantico, 4-24-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
Cooper, Charles A., at Pittsburgh, 4-26-26, for MB, Parris Island.  
Teuchert, Charles, at Spokane, 4-17-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.  
Bowers, William E., at Indian Head, 4-27-26, for MB, Indian Head.  
Lovetere, Philip, at Chicago, 4-20-26, for HR, West Coast.  
Killgore, Clifford L., at Charleston, 4-19-26, for Rec. Ship, Charleston, S. C.  
Balan, Yancu, at Philadelphia, 5-1-26, for Depot, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Baker, Geoffrey, at Detroit, 4-29-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
Coffey, Roy C., at Salt Lake City, 4-26-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.  
Hill, James E., at Quantico, 4-28-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
Knutson, Carl N., at Quantico, 4-30-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.  
Richards, Michael, at Detroit, 4-24-27, for HR, West Coast.  
Smith, Charles W., at San Antonio, 4-16-26, for Rectg., Houston, Texas.  
Rimes, James C., at Parris Island, 4-17-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

**NAVAL TRANSPORTS**

**CHAUMONT**—Arrived Shanghai 22 April. Will sail from Shanghai 29 April, arrive Honolulu 11 May, leave 13 May, arrive San Francisco 19 May. Will sail from San Francisco again on 2 June for Honolulu, Guam, and Manila.

**HENDERSON**—Arrived San Francisco 1 May for Mare Island. Will sail from San Francisco 5 May for the East Coast on the following itinerary; arrive Canal Zone 16 May, leave 18 May, arrive Hampton Roads 25 May.

**KITTERY**—Arrived Norfolk Yard 23 April. Will sail from Hampton Roads again on 13 May for the West Indies.

**NITRO**—Arrived Navy Yard, Norfolk. Will be placed out of commission 15 June, 1926.

**RAMAPO**—Arrived Mare Island 19 March for overhaul. Date of completion of repairs 30 April. Will sail from San Francisco about 8 May for the Canal Zone.

**SAPELO**—Arrived Guantanamo 2 May. Will proceed to Port Arthur to load a cargo of fuel oil for discharge at Guantanamo about 22 May. Upon completion of discharge will proceed to Port Arthur load another cargo of fuel oil and proceed to Hampton Roads for discharge.

**SIRUS**—At Navy Yard, Norfolk, for overhaul. Date of completion of repairs

Telephone West 2336

**P. T. McDermott Coal Co.**

HIGH GRADE  
Anthracite and  
Bituminous

**Coal**

Office and Yard

3218 K Street Northwest

C. & P. Telephone 146

**E. Pietrangelo**

**MERCHANT TAILOR**

—and—

**NAVAL OUTFITTER**



27 Maryland Avenue

**ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND**

Phones, Main 9208—7454

**Gale E. Pugh & Co.**

200-202 Tenth Street N. W.

Washington, D. C.

**LIVE AND DRESSED**

**POULTRY**

Fresh Country Eggs and Butter



5 May. Will sail from Hampton Roads 8 May for the West Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive New York 9 May, leave 14 May, arrive Philadelphia 15 May, leave 21 May, arrive Canal Zone 30 May, leave 2 June, arrive San Diego 13 June, leave 15 June, arrive San Pedro 16 June, leave 19 June, arrive San Francisco 19 June, leave 26 June, arrive Bremerton 30 June.

VEGA—Arrived Navy Yard, Norfolk, 22 April for overhaul. Will sail from Hampton Roads about 10 June for the West Coast.

BRAZOS—Arrived Media Luna Cay 29 April.

BRIDGE—Arrived Guantanamo 8 April. ARCTIC—Sailed San Francisco 30 April for San Pedro.

CUYAMA—Arrived San Diego 31 March. KANAWHA—Arrived Martinez 30 April.

NECHES—Arrived Mare Island 27 April. PECOS—Arrived Olongapo 26 April.

#### TENTATIVE SAILINGS

Sirius—from Hampton Roads to West Coast, via New York and Philadelphia, 8 May; Nitro—from Hampton Roads to West Coast, 17 May; Vega—from Hampton Roads to West Coast, 10 June; Henderson—from San Francisco to East Coast, 5 May; Chaumont—from San Francisco to Manila, 2 June; Chaumont—from Manila to San Francisco, 7 July; Kittery—from Hampton Roads to West Indies, 13 May; Kittery—from Hampton Roads to West Indies, 17 May; Ramapo—from San Francisco to Canal Zone, 8 May; Sapelo—from Port Arthur to Guantanamo, 15 May.

#### RECENT GRADUATES

Brig. Gen. Ben H. Fuller—Spanish Course.

Pvt. Vernon Peterson—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Rudolph R. Cimbura—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Sergt. David W. Martin—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Harry D. Moore—Livestock Course.

Pvt. Benjamin T. Morris—Civil Service General Clerical Course.

Pvt. Otto C. Nuske—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Sergt. Reginald A. Ross—Poultry Breeding Course.

Sergt. Philip A. Freyvogel, Jr.—Civil Service General Clerical Course.

Pvt. First Class, Charles P. Daum—Bookkeeping, Accounting, and Auditing Course.

Corp. Bedford F. Foster—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Alfred B. Stewart—Poultry Breeding Course.

Pvt. First Class, Philip Ernst—Foreign Trade Course.

1st Lt. William L. Harding—Banking, Accounting, and Banking Law Course.

1st Lt. Vernon E. Megee—Shop Practice for Automobile Manufacturers Course.

Sergt. Rudolph M. Degner—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. First Class, Servando Gonzales—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. First Class, Charles M. E. Hartman—Civil Service General Clerical Course.

Corp. Joseph D. Richter—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Corp. Hans T. Nelson—Complete Automobile Course.

Pvt. Clarence R. Collins—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Corporal Glenn R. Stamps—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

2nd Lt. Herbert P. Becker—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.

Corp. James A. Canavan—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Frank W. Curtis—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Corp. Leo M. Muenzer—Foreign Trade Course.

Pvt. First Class, Jack Reddy—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Claude B. McGee—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Fred L. Sheldon—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Mr. Walter Glasgow—Complete Automobile Course.

Mr. Joseph F. Ellisdon—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Casimir T. Davis—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Corp. Herman L. Pauley—Diversified Farming for the South, Livestock Course.

Corp. Edwin D. Curry—Management Course.

Sergt. Abraham Olkein—Poultry Farming Course.

Sergt. George W. Elliott—Civil Service General Clerical Course.

The Sign of



Reliability

General Merchandise and Military Insignia

**Uris Sales Corporation**

Post Exchange and Ship Store Supplies - 108 E. 16th St. N. Y.

Write for Catalogue

### PYRAMID BRAND SALTED PEANUTS

are packed in moisture-proof packages and will stand up under all kinds of dampness

24 5-cent boxes to carton, 40 a case

PRICE \$24 PER CASE

**NATIONAL NUT PRODUCTS CO., INC.**

New York, N. Y.

### FALVEY GRANITE COMPANY

602 Eleventh Street N. W.

Washington, D. C.



Memorials for the Cemetery

W. H. McConkey

Established 1865  
Telephone, Main 928

Edw. Widmayer

### ROBERT L. ANDERSON COMPANY

Successor to ROBT. L. ANDERSON

WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Vegetables  
and General Produce

EARLY FRUITS AND VEGETABLES A SPECIALTY

919 B STREET NORTHWEST

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sergt. Maj. Joseph J. Leonard—Complete Automobile Course.  
 2nd Lt. Veryl H. Dartt—Bookkeeping, Accounting, and Auditing Course.  
 Capt. William F. Beattie—Bookkeeping, Accounting, and Auditing Course.  
 Capt. Charles E. Rice—Bookkeeping, Accounting, and Auditing Course.  
 Pvt. Stanley W. Houseworth—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Trumpeter Albert F. Cappella—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 1st Lt. Orrel A. Inman—Bookkeeping, Accounting, and Auditing Course.  
 1st Lt. Carl Gardner—Fire Bosses' Course.  
 Sergt. Horace M. Rogers—Complete Automobile Course.  
 Pvt. William H. Beaver—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt., First Class, Dewey B. Swords—Good English Course.  
 1st Lt. John Halla—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.  
 Pvt. Hylan F. DePriest—Civil Service General Clerical Course.  
 Pvt. First Class, Joseph J. Rada—Good English Course.  
 Corp. William H. Schwab—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Sergt. William G. Smith—Building Foremen's Course.  
 Corp. Percy C. Smith—Bookkeeping and Accounting Course.  
 Mr. Henry F. Bischof—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Corp. Anthony J. Cerny—Practical Telephony Course.  
 Pvt. George E. Land—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt., First Class, John H. Blake—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt., First Class, Clement D. Browncombe—Complete Automobile Course.  
 Corp. Guy Sanderson—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Corp. John D. Long—Complete Automobile Course.  
 Corp. George W. Brenton—Civil Service Bookkeeping Course.  
 Sergt. Emile Daigle—Motorman's Course.  
 Corp. Ralph McCallum—Banking and Business Law Course.  
 Sergt. Joseph E. Roberge—Bookkeeping and Accounting Course.  
 Pvt. Herman L. Pauley—Farm Crops Course.  
 Pvt., First Class, John B. Syverson—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt. Steve F. Stolarski—Civil Service General Clerical Course.  
 Capt. Robert H. Pepper—Complete Automobile Course.  
 2nd Lt. Matthew C. Horner—Bookkeeping, Accounting, and Auditing Course.  
 Sergt. Roland F. Smith—Short Plumbing Course.  
 Sergt. John Anderson—Soil Improvement Course.  
 Pvt., First Class, Alexander Steffen—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt. Henry A. Kulbacz—Industrial Management Course.  
 Pvt. Frank Bodner—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt. Emil G. Thomas—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt. Alvin C. Wilkinson—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Trumpeter Antonio C. LeMay—Good English Course.  
 1st Sergt. George W. Kase—Salesmanship Course.  
 Corp. Robert L. Knapton—Complete Automobile Course.  
 Pvt. Fred W. Ross—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt. Chester A. Lindsay—Practical Telephony Course.  
 Pvt. Chauncey W. Baker—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt. William T. Davin—Handicrafts Designing Course.  
 Pvt. John Adams—Foundry Work Course.  
 Pvt. Cameron B. Johnston—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt. Charles Cooper—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Pvt., First Class, Edward J. LaForce—Lumber Dealers' Course.  
 Corp. John R. Coulter—Principles of surveying Course.  
 Sergt. Lee N. Utz—Surveying and Mapping Course.  
 Corp. Robert T. Watson—Railway Postal Clerk Course.  
 Sergt. Denton H. Reed—Good English Course.  
 1st Lt. George W. McHenry—Bookkeeping, Accounting, and Auditing Course.  
 Capt. John F. Blanton—Bookkeeping, Accounting, and Auditing Course.

## SAKS & COMPANY

Give Individualized  
 Service in Men's  
 Clothes, Hats, Shoes  
 and Furnishings . .

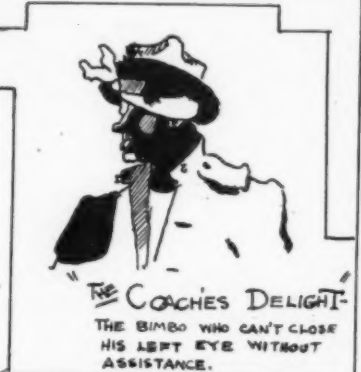
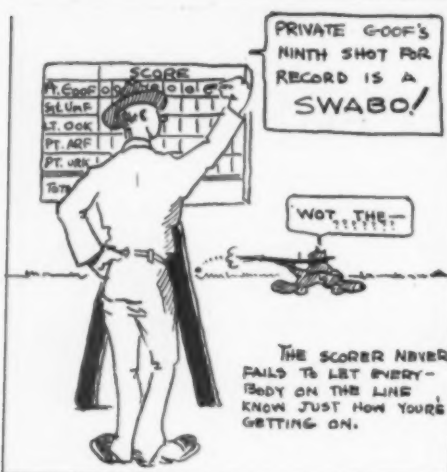
Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventh Street  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

## EDMONDS

*Optician*



Edmonds Building  
 915 Fifteenth Street  
 Washington, D. C.



\* NO UNAUTHORIZED POSITIONS WILL BE USED ON THE RANGE! - THE COACH -



THE ALIBIS FALL THICK AND FAST IN THE BUNKHOUSE.

FELLY SPEAKS FROM THE HEART!



## **THE RIGGS NATIONAL BANK**

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

FINANCIAL HEADQUARTERS  
FOR  
SERVICE MEN

3% PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

RESOURCES OVER \$43,000,000

## **GUY, CURRAN & CO.**

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Hosiery, Underwear, Dry Goods and Notions

HEADQUARTERS FOR CAMP GOODS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

234 Potomac Avenue

Quantico, Virginia

## **A. M. BOLOGNESE**

Tailor Made Suits

UNIFORMS Cut Down  
and Clothes Remodeled

Pressing and Repair  
Work A SPECIALTY

DO YOU OWN A POLICY WITH THE  
**Equitable Life Insurance Company?**

816 FOURTEENTH STREET

Washington, D. C.

A List of Gunnery Sergeants Arranged  
According to Seniority.

April 21, 1926.

| Name.                                      | Date of appointment. |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Schriver, Ollie M.—December 23, 1912.   |                      |
| 2. Hardy, James.—April 8, 1915.            |                      |
| 3. Molen, Walter H.—November 10, 1916.     |                      |
| 4. Arnold, John G.—February 11, 1917.      |                      |
| 5. Cooley, Herman F.—April 21, 1917.       |                      |
| 6. Chambers, Claudius E.—May 21, 1917.     |                      |
| 7. Courson, William.—August 8, 1917.       |                      |
| 8. Corbett, Patrick.—August 31, 1917.      |                      |
| 9. Bain, Albert R.—September 1, 1917.      |                      |
| 10. Rothwell, Richard H.—Sept. 1, 1917.    |                      |
| 11. Stima, John.—September 25, 1917.       |                      |
| 12. Carbary, James.—October 1, 1917.       |                      |
| 13. Porter, Allen J.—November 6, 1917.     |                      |
| 14. Brown, Edward G.—Nov. 13, 1917.        |                      |
| 15. Meek, Turner L.—November 22, 1917.     |                      |
| 16. Dexter, Thomas H.—Dec. 10, 1917.       |                      |
| 17. Hutt, Rudolph.—December 19, 1917.      |                      |
| 18. Goldberg, Max M.—January 4, 1918.      |                      |
| 19. Gordon, James A.—January 31, 1918.     |                      |
| 20. Tammany, Charles J.—Feb. 4, 1918.      |                      |
| 21. Hennessy, George H.—Feb. 4, 1918.      |                      |
| 22. Nordstrom, Charles R.—Feb. 7, 1918.    |                      |
| 23. Satterfield, James H.—Feb. 9, 1918.    |                      |
| 24. Pfies, William.—April 1, 1918.         |                      |
| 25. Tyerman, William H.—April 3, 1918.     |                      |
| 26. Charsha, Gordon F.—May 7, 1918.        |                      |
| 27. Kennedy, William A.—May 18, 1918.      |                      |
| 28. Knutson, Carl N.—July 1, 1918.         |                      |
| 29. Stone, Jack A.—July 31, 1918.          |                      |
| 30. Lahr, John.—August 23, 1918.           |                      |
| 31. Shadbolt, Gordon L.—Sept. 10, 1918.    |                      |
| 32. Allen, John E.—Sept. 10, 1918.         |                      |
| 33. Henson, Lester V.—Sept. 11, 1918.      |                      |
| 34. Smith, Robert D.—Sept. 21, 1918.       |                      |
| 35. Hogg, John L.—September 22, 1918.      |                      |
| 36. Finn, Michael T.—September 23, 1918.   |                      |
| 37. Frazier, Nello H.—September 27, 1918.  |                      |
| 38. Flynn, William E.—October 1, 1918.     |                      |
| 39. Savage, Roy O.—October 1, 1918.        |                      |
| 40. Coyne, Michael.—October 12, 1918.      |                      |
| 41. Dittmore, Charlie W.—Nov. 1, 1918.     |                      |
| 42. Miller, Lewis.—November 9, 1918.       |                      |
| 43. Tenney, Brice.—November 14, 1918.      |                      |
| 44. Reynolds, Jesse L.—Dec. 30, 1918.      |                      |
| 45. McFarland, Benjamin J.—Jan. 1, 1919.   |                      |
| 46. Barth, Oscar O.—January 9, 1919.       |                      |
| 47. Morf, Henry.—February 5, 1919.         |                      |
| 48. Clark, Roscoe T.—February 11, 1919.    |                      |
| 49. Scott, James R.—February 12, 1919.     |                      |
| 50. Anten, Tobias J.—February 19, 1919.    |                      |
| 51. Gravatt, Frank L.—March 15, 1919.      |                      |
| 52. Kyne, Martin.—April 9, 1919.           |                      |
| 53. Mornigstar, Wesley R.—April 9, 1919.   |                      |
| 54. Turner, John C.—May 1, 1919.           |                      |
| 55. Raley, Harry E.—June 1, 1919.          |                      |
| 56. Black, Glenn W.—June 14, 1919.         |                      |
| 57. Duckworth, Carl.—June 14, 1919.        |                      |
| 58. Stroud, Homer C.—June 19, 1919.        |                      |
| 59. Coryell, Fred.—July 1, 1919.           |                      |
| 60. Darragh, Clyde R.—July 18, 1919.       |                      |
| 61. Bailey, Henry M.—Sept. 5, 1919.        |                      |
| 62. Bradford, Paul C.—Sept. 22, 1919.      |                      |
| 63. Kindig, Boyd B.—December 1, 1919.      |                      |
| 64. Jacobson, Johan H.—Dec. 5, 1919.       |                      |
| 65. Cox, Reynolds C.—Dec. 23, 1919.        |                      |
| 66. MacPhee, John.—December 30, 1919.      |                      |
| 67. Reid, Robert W.—January 8, 1920.       |                      |
| 68. Calvert, Robert E.—Feb. 1, 1920.       |                      |
| 69. Smith, Plaut H.—Feb. 3, 1920.          |                      |
| 70. Scroggins, Jesse C.—Feb. 7, 1920.      |                      |
| 71. Bald, Edward.—Feb. 18, 1920.           |                      |
| 72. Wholley, Joseph R.—Feb. 23, 1920.      |                      |
| 73. Connolly, George B.—Feb. 24, 1920.     |                      |
| 74. Hopp, Gordon.—Feb. 24, 1920.           |                      |
| 75. Petrone, Frank.—March 10, 1920.        |                      |
| 76. Minter, Owen J.—April 5, 1920.         |                      |
| 77. Smith, Guy B.—April 7, 1920.           |                      |
| 78. Spraul, Fred.—April 8, 1920.           |                      |
| 79. Welby, Thomas J.—April 10, 1920.       |                      |
| 80. Tillman, Nolan.—April 21, 1920.        |                      |
| 81. Cerny, Joseph.—May 16, 1920.           |                      |
| 82. Peters, Leo.—May 22, 1920.             |                      |
| 83. Kirchhefer, Paul.—June 1, 1920.        |                      |
| 84. Bennington, James W.—June 1, 1920.     |                      |
| 85. Thomas, John M.—June 4, 1920.          |                      |
| 86. Chambers, Charles S.—June 9, 1920.     |                      |
| 87. Hicks, Carl.—June 19, 1920.            |                      |
| 88. Keller, Herman O. A.—June 22, 1920.    |                      |
| 89. Threadgill, Wm. H.—June 24, 1920.      |                      |
| 90. Hickey, John P.—July 1, 1920.          |                      |
| 91. Budrow, Joseph H.—July 1, 1920.        |                      |
| 92. Mihnowske, Nicholas.—July 13, 1920.    |                      |
| 93. Fitzgerald, Laurence J.—July 23, 1920. |                      |
| 94. Lopes, Andres.—July 27, 1920.          |                      |
| 95. Johnson, Joseph E.—August 1, 1920.     |                      |
| 96. Bailey, James P.—August 1, 1920.       |                      |
| 97. Cloud, Noah C.—August 11, 1920.        |                      |
| 98. Green, Morton.—August 20, 1920.        |                      |
| 99. Letcher, John F.—August 31, 1920.      |                      |
| 100. Hughes, Barnett.—Sept. 1, 1920.       |                      |
| 101. Hoban, Thomas J.—Sept. 14, 1920.      |                      |
| 102. Birt, Robert L.—Sept. 28, 1920.       |                      |
| 103. Almquist, Albert H.—October 1, 1920.  |                      |
| 104. Buchanan, Fred M.—October 1, 1920.    |                      |
| 105. Turney, John H.—October 5, 1920.      |                      |
| 106. Williams, Charles.—October 6, 1920.   |                      |
| 107. McDonald, Donald.—October 12, 1920.   |                      |
| 108. Mathews, William G.—Oct. 18, 1920.    |                      |
| 109. Hamilton, Charles H.—Dec. 3, 1920.    |                      |
| 110. Kealy, John P.—December 22, 1920.     |                      |

| Name.                                      | Date of appointment. |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 111. D'Arinac, Daniel.—January 1, 1921.    |                      |
| 112. Schave, Charles N.—January 6, 1921.   |                      |
| 113. Ridge, Thomas H.—February 1, 1921.    |                      |
| 114. Krawczyk, Edward.—Feb. 18, 1921.      |                      |
| 115. Bahn, Claude.—April 11, 1921.         |                      |
| 116. Place, Walter F.—April 11, 1921.      |                      |
| 117. Wirkus, Faustin E.—April 11, 1921.    |                      |
| 118. Portis, Norman.—April 20, 1921.       |                      |
| 119. Smith, Robert A.—May 2, 1921.         |                      |
| 120. George, Oscar B.—June 6, 1921.        |                      |
| 121. Smith, Ike S.—August 15, 1921.        |                      |
| 122. Hardin, Daniel H.—Sept. 24, 1921.     |                      |
| 123. McLeod, Fred B.—Sept. 24, 1921.       |                      |
| 124. Huff, Melvin T.—October 21, 1921.     |                      |
| 125. Tracey, Joseph A.—October 21, 1921.   |                      |
| 126. Homer, James T.—November 1, 1921.     |                      |
| 127. Primm, John W.—November 10, 1921.     |                      |
| 128. Heininger, Augustus.—Dec. 15, 1921.   |                      |
| 129. Clary, Bill E.—December 23, 1921.     |                      |
| 130. Saunders, Joseph A.—January 1, 1922.  |                      |
| 131. Cunningham, Law E.—Jan. 12, 1922.     |                      |
| 132. Churchill, Ambrose F.—Jan. 27, 1922.  |                      |
| 133. Kyle, Charles.—Feb. 1, 1922.          |                      |
| 134. Burney, Paul W.—March 1, 1922.        |                      |
| 135. Odien, Philip T.—March 13, 1922.      |                      |
| 136. Wilk, Adalbert.—March 21, 1922.       |                      |
| 137. Gustafson, John A.—April 11, 1922.    |                      |
| 138. Hughes, Charles B.—May 11, 1922.      |                      |
| 139. Ostick, Charles T.—May 23, 1922.      |                      |
| 140. Wonderlich, Henry C.—May 23, 1922.    |                      |
| 141. Nelson, George.—June 1, 1922.         |                      |
| 142. Wallace, David B.—June 10, 1922.      |                      |
| 143. Braden, Peter M.—June 16, 1922.       |                      |
| 144. Holz, Gustave.—June 26, 1922.         |                      |
| 145. Watson, James K.—July 6, 1922.        |                      |
| 146. Reynolds, Charles.—Aug. 1, 1922.      |                      |
| 147. Brainerd, Harold S.—Dec. 26, 1922.    |                      |
| 148. Pimlott, John R.—December 26, 1922.   |                      |
| 149. Thurman, Roscoe V.—Dec. 26, 1922.     |                      |
| 150. Bonhag, George A.—Jan. 8, 1923.       |                      |
| 151. Egonut, John J., Jr.—January 8, 1923. |                      |
| 152. Meachem, Henry C.—March 1, 1923.      |                      |
| 153. Groves, William G.—March 27, 1923.    |                      |
| 154. Chidley, James W.—April 18, 1923.     |                      |
| 155. Lancaster, Ivie W.—April 19, 1923.    |                      |
| 156. Larrick, Herbert F.—April 19, 1923.   |                      |
| 157. Shapiro, David.—May 1, 1923.          |                      |
| 158. Berg, Frithjof O.—May 16, 1923.       |                      |
| 159. August, Gottfried G.—May 22, 1923.    |                      |
| 160. Brooks, George C.—June 2, 1923.       |                      |
| 161. Kerndt, Gustav.—June 12, 1923.        |                      |
| 162. Mettetal, Eugene.—June 12, 1923.      |                      |
| 163. Sears, Anthony J.—June 18, 1923.      |                      |
| 164. Czegka, Victor H.—June 21, 1923.      |                      |
| 165. Tucker, Arville C.—July 1, 1923.      |                      |
| 166. Brown, Lawrence E.—August 2, 1923.    |                      |
| 167. Huntley, William G.—Sept. 22, 1923.   |                      |
| 168. Miskimen, Horace D.—Sept. 25, 1923.   |                      |
| 169. McFarland, Gid.—October 1, 1923.      |                      |
| 170. Conwill, Arthur L.—October 1, 1923.   |                      |
| 171. Hoffman, Oliver.—October 6, 1923.     |                      |
| 172. Fisher, Morris.—October 6, 1923.      |                      |
| 173. Park, Walter.—October 11, 1923.       |                      |
| 174. Betke, Bernard G.—October 16, 1923.   |                      |
| 175. Coulter, Raymond O.—Oct. 16, 1923.    |                      |
| 176. Smith, Frank J.—October 23, 1923.     |                      |
| 177. Taber, Fred J.—October 25, 1923.      |                      |
| 178. Clopton, Willard C.—Nov. 16, 1923.    |                      |
| 179. Harkey, Herbert J.—Dec. 3, 1923.      |                      |
| 180. Jensen, Hilmar A.—Dec. 4, 1923.       |                      |
| 181. Dougherty, Fred N.—Dec. 11, 1923.     |                      |
| 182. Cooke, Walter M.—Jan. 1, 1924.        |                      |
| 183. Clayton, Raymond.—Jan. 4, 1924.       |                      |
| 184. Leeper, Raymond H.—Jan. 26, 1924.     |                      |
| 185. Jagiello, Anthony.—Feb. 6, 1924.      |                      |
| 186. Callahan, George F.—Feb. 12, 1924.    |                      |
| 187. Jones, Robert W.—Feb. 13, 1924.       |                      |
| 188. Kool, Sava.—February 12, 1924.        |                      |
| 189. Miller, John C.—February 12, 1924.    |                      |
| 190. Paszkiewicz, Andrew J.—Feb. 12, 1924. |                      |
| 191. Ruetsch, William E.—Feb. 13, 1924.    |                      |
| 192. Smith, Frank L.—Feb. 12, 1924.        |                      |
| 193. Sullivan, Barth'm'w A.—Feb. 12, 1924. |                      |
| 194. Cole, George F.—Feb. 15, 1924.        |                      |
| 195. Logan, Andrew M.—Feb. 19, 1924.       |                      |
| 196. Walshe, Hynton E.—Feb. 25, 1924.      |                      |
| 197. Henshaw, Ralph N.—April 30, 1924.     |                      |
| 198. Karynaske, Joseph J.—May 6, 1924.     |                      |
| 199. Petringelo, Carmon.—May 29, 1924.     |                      |
| 200. Olmsted, James N.—June 15, 1924.      |                      |
| 201. Fragner, William A.—June 19, 1924.    |                      |
| 202. Weigand, William H.—July 1, 1924.     |                      |
| 203. Arnold, William M.—July 1, 1924.      |                      |
| 204. Barr, William H.—July 1, 1924.        |                      |
| 205. Blanks, Hugh A.—July 1, 1924.         |                      |
| 206. Shaker, Richard.—July 1, 1924.        |                      |
| 207. Shriver, Robert W.—July 16, 1924.     |                      |
| 208. Geer, Horace D.—July 21, 1924.        |                      |
| 209. Allen, Wheeling J.—August 6, 1924.    |                      |
| 210. Sheldon, Sumner.—August 14, 1924.     |                      |
| 211. Matsen, James W.—Sept. 8, 1924.       |                      |
| 212. Grayson, Merlin F.—Sept. 15, 1924.    |                      |
| 213. Ryckman, Willis L.—Sept. 16, 1924.    |                      |
| 214. Ewalt, Robert B.—Sept. 18, 1924.      |                      |
| 215. Munsch, Albert S.—November 1, 1924.   |                      |
| 216. Pardee, Walter W.—November 1, 1924.   |                      |
| 217. Young, Frank M.—Nov. 19, 1924.        |                      |
| 218. Kenyon, William J.—Dec. 1, 1924.      |                      |
| 219. Cote, Oliver A.—December 1, 1924.     |                      |
| 220. Greenwood, William A.—Dec. 4, 1924.   |                      |
| 221. Frederickson, Chas. J.—Dec. 18, 1924. |                      |

| Name.                                      | Date of appointment. |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 222. Buckley, Joseph E.—Dec. 24, 1924.     |                      |
| 223. Winning, Edward E.—Jan. 1, 1925.      |                      |
| 224. Taylor, James E.—January 1, 1925.     |                      |
| 225. Gire, Ellis J.—January 1, 1925.       |                      |
| 226. Markle, William R.—January 1, 1925.   |                      |
| 227. Murphy, Thomas W. P.—Jan. 4, 1925.    |                      |
| 228. Millam, Fred D.—January 7, 1925.      |                      |
| 229. Nelson, William.—January 7, 1925.     |                      |
| 230. Cook, John B.—February 1, 1925.       |                      |
| 231. Church, Jack A.—February 2, 1925.     |                      |
| 232. Goding, Theodore.—Feb. 2, 1925.       |                      |
| 233. Kaminski, Edward J.—Feb. 2, 1925.     |                      |
| 234. Kildow, Hopwood C.—Feb. 2, 1925.      |                      |
| 235. Stewart, Carl E.—February 2, 1925.    |                      |
| 236. Whitman, Thomas J.—Feb. 2, 1925.      |                      |
| 237. Thek, John R.—March 14, 1925.         |                      |
| 238. Coleman, Jesse W.—March 15, 1925.     |                      |
| 239. Empey, Nelson A.—March 16, 1925.      |                      |
| 240. Lee, William A.—April 1, 1925.        |                      |
| 241. Gosling, Albert.—May 11, 1925.        |                      |
| 242. Kimes, John W.—June 1, 1925.          |                      |
| 243. Blackford, William C.—Aug. 10, 1925.  |                      |
| 244. Hill, James F.—August 10, 1925.       |                      |
| 245. Brewer, Arthur W.—Sept. 16, 1925.     |                      |
| 246. Davey, Stanley G.—Sept. 16, 1925.     |                      |
| 247. Dunne, Arthur M.—Sept. 16, 1925.      |                      |
| 248. Smith, Robert.—Sept. 23, 1925.        |                      |
| 249. Blakey, John.—October 13, 1925.       |                      |
| 250. Willard, Douglas T.—October 16, 1925. |                      |
| 251. Shaw, Merrill A.—October 30, 1925.    |                      |
| 252. Blade, Emil J.—November 7, 1925.      |                      |
| 253. Blackerby, Hubert C.—Dec. 11, 1925.   |                      |
| 254. Hyde, Donald M.—Dec. 11, 1925.        |                      |
| 255. Salguero, Manuel M.—Dec. 11, 1925.    |                      |
| 256. McCune, Andrew G.—Dec. 17, 1925.      |                      |
| 257. O'Grady, William.—Dec. 17, 1925.      |                      |
| 258. Stahl, John J.—December 22, 1925.     |                      |
| 259. Royalty, Ollie "S."—Jan. 1, 1926.     |                      |
| 260. Godbee, Powell W.—Jan. 20, 1926.      |                      |
| 261. Skoda, Stephen.—February 19, 1926.    |                      |
| 262. Van, Frank J.—March 1, 1926.          |                      |
| 263. Petrillo, Charles M.—March 8, 1926.   |                      |
| 264. Ahern, John J.—March 23, 1926.        |                      |
| 265. Kapanke, William H.—March 23, 1926.   |                      |

If any error is noted in the above list, kindly notify Headquarters, Marine Corps, or "The Leatherneck"; and the matter will be adjusted accordingly.

## NAVAL ORDERS

Ch. Pharm. Chauncey R. Holmes, detached Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., to Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, N. H.

Ch. Pharm. Herbert S. Lansdowne, detached Naval Hospital, New York, to Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Ch. Pharm. Robert H. Stanley, detached Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., to Naval Hospital, Newport, R. I.

Lt. Max Silverman (MC), detached Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to First Battalion, Fifth Regiment, U. S. Marines.

## DEATHS

ABBOTT, Nell W., 1st Sergt., killed April 14, 1926, in aeroplane crash at Cumnor, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Ada J. Guthrie, mother, Humphrey, N. Y.

ADDIS, Millard C., Sergt., accidentally drowned April 20, 1926, at Parris Island, S. C. Next to kin: Mrs. Mary Addis, mother, 401 East Lake Street, Marceline, Mo.

BJORNSTAD, Peter S., 1st Sergt., died April 13, 1926, of disease at Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Sverre Bjornstad, mother, 23 Sporvels Street, Christiania, Norway.

EGLOF, Clarence B., Pvt., First Class, died April 4, 1926, at Charleston, S. C. Next to kin: Frederick Egloff, father, 361 Ninth Street, Troy, N. Y.

MIX, Clarence V., Master Tech. Sergt., killed April 14, 1926, in aeroplane crash at Cumnor, Va. Next to kin: Mrs. Marion A. Mix, wife, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

KLEIN, Robert, 1st Sergt., retired, died April 15, 1926, of disease at New York, N. Y. Next to kin: Ernest Klein, brother, 12 Morton Avenue, Long Island, N. Y.

Compliments

of

CORBY BAKERY

DRINK COCA COLA

Coca Cola  
Bottling Works

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

BRODERICK'S CAFE

Buffet  
Lunch1743½ Penna. Avenue N. W.  
Washington, D. C.A Complete Funeral as Low as  
\$100

John T. Rhines &amp; Co.

Funeral Directors and  
Embalmers

Phone Fr. 3108 901 3rd St., S. W.

Private Ambulance  
Virginia License

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SHIP THAT RETRIEVED HER-  
SELF

Continued

ing through the seas like a wild thing, green water breaking and sweeping across her, and across her again, the City of Elba bent to her task. Straining until every rivet seemed ready to part, most of her lifeboats gone, and the best part of her crew seasick, she pushed on. Toward daylight the storm abated, and what had been lost energy now became speed. As wireless after wireless reached them from the doomed Claribel, the City of Elba raced on. With dawn the speck upon the horizon grew and grew until the outline of the fast settling passenger ship was discernible. Boats were soon put over, and, though there was yet a heavy sea, the transfer to the decks of the City of Elba was made in little over an hour. Once more her radio sparked and spluttered the glad news of the rescue to friends or relatives of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated Claribel.

With a touch of her old pride the City of Elba swept up the old Mississippi to her berth at New Orleans. Every tug lifted its hoarse whistle in greeting. Salute guns boomed. Whistles of sister freighters, and of passengers in port, took up the welcoming. Crowds waved and cameras clicked, as a fussy tug boat nosed her up to the pier; for the City of Elba had retrieved herself.

## THEY KNEW HIM

An old lady who had been introduced to a doctor who was also a Commander in the Navy Medical Department, felt somewhat puzzled as to how she should address him.

"Shall I call you 'doctor' or 'Commander'?" she asked.

"Oh, just as you wish," was the reply; "as a matter of fact, some people call me an old idiot."

"Indeed," she piped up, "but then, they are people that know you."

\* \* \*

Sergeant Bozo had been a great traveler and couldn't keep quiet about it. Everything reminded him of something else that took place in Timbuctoo, or the Cannibal Isles while he was sea-going. He stopped over at Quantico to see an old shipmate of his one time and this shipmate was admiring a particularly beautiful Quantico sunset.

"Ah," said Bozo, "you ought to see the sunsets in the East!"

"Surely would like to," said his shipmate, "the darn thing always sets in the west around Virginia."

\* \* \*

It was Easter Eve in Boston. A stiff wind, laden with sleet blew over the city and howled up and down the terminal platform. A young lady, just from school, carrying her new Easter bonnet in a bandbox, walked impatiently up and down, waiting for the train to take her home for the holidays. A bluff old sea captain, evidently waiting for the same train was also impatiently pacing the platform.

"A terrible Easter, isn't it," ventured the sweet young thing. "Easter Hell!" roared the old sea dog, "It's a sou' easter."

LIBERTY

MERCHANDISE  
STORE

R. GRATZ, Proprietor

QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Athletic Equipment

John B. Stetson Hats

Merchants  
Transfer and  
Storage  
Company

GENERAL OFFICE

920 E STREET Northwest  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Harry H. Haynes

S H O E  
Repairing

720 Eleventh St. Northwest

WASHINGTON, D. C.



## THE DUTIES OF A RECRUITER

*Continued*

The next morning the "news" appears in a prominent part of the paper. Some boy may notice this and come up for information. Editors are hard animals to deal with. They know the recruiter needs them and they don't in the least need the recruiter, but they'll listen. The recruiter must know all the reporters and be intimate with them, as sometimes he will have a long story and doesn't dare see the editor. Perhaps he has good reasons. He doesn't want to be in the tail end of an argument. He sees the reporter and tips him off to slip in the story. The editor, perhaps, doesn't see the story until the next morning and then he finds it was all right.

If the recruiter is very popular with the high school boys and girls—mostly girls—in the small town where he is situated (he should be popular with that class), sometime they'll ask him to give a talk at some school function. Perhaps he had told some of them of his various adventures throughout the world. He is stuck! He had never made a speech in his life, but he's going to make one. There'll be lots of girls in the audience, and he has to make a good impression, on them especially, for himself and the Marine Corps.

He goes to the office. What is he going to speak about? His thoughts wander toward Haiti. He rolls some paper on the typewriter and pictures this island a place of mystery, where Marines have made history. Later, if he is able, he commences to talk about commercial possibilities of the country, but that doesn't interest his audience. They would like to hear some heart rending adventure in which he was the outstanding hero. Here is where imagination comes in. He works it into fiction. If some Marine could hear him, he would be called a liar, but he is acclaimed by the audience and wildly applauded. They believe him, which is as it should be. He has to be careful that he doesn't talk about anything he heard happened in the old days in Haiti, even though he was there at the time. He pictures the Marines as real, honest-to-goodness, fearless men, who know nothing but "Semper Fidelis," and he will explain to them what that means. They might think it is something to eat.

Last, but not least, a good recruiter is an important part of the community in which he lives. He'll get much help from the community if he is that kind of a fellow. The above mentioned duties are only a few which recruiters are called upon to perform. Naturally, there are some recruiters that don't give a darn whether they sink or swim; they generally sink, but I think it is a great opportunity to meet all classes of people, and by doing all these things which I have mentioned, a recruiter learns something, even if he never returns to civil life.

There is a certain satisfaction in knowing that you, as a stranger, are appreciated in the community.—yes! There are many duties in the line easier than that of a recruiter.

## BETTER EQUIPMENTS FOR OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN BEAR THE SHIELD TRADE-MARK OF



Registered

N. S. MEYER, Inc.

Manufacturers

Importers

43 EAST 19TH STREET

NEW YORK



Registered

ASK FOR N. S. MEYER, INC., UNIFORM TRIMMINGS  
AT YOUR POST EXCHANGE OR DEALER

Makers of



Insignia and Buttons

## Quality and Satisfaction Running Mates

For quality that means satisfaction—at lowest cost.  
For style that's right up to the minute—for good sound  
value that saves you money—you want

B-K. CLOTHES \$19.75 to \$39.75

MOST FOR YOUR MONEY

The Bieber-Kaufman Co. 901-909  
Eighth Street, S. E. Washington, D. C.

WHEN YOU DO BUSINESS WITH OUR ADVERTISERS  
PLEASE MENTION THE LEATHERNECK

## SERVICE TO THE SERVICE

POST  
EXCHANGE  
MERCHANDISE

Sole distributors of Griffith  
Shu-Beam. All colors. Price  
\$19.80 per gross.

- 1-2 gross free with 5 gross.
- 1 1-2 gross free with 10 gross.
- 5 gross free with 25 gross.

W. &amp; S. LYON CO.

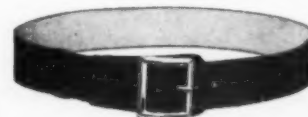
799 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK CITY

Write for Catalogue

THE

Peter Bain  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GARRISON  
BELT



Made from Genuine Shell Cordovan.  
Smooth "glass" finish. Solid brass  
buckle. No finer military belt the  
world over. Satisfaction guaran-  
teed or money refunded. When  
ordering, state exact waist meas-  
urement over blouse.

\$3.75

SEND \$1 WITH ORDER, BALANCE C.O.D.

HABANIX  
LEATHER PRODUCTS CO.,  
Toledo, Ohio

June, 1926

## THE LEATHERNECK

Fifty-nine

## OUR HALL OF FAME

*Continued*CROIX DE GUERRE  
(Bronze Star)

"By his incessant activity and the intervention of his valiant troops he contributed generously to the success of the 116th French Infantry during the attacks from June 6-10, 1918."

CROIX DE GUERRE  
(Silver Star)

"By his incessant activity and the intervention of his valiant troops he contributed generously to the success of the 116th French Infantry during the attacks from June 6-10, 1918."

CROIX DE GUERRE  
(Palm)

"He commanded the 4th Brigade at the battle of the MASSIF BLANC MONT from October 3-10, 1918, capturing all the objectives. He pierced the enemy line to a depth of six kilometers and held the position at all points."

CROIX DE GUERRE  
(Palm)

"Thrown into the thick of battle on a front then under violent enemy attack, this brigade immediately demonstrated that it was a unit of the first order. At its initial entry into line, in liaison with the French, it broke a violent enemy attack on an important point of the position and then undertook independently a series of offensive operations in the course of which, thanks to the brilliant courage, vigor, dash and tenacity of the men who yielded neither to fatigue nor to losses; thanks to the activity and energy of the officers; thanks, in short, to the personal activity of its commander, General Harbord, the 4th Brigade saw its efforts crowned with success. In close liaison with each other these two regiments and their machine gun battalion, after twelve days of incessant struggle (June 2-13, 1918) in a very difficult terrain, advanced for distances varying from 1500 to 200 meters over a front of 4 kilometers, captured quantities of material, took more than five hundred prisoners, inflicted severe losses upon the enemy and carried two of his strongest supporting points, namely the village of Bouresches and the organized Belleau Woods."

At last, after a stay of almost two years in Europe, he finally embarked on the U. S. S. George Washington for home, on July 25, 1919. He was promoted to major general, temporary, March 28, 1920; and was assistant to the Major General Commandant from 1920 to 1923, when he was assigned to duty as the Commanding General of the Department of the Pacific, which command he holds at the present time.

In the April 10 issue of The Leatherneck "Guest Ivory," the product of Procter & Gamble Company, was referred to in the advertisement on the cover as "99-100 per cent pure." This advertisement should have read "99 44-100 per cent pure."

Ask for


*"It's the Best"*

Phone Lincoln 5900

1337-53 D Street S. E.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

YALE KNITTING  
MILLS

NEW YORK CITY

URIS SALES CO.

108 E. 16TH Street  
NEW YORKExclusive distributors to the  
Marine Corps

Phone, Lincoln 7207

## HOME PEANUT COMPANY

High-Grade Peanut Products  
Salted Almonds

735 Seventh St. S. E.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## DREYER TRADING COMPANY

*Distributors to the*  
POST EXCHANGES OF  
U. S. ARMY & MARINE CORPS  
*Write for Price List*

24 Stone St.

New York

When wanting bakery products  
like home-made  
CALL

HOLMES &amp; SON, Inc.

107 F St., N. W. Phone M. 4537-38

## MODEL LUNCH

Best Meals in Southeast

SERVICE TO  
SERVICE MENOPEN  
ALL NIGHTOpposite Marine Barracks  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

## The HERZOG—

BUDGET BUYING  
P-L-A-NM  
E  
N

Allows you to buy the  
Styleplus and Herzog  
Clothes and Furnishings  
on a special 10-weekly  
plan. TEN WEEKS TO  
PAY.

SOL HERZOG  
Incorporated

F STREET AT NINTH

Rice & Duval, Inc.  
IMPORTING  
TAILORS

509 Fifth Ave., New York

We Specialize in Uniforms for  
Army, Navy and Marine  
Corps OfficersWashington, D. C., Sales Office  
Westory Bldg., 14th & F Sts. N.W.

**DO NOT THROW  
YOUR OLD SHOES AWAY**

Bring them to us,  
We can make them  
Good as New

**Sullivan's Shoe  
Repair Shop**

Potomac Avenue  
QUANTICO, - VIRGINIA

It is not the price,  
its the quality of material and  
workmanship that counts

**GEO. S. GOULDMAN & CO.**

**Florist**

We Grow the  
Flowers We Sell

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

DRINK  
**COCA-COLA**  
IN BOTTLES

Washington  
Coca-Cola Bottling Works  
Incorporated

400 7th St. S. W. Phone Main 7358  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

**THE YARNS OF "HELL'S BELLS" O'NEIL**

*Continued*

I got the Steward and fixed him up with a snack and afterwards showed him Peterson's Flight Hangar. He was attached to the Flight, he said, for instruction.

"The next morning it was all over in twenty minutes. This lad came down to the hangars still wrapped up in the incognito trench coat and I guess some of the boys on the solo bench tipped him off to what kind of a bird that Peterson was. Trench-Coat nods and takes it all in and thanks them and the boys themselves sort of sit around expectantly, to see the fun. Then along comes Foul-Mouth himself for the morning's work. He looks the bench over and when he sees the new face among his lads, his eyes light up like the eyes of the ape who was responsible for those lamentable murders in the Rue Morgue.

"Stand upon your bulbous," he yells, 'and now by the pulpy gods who gave you birth, you might the nauseous misnomer be who told you you could disgustingly-well fly?'

"Trench-Coat stood up. Foul-Mouth looked at him in rapid succession offered three rather extraneous remarks. The first concerned Trench-Coat's father, the second his grandfather and the third his great grandmother on the distaff side.

"Having then stopped a moment for a breather, Peterson points to a dilapidated B. E. on the tarmac and to the club lanyarded to his wrist and enlarges briefly and succinctly upon the past history of both and their probable immediate future history. Having finished, he says 'Climb in.' Trench-Coat climbs in—meanwhile the boys on the bench are purple in the face and verging on stomach-ruptures from suppressed mirth.

"From the minute Peterson himself climbs in behind Trench-Coat, cursing out again in an unbroken tirade that can still be heard after the motor starts. Then the B. E. takes off, banks, slithers up the 'drome, turns again, shuts off and starts down. For a moment dead silence, then a vicious outburst of the most supercharged profanity ever heard by God or man, up comes Foul-Mouth's club arm, down goes the club, Trench-Coat ducks and the B. E. lands.

"Get out!" yells Foul-Mouth in a scream that would shame a banshee but there's no need for it for Trench-Coat is already out with a face as white as the chalk cliffs of Dover and every limb taut with a suppressed angry tremble that was frightful to see. Two movements

and the trench-coat was off, and standing where it had been, is a full colonel of one of the damndest, fightingest regiments that ever came out of Canada. He has three more medals than the King wears on extra special occasions. Starting with the Victoria Cross, they grade right down to the Tower and Sword and Kitchen Stove of Serbia without missing a single bet. And at first glance the boys think he's got an Admiral's gold ring on the cuff of his left sleeve, but at second glance they see it's just a collection of about four or five dozen wound stripes.

"There is one awful, long drawn-out silence. Then the Colonel opens up in a mild voice that hardly did justice, the boys thought, to a man who had picked up two-wooden feet on Vimy Ridge. But what he said was to the point.

"And now, Captain Peterson, that being what I believe your name to be, I have enjoyed your charming little Billingsgate garden party immensely. At the present moment I am undecided whether to shoot you down in cold blood, which, as we are at present governed by Active Service regulations, is my indisputable right as an officer who has been struck by a subordinate, or whether to place you under close arrest, court-marshal you and send you to Parkhurst prison for twenty years, which is the alternative." He paused for a moment and smiled sweetly. 'I say I am undecided, and I shall probably remain undecided for some time to come. Pending my decision in the matter—' the smile left his face, 'you will cease to swear on this aerodrome. And now, Sir, proceed with your instruction.'

"Well at four o'clock that afternoon, Foul-Mouth sort of sidled up to me in the Mess and says, 'It's a nice day, isn't it'—and nobody ever heard him even say 'gosh' from that day to this.—Reprinted by permission of Aero Digest.

The yarn that "Hell's Bells O'Neil" has to spin in the July issue of The Leatherneck is entitled "That Thing They Call an Adjutant." Don't miss it.

The author of this series, James Warner Bellah, is an ex-service man, having done his bit during the World War. His stories are very amusing and true to life.

We believe our readers will appreciate this type of humor; and are very well pleased with the stories of the series that are now on our desk.—EDITOR.





Joint Offices

The Real Estate  
Title Insurance Company  
The Columbia  
Title Insurance Company

## OFFICERS

James J. Becker, *President*  
W. S. Armstrong, *Vice-President*  
Edgar M. Mayne, *Vice-President*  
Charles E. Marsh, *Secretary*  
Edward S. McKnew, *Asst. Secretary*  
Harry S. Welch, Jr., *Asst. Secretary*

TITLE PAPERS ISSUED IN  
THE JOINT NAME AND  
UPON THE JOINT RESPONSIBILITY  
OF THE TWO COMPANIES

503 E Street, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## OVER 100 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL BANKING

H. LEWIS WALLACE, *President*HUGH D. SCOTT, *Cashier*GEO. A. SCOTT, *Asst. Cashier*

United States Government Depository

United States Government Depository

Polite Service

Modern Burglary Alarm System

## The Story of Our Growth:

|                          |              |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| Deposits 1917.....       | \$412,554.92 |
| Deposits Jan. 1, 1924... | 1,141,987.11 |
| Deposits Jan. 1, 1925... | 1,222,874.33 |
| Deposits Jan. 1, 1926... | 1,316,456.28 |

Insurance Against Robbery and Burglary

SAFE \* \* STRONG \* \* SECURE

## THE NATIONAL BANK OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

"Save for Savers"

Capital Stock and Surplus \$120,000.00

Compound Interest on Savings

You are protected by Over a Million Dollars of Gilt Edge Resources

☞ Your Patronage Solicited



As Eloise so aptly remarked: Experience is what you get when you're looking for something else.

J. H. Moncure John Moncure

## QUANTICO MOTOR COMPANY

QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

CHRYSLER  
SALES AND SERVICEGeneral Repair Work  
Intelligently Done

Phone 311

Battery Service

Established 1917

Phone 315

## QUANTICO CANDY KITCHEN

Dealers in

RADIOS and ELECTRIC SUPPLIES  
STATIONERY, SPORTING  
GOODS, NOVELTIES

310 Potomac Ave. Quantico, Va.

Phone

W 190

The  
Samuel C. Palmer Co., Inc.1066 Wisconsin Avenue, N. W.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

AMERICAN GINGER ALE

Aromatic

Our Specialty

SODA

Mineral Waters in Founts

Syphons and Bottles

APPLE CIDER, Etc.

G. EDGAR SOUTTER, Manager  
Postoffice: Quantico, Va.

HOTEL DRUSILLA

Hot and Cold Water

Steam Heat Electric Lights

On Richmond-Washington Highway  
Quantico Junction

38 miles South of Washington, D. C.

1½ miles South of Dumfries

20 miles North of Fredericksburg

Rooms Reasonable

Lunch and Regular Meals Served

C. & P. Telephone: Quantico 300-W  
Stop and See Us

- ICE -

*At Your Service*



Quantico Ice Company

SALES AGENTS

MUTUAL ICE COMPANY

Alexandria - - - - Virginia

Price-Wilhoite Specialty Co.

INCORPORATED

Manufacturers of

WILHOITE'S PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES

636 D STREET N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MAN to MAN

El Roi Tan

A Cigar You'll Like

# THE GUARDIAN OF THE MALECON

*Continued*

gers. But the band stopped at last, and we saw that the lights of the schooner were slowly but surely moving landward—now hidden in a trough of the waves, now in plain view at the crest of a monster of the sea. Ever and anon we caught the wailing of those yet left alive aboard her. Then the lights vanished as a terrible wave engulfed the schooner; the wailing died out as disappears a candle flame in a wind—and silence settled over the Malecon save for the shrieking of the waves and the screaming of the wind. There was no way of going to the rescue! It would have been suicide to no avail, senior! One man tried to swim out of the schooner—we found his body next day in the middle of second street north of the Malecon—and with him were the bodies of many others. That monument yonder was erected in memory of one of the saddest pages in Dominican history."

"But the woman! What of her?"

"All of her family, save her husband, was aboard the schooner. All save one of them returned—the youngest, a girl of twelve, best-beloved of her family—we found their bodies north of the Malecon. But the girl never came back! The sea took her and has never given her up."

"But the woman's husband, who you say was not aboard? Why does he permit her to visit the Malecon alone?"

"Her husband, senior," replied the man, "was the only Dominican who tried to reach the foundering schooner. He failed, as I have told you. Now, there is no one of the family save the wife and mother—who comes nightly to the Malecon to pray that the sea give up her best-beloved. But there is no reason to fear her, senior. She is harmless, though all Santo Domingo knows that she has lost her mind—she does not even grow angry at the men and boys who follow her about, hurling gibes at her for a lunatic. So you can see that there is really no harm in her."

"Yes," I replied bitterly, "I can well understand. But do you?"

Many months later, when I stood on the deck of an outbound transport, leaving Santo Domingo behind to drop slowly out of sight below the horizon, I stood at the rail and looked back toward the Malecon. We had left the Ozama at nightfall and already lights had flashed on in the Capital City. A revolving light to guide mariners blinked on and off as it circled in its huge cage above the harbor. Its light flashed for an instant along the coast, causing the spire of the monument to stand out in startling relief as it passed. Just for an instant it was; but in its pathway, coming across the slippery stones from the Malecon, I fancied I could make out the shadowy outlines of a woman who walked slowly, with her great eyes fixed questioningly upon the sea. Then the light passed on and, after a long time, Santo Domingo dropped out of sight beneath the heaving waste. [Reprinted by permission of WEIRD TALES.]

## TROPICAL SERVICES

*Continued*

A funeral for four Conservativistas who had endeavored to change the political belief of a single Liberal. Crowded Avenida Central, and in the midst of the throng four somber caskets trimmed with nickel, borne high on the shoulders of friends of the late, lamented occupants.

Suppers at the Alfonso Trece, and at La Chicharia Paris, where brown bean soup with cheese and chicken were the staples.

Picture taking trips here, there, and everywhere.

La Purissima. Coincident with the Christmas festivities in the States. Each and every native shack had its own personal altar decorated with images and pictures of the Virgin Mary and the Christ Child, enshrouded in bright-colored tinsel. Plates of candies, cakes and breads, ewers of wine and pinolilla, doors wide open to the world and everyone welcome; no matter race, color, or creed.

The bumboat women in the camp with their little table loaded with fruits and ice and sugar from which many strange delicacies were concocted. Candies of coconut and grasshoppers. Avocados, bananas, oranges, and many other strange fruits were among the things thereon.

The swarms of locusts that passed over the tops of the palms and denuded their leaves of all greenery. The clouds of blind mosquitoes that came with the wind over Lake Managua and were so small individually that they passed through the mesh of the mosquito nets.

Orderly duty at the American Legation, when Dr. Jefferson was the incumbent, where lights were bright, music was gay, and the ladies of the American Colony were present, dressed in their gayest. A taste of homeland far away, to hear the American language flowing freely and gaily.

The trip to Leon with Dr. Jefferson and Major South to attend a political meeting. Leon with its Grand Cathedral and its muddy, cobbled streets.

Target practice by native soldiery of Campo de Marte and the fourfoot square targets that, after an afternoon of volley fire by companies, showed the accuracy (?) of their fire by having some six or seven punctures.

Baseball games at Momotomba Base Ball Park where the natives felt it a personal insult when their team was defeated. And the yells of "El Champion" when Sergeant Swinnerton stepped to the plate with his trusty ash and seldom failed to make their outfielders dig back while he circuted the bases.

The time the mechanic, a marine, attempted to climb the radio mast, constructed of old railroad rails, with a pair of linemen's climbers strapped securely to his legs.

Nicaragua, the land of dreams! It would be possible to go on for pages noting and remembering incidents; but each and everything comes to an end, and finally a picture of the boarding of the ship for Panama arises and blots out all else.

O Tempora, O Mores! Gone are the days and changed are the scenes we gaze upon; but ever will a great wealth of memory enrich those bygone hours.

## The Planters National Bank

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

## CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

\$135,000.00

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

U. S. M. C. OFFICERS ACCOUNTS

Many Bank with us by Allotment

YOUR ACCOUNT IS SOLICITED

## PARIS AUTO SERVICE COMPANY

C. G. PARIS

STUDEBAKER  
AUTOMOBILESREAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE  
COLLECTIONS

Corner Potomac and Virginia Aves.

Phone 307

Quantico, Va.

## HARRY L. CARPEL

DISTRIBUTOR OF

GELFAND'S MAYONNAISE

WASHINGTON, D. C.



D. LOUGHRAN COMPANY, Inc.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

El Producto

Popper 8c.

Muriel

CIGARS

E. L.  
PERRY

General Store



Radios and Sporting  
Goods

Fishing Tackle



QUANTICO, VA.

NEW WAY  
LUNCH

—  
Quality and Quick  
Service

—  
SANDWICHES  
A Specialty

—  
Quantico, Virginia

W. L. Beale

Full line of  
DOMESTIC AND  
IMPORTED GOODS

FRESH MEATS  
FRUITS AND  
VEGETABLES

Quantico, Va. Phone 309

MEMBERS  
NATIONAL LEAGUE OF COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
OF THE UNITED STATES

MEMBERS  
INTERNATIONAL APPLE SHIPPERS ASSOCIATION

W. H. HARRISON COMPANY, Inc.

FRUITS AND  
VEGETABLES

Commission Merchants  
WASHINGTON, D. C.



# Don't tell me you never had a chance

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same bench. We were **both** discontented. Remember the noon we saw the International Correspondence Schools' advertisement? That woke me up. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and I decided to let the I. C. S. help me. When I marked the coupon I asked you to sign with me. You said, 'Aw, forget it!'"

"I made the most of my opportunity and have been climbing ever since. You had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more

money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

There are lots of "Jims" in the world—in stores, factories, offices, everywhere. Are **you** one of them? Wake up! Every time you see an I. C. S. coupon your chance is staring you in the face. Don't turn it down.

Right now more than 180,000 men are preparing themselves for bigger jobs and better pay through I. C. S. courses.

You can join them and get in line for promotion. Mark and mail the coupon, and find out how.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS  
Box 5279, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X

## Business Training Courses

- |                                                                  |                                                                           |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.)          | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting               | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary                       | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

## Technical and Industrial Courses

- |                                                 |                                                                      |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting      | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect's Blue Prints                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer    | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman   | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice  | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions     | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer                         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating   | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer         | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping  | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy             | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering      | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics                                 |

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State ..... Occupation .....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

The International Correspondence Schools are the oldest and largest correspondence schools in the world.

*When the first  
glorious day of golf is over—and the  
final putt sinks in the 18th cup—  
when the tense moments end  
in soft mellow twilight  
—have a Camel!*



*No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.*

**WHEN** it's glorious evening on the greens. And the last long putt drops home on the 18th hole—*have a Camel!*

For, all the world over, Camel fragrance and taste add joyous zest to healthful hours in the open. Camels never tire your taste, or leave a cigaretty after-taste, no matter how liberally you smoke them. This is the inside story of Camel success—their choice tobaccos and perfect blending make them the utmost in cigarettes.

So, this fine spring day, when your first glorious birdie ends its breathless flight. When you leave the long course to start home, tired and joyous—taste then the smoke that's admitted champion among the world's experienced smokers. Know, then, the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette.

*Have a Camel!*



*Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.*

**R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company**  
Winston-Salem, N. C.





ou  
rel  
try  
to  
th  
de  
cco  
s